



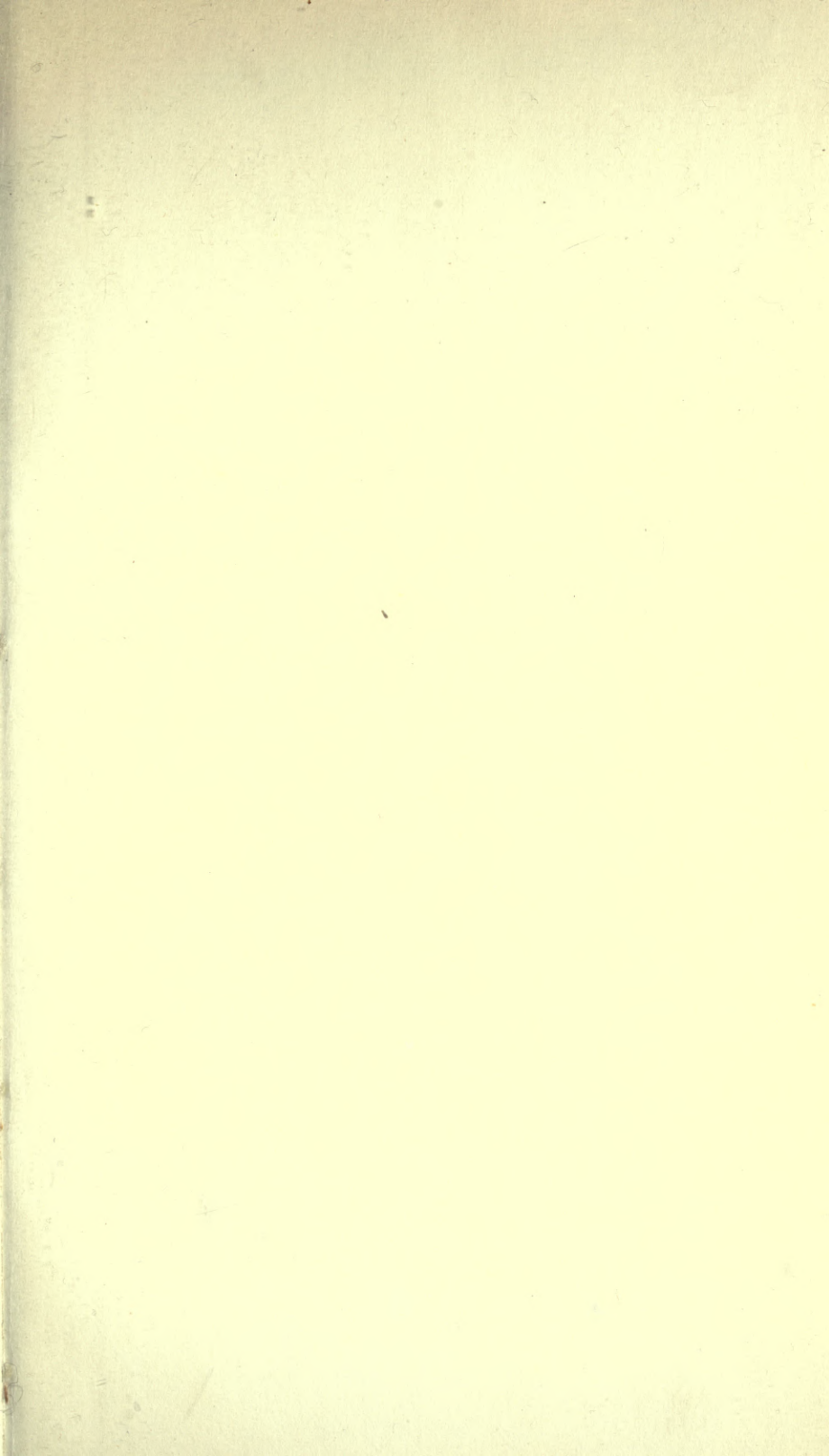
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A



Rubens pinx.

Will^m Cooke sc.

Time discovers Truth.

THE
HISTORIC GALLERY
OF
PORTRAITS AND PAINTINGS;
OR,
BIOGRAPHICAL REVIEW:

Containing
A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LIVES OF THE MOST
CELEBRATED MEN,
IN EVERY AGE AND COUNTRY;
AND
GRAPHIC IMITATIONS OF THE FINEST SPECIMENS
OF
THE ARTS;
ANCIENT AND MODERN.
WITH REMARKS, CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

Tamen utile quid sit
Prospiciunt aliquando.

Juv. Sat. 6, lin. 319.

Docti rationem artis intelligunt, indocti, voluptatem.

Quint. lib. ix. 4.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE,
31, POULTRY;
At the Union Printing-Office, St. John's Square, by W. Wilson.

1807:



HISTORIC GALLERY
OF
PORTRAITS AND PAINTINGS
OF
THE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
OF
CANADA
A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LIVES OF THE MOST
ILLUSTRATED MEN
BY
JAMES H. COOPER
GRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE FINEST SPECIMENS

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vol 1-7

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE,
31, PATERNOSTER-ROW.
1807.

DEDICATION.

TO

BENJ. WEST, Esq.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, &c. &c.

IN TESTIMONY OF HIS PRIVATE WORTH,

AND AS THE GREAT PATRON AND PROMOTER OF THE

ART OF PAINTING,

IN WHICH HE PRE-EMINENTLY EXCELS,

This Work

Is most respectfully dedicated, by

THE PROPRIETORS.

DEDICATION

TO

BEEL WEST, JNO.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

IN TESTIMONY OF HIS PRIVATE WORK

AND AS THE GREAT LABOR AND PROMOTION OF THE

ART AND LITERATURE

IN WHICH HE HAS DEVOTED HIS LIFE

THE EDITOR

THE PUBLISHER

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE utility of biography is now so generally admitted, that any comment on its importance would be superfluous. Without it history is defective, and chronology uninteresting. It is by the recital of particular facts, and the display of minute circumstances, that the reader's attention is arrested, and the knowledge of great events imprinted on his memory. But however pleasing or valuable in itself, it cannot be denied, that it is capable of receiving considerable aid and embellishment from sculpture, and painting. What history records, they exhibit; and if, by the perusal of brilliant exploits, and the contemplation of magnanimous actions the judgment be regulated, and the mind enlarged, the correct and skillful delineation of them, no less forcibly enchants the fancy, and amends the heart. The union, therefore, of history, painting, and sculpture, is so obvious, and their dependence upon each other so apparent, as to render any further observations, we presume, unnecessary.

The design of the present publication is to combine instruction with amusement; and to display, in a small compass, the labours of the historian, with the happiest efforts of the pencil. Minute details of great characters, or of heroic deeds, it does not pretend to offer, much less does it promise, in the graphical department, any extensive elucidation, or elaborate criticism. But, though summary in its nature, the proprietors flatter themselves that, to the literary student and the artist, it will be found of considerable use. By those who delight in reflecting on the fortunes, the talents, and the achievements of illustrious men, it will be regarded with peculiar interest, as displaying the IDENTICAL PORTRAITS of the personages whose virtues and defects, whose daring projects or literary attainments, they may censure, or extol. In this portion of their work, the proprietors assume an exclusive claim to general attention. But the HISTORIC GALLERY rests its pretensions to public patronage upon a still stronger basis. Presenting to the contemplation of the artist and the connois-

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set, specimens of the most esteemed works of the best masters, ancient and modern, both in painting and in sculpture, this publication, it is presumed, will contribute to the advancement of science; and, by diffusing a knowledge of what, for ages, has been highly appreciated and enthusiastically admired, instil in the mind of the more indifferent observer of ideal excellence, a taste for the polite arts. And that nothing may be wanting to render it as complete as possible, in addition to the principal pictures, forming the Museum at Paris, with which it will be constantly enriched, etchings from the *chef d'œuvre* of distinguished painters, in the choicest cabinets in *this kingdom* will be occasionally introduced.

Such are the views of the proprietors of this periodical work, and in offering the first six numbers in the form of a volume to the public, they beg leave to return their warmest thanks for the liberal and almost unprecedented encouragement with which it has been honoured. By employing artists of acknowledged skill and ability, the expense of the undertaking must be necessarily great; but, conscious as they are, that it is owing to the superiority of the engravings, over every similar production, that the HISTORIC GALLERY, in so short a period, has met with such decided support, their attention to this particular embellishment will be unremitting. Thus actuated, they aspire, with a degree of confidence, to the future patronage of their numerous subscribers, assuring them it will be their constant study to render this publication, in every respect, worthy of universal countenance and esteem.

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TIME REVEALING TRUTH.

AFTER A PICTURE BY RUBENS.

THIS picture terminates the history of Mary de Medicis, and was painted to celebrate the reconciliation of this Princess with her son Louis XIII. It is, however, well known to the historian, that this re-union was but momentary; and that the Queen being compelled to quit France, died at Cologne in the most complete disgrace.

Rubens has placed the scene in the middle of clouds that surmount a *glory*. The King, who is habited in military costume, his head covered with laurel, presents to his mother the emblems of concord and good faith; that is to say, a heart in flames, two hands joined, and an olive crown. These are received eagerly by the queen. Below, Time is seen bearing Truth from the rude and desolate spot where she had long been enchained. This goddess is without a veil. In this manner she has been represented by the most celebrated painters; and in particular by Dominichino and Poussin, when they were desirous of expressing the same idea. These allegorical figures have been placed, by Rubens, in his composition, to signify that the malice of certain courtiers gave birth to the dissension which prevailed between the queen and her son, by throwing a veil over Truth, which Time only could remove.

This picture is executed with that heated imagination which prevented Rubens from being always correct: but

TIME REVEALING TRUTH.

the colouring is admirable. It is firm and energetic in the figures of Mary de Medicis and Louis XIII.; carried to the highest degree of vigour in that of Time; and the carnations in Truth, have uncommon life and brilliancy.

“The works of Rubens,” observes a celebrated writer, “have that peculiar property always attendant on genius, to attract notice, and enforce admiration in spite of all their faults. The striking brilliancy of his colours, and their lively opposition to each other; the flowing liberty and freedom of his outline; the animated pencil with which every object is touched, keep alive the attention of the spectator; awaken in him, in some measure, correspondent sensations, and make him feel a degree of that enthusiasm with which the painter is hurried away. To this we may add, the complete uniformity in all the parts of the work; so that the whole seems to be conducted and grow out of one mind—every thing is of a piece and fits its place. Even his taste in drawing and of form, appears to correspond better with his colouring and composition, than if he had adopted another manner; though that manner, simply considered, might be better. It is here, as in personal attractions; there is frequently found a certain agreement and correspondence in the whole together, which is often more captivating than mere regular beauty.”

This picture is executed with that heated imagination which prevented Rubens from being always correct: but



George Cooke fecit.

London, Published by Vennor, Hood & Sharpe, Roultry, 2607.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

AFTER the heroes of Fable and of Homer, the character and exploits of Alexander the Great, king of Macedon, have most excited the admiration of succeeding ages. To the enthusiastic eulogiums passed upon him, many objections might be made; but we must now be contented to let him enjoy a reputation which seems, in some degree, sanctioned by time and habit. The following are among the leading facts of this hero's life.

At the age of fifteen, Alexander was put under the tuition of Aristotle, and early exhibited symptoms of that mighty spirit and immoderate ambition, which afterwards made him the scourge of mankind, and the pest of the world. Philip of Macedon, his father, who traced his descent from Hercules, having conducted himself with great ability, had acquired considerable influence over the states of Greece—by corruption rather than by force; in vain had Demosthenes thundered against him, and described him as the common enemy of their liberty; the gold of Philip sowed division amongst them, and purchased their venal suffrages; and, when at length, the confederate republics of Athens, Thebes, and Achaia had recourse to arms, Philip defeated their army at Chæronea. It was in that battle that the military career of Alexander commenced. He was then eighteen years of age, and commanded the left wing, at the head of which he broke through the sacred battalion of the Thebans. Two years after, Philip having been assassinated at a festival, Alex-

ander, then twenty years of age, succeeded to the throne, and adopted the project of attacking the king of Persia, which his father had already formed. Philip had caused himself to be nominated generalissimo of Greece, under pretence of retaliating the former incursions of Xerxes and Darius. Alexander became a candidate for the same title, and was equally successful. But as a proof that he rather considered himself the absolute master, than the avenger of Greece, he no sooner heard that the Thebans had attempted to recover their lost independence, than he ordered their city to be sacked, the inhabitants to be put to the sword, and those who escaped the slaughter to be sold as slaves. By this cruel exertion of his power, he intended perhaps to strike such a terror among the states of Greece, as to prevent any attempt to liberate themselves from his yoke, during his absence in Persia. In the dreadful storming of Thebes, he had ordered the house of the poet Pindar to be spared. This tribute to genius has been highly extolled, while the fate of the unhappy Thebans has passed uncensured by historians. It is probable that the desire of being praised by Pindar, as much produced this single instance of moderation in Alexander, as his own magnanimity. He always avowed himself particularly ambitious of meriting the applauses of the Greeks.

Soon after the ruin of Thebes, Alexander departed for Asia, with 30,000 infantry, 4,500 cavalry, provision for a month, and sixty talents in money. It has been shrewdly asked, what would have become of him and his army, had Darius, instead of accepting a battle, suffered him to advance, and selecting the most advantageous positions, unexpectedly fallen upon him with his innumerable army? The hero of Macedon would have been known in the annals of the world only as an illustrious madman, and his defeat would probably have been fol-

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lowed by the loss of his native kingdom. But to this hypothesis history has answered by pleading his unexampled success, and now celebrates him as a great general, skilfully pursuing his operations, in a career of the most unbounded ambition.

As the character of Alexander varied with the increasing splendour of his fortune, we discover a material difference at every new success. His father, while he laid the foundation of that power which he was to transmit to his son, had committed him to the care of Aristotle, and nature, equally bountiful, had endowed him with the most brilliant qualities. His ardent mind embraced every noble and generous sentiment; he appeared passionately fond of science and the arts, and liberally patronized those by whom they were cultivated. But we shall find these qualities essentially weakened, or totally effaced, while we trace his march as a conqueror. In twenty days after his departure from Macedonia, he crossed the Hellespont, and forced the passage of the Granicus, which the Persians defended with 100,000 men, according to some, with 600,000, by the estimation of others, and with only 40,000, if we may credit the testimony of Arrian. Upon this, his first success, the whole of Asia Minor submitted. After the battle of Issus, when the royal family of Persia became his prisoners, he assumed the title of king of Asia; and by the victory of Arbela, where he was opposed, it is said, by a million of soldiers, the throne of Darius was finally subverted. But the loss of the Persians in these battles is always exaggerated by the historians; the number of the slain in the latter contest, varying from 300,000, to 40,000 men. On the other hand, the loss of the Macedonians appears comparatively trifling; and yet Alexander is represented as incurring the greatest dangers, and facing the most formidable opposition. But we

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must rest contented with these statements, or rather believe them only, when the one is corroborated by the others.

After the victory of Arbela, Alexander appears under far different colours. While employed in the conquest of Persia, he may serve as a model for ambitious conquerors; but when Darius was dead, and this great object of his desires was gratified, we see him, in his expedition to India, intoxicated by his good fortune, and rising from transport to delirium, sometimes to absolute madness. He had already, at the taking of Tyre and Gaza, exhibited proofs of extreme violence and cruelty. Before the first of these cities his progress had been arrested during seven months, and its siege had been dreadfully destructive. When, at length, it was compelled to surrender, 13,000 Tyrians, according to Diodorus Siculus, 15,000 on the credit of Q. Curtius, and 30,000 by the estimation of Arrian, were put to the sword by their indignant conquerors. It is added, that the soldiers, being weary of slaughter, Alexander, in his unworthy rage, caused 2,000 more to be exposed on crosses on the sea-shore. Notwithstanding this awful example, Gaza opposed a vigorous resistance, and he did not become its master till after a long siege, during which he himself was wounded. The inhabitants met with the same fate as those of Tyre; and Betis, the governor, who had merely performed his duty by bravely defending a place committed to his care, was suspended alive by the heels to the victor's car, and dragged round the walls of the city, in imitation of Achilles, who had thus vented his wrath on the dead body of Hector.

When Egypt submitted to his power, his residence in that fertile country was rendered remarkable by two actions that bear very little resemblance to each other:

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the foundation of a new city, and his visit to the temple of Jupiter Ammon. Struck with the power which Tyre had acquired by its commerce and trading intercourse with every part of the globe, he conceived the idea of building a city that should bear his own name, and become the emporium of the world. He has been deservedly praised and admired for the conception and execution of so vast a design. In undertaking this journey to the temple of Ammon, his object was to be declared, by the most accredited oracle of those days, the son of Jupiter, and invincible. But in this excessive instance of his vanity, he miserably failed. It has been ingeniously supposed that he wished to inspire the most unbounded confidence in his army, previous to his projected conquest of India. It is evident, however, that his soldiers were disgusted rather than pleased with these immoderate pretensions. The sturdy Macedonians refused to prostrate themselves before him, and tarnish their own fame by rendering him the divine honours he exacted. Determined at all hazards to be thought the son of Jupiter, he revenged himself on those who had ventured to oppose his intention. Many who had not evinced sufficient complaisance on this point, fell the victims of his disappointed vanity; among the rest Philotas, one of his most favourite generals, who was executed as a conspirator; but whose real crime consisted in having tauntingly written to him "that he congratulated him at having been placed among the gods by the oracle; but that he pitied those who were compelled to serve under a prince who imagined himself superior to human nature." When he desired the republics of Greece to acknowledge his divinity, the Spartans returned a more cautious but equally ironical answer, and expressed with their characteristic brevity—*since Alexander wishes to be a God—let him be a God.* The truth is, he had reached that point of prosperity which

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overpowers human reason—for the excess of good or evil fortune will lead to the same result. In the delirium which had destroyed the faculties of his mind, the qualities of his heart were alike extinguished. He became sanguinary and ferocious. Having murdered Philotas, he inflicted his brutal vengeance on his father, the aged Parmenio, his most skilful commander, and equally famed in council as in war. For such monstrous cruelty no pretext can be urged, unless he dreaded the effects of Parmenio's resentment for the murder of his son, basely condemned on the report of a courtesan. The self-created God killed with his own hand Clitus the son of his nurse, and the friend of his infancy. It is true this last atrocious act was committed in a fit of intoxication, and we are told that he evinced the most lively regret. But this repentance was perhaps occasioned by the consequences which he feared, in his sober moments, such an outrage might produce in the army, where every officer expected to share the fate of Philotas and Parmenio—*tremere itaque omnes universis castris cœpere, innoxii senis filiiq̃ue casum miserantes*—*Se quoque non debere melius sperare*. Justin. The death of Callisthenes, the pupil and friend of Aristotle, was still more odious. In short, so blind was his rage, and so easily was it excited, that his best generals perished on the slightest suspicion ; and, at the close of a drunken party, the companions of his orgies could easily obtain the death of their private enemies and rivals. Besides the murder of Clitus, Alexander stabbed many other persons with his own hand. We could also mention the barbarous punishment of an Indian prince, and of several Brahmins, who had exhorted their countrymen to defy his power ; and that once, having granted a peace to a city of India, he suddenly returned to it, and ordered a general massacre of its inhabitants. His debaucheries, too, were at least equal to his cruelty. Since his assump-

tion of the godship, no less than 360 courtezans were attached to his suite; and to gratify the whim of one of these, he set fire to the palace of Persepolis. It is again true that this exploit was performed in a moment of intoxication; but, admitting this excuse, in the fullest extent required by his undistinguishing admirers, we may observe that the hero is represented by his historians, and particularly by those who are placed near his person for the very purpose of recording his actions, as being very frequently in this disgraceful state. "Having" say they, "passed the 5th day of Dius, in drinking at the house of Eumenes, he slept the 6th, to dissipate the fumes of wine, and all he did was to rise once in order to communicate his intention of departing on the following morning; but having dined with Perdicas on the 7th, he became intoxicated, and slept away the whole of the 8th. On the 15th, he was again in the same situation, and passed the following day in sleep. In short, on the 27th, he supped with Bagoas, whose house was within ten stadia of the place, and he reposed during the whole of the 28th."

After this enumeration of crimes and follies, we may be allowed to question his claim to that admiration which posterity has been so willing to pay him. In collecting the scattered traits of his life, and comparing the first actions of his youth with those that disgraced a maturer age, it is impossible not to be struck with the opposite features observable in the same character. In his early years he appeared to possess every amiable and generous quality—a thirst for glory, moderation in his pleasures, and a soul susceptible of the ties of friendship. He had evinced his contempt of slander and defamation, by closing one of his ears, which he said he would reserve till he heard the defence of the person accused. The courage and generous confidence with which he drank

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the potion presented to him by a physician who had been represented as hired to poison him, is a striking proof of magnanimity. This act has been highly celebrated, as well as his interview with the captive family of Darius. His courage, his perseverance, his activity, his presence of mind, and his military talents, are undoubtedly so many marks of a superior character; and it cannot be denied, that if the foresight and prudence of Philip prepared his career of glory, nature had endowed him with the capacity of fulfilling it. But in estimating so mixed a character, his culpable actions must be weighed in the opposite scale; and in balancing his virtues and his crimes, we must observe which of them predominate, which appear to have been most habitual with him, and which, on the authority of his numerous historians, would seem the most deserving of credit. If the real glory of a sovereign depend on virtuous intentions, abstracted from personal ambition—if the desire of public good, and the will to enforce it, be more deserving of applause than the brilliant, but destructive progress of a conqueror, we must conclude that the fame of Alexander has attained a height which it by no means merited, and rests on a few striking insulated facts, gathered from among his numerous defects, like flowers from a bed of weeds. It is thus that kings may be flattered—but this is not the way to judge them.

The army of Alexander, discontented and murmuring at the visible change which had taken place in his manners and character, at length grew tired of following an ambitious chief so far from his native country—mutinies sometimes took place. On these occasions, infinitely more dangerous to him than the hottest engagements with an enemy, he always manifested a courage and decision which soon suppressed the rising rebellion; but he found it impossible to conduct them to the Ganges, and

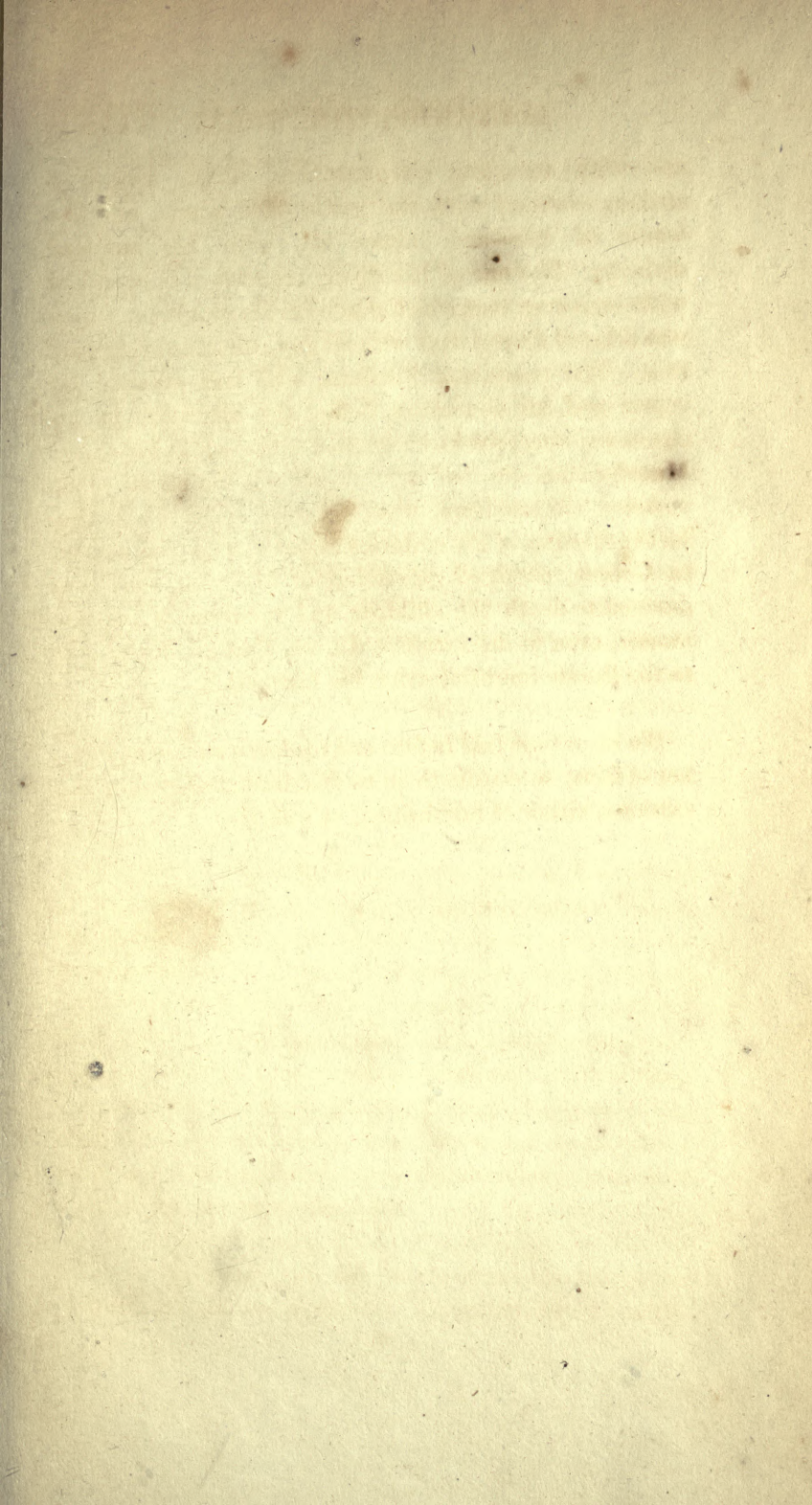
was compelled to return. He once more appeared before the walls of Babylon, his mind teeming with projects which seemed to embrace the conquest of the world. Those commanders to whom he had confided the government of that city, and who had governed as if they never expected his return from India, dreaded the account which they were enjoined to give of their conduct in his absence, and connected their plan with the priests, who equally feared being called upon to surrender the enormous wealth which they had attached to their temples. Having examined the bowels of their slaughtered victims they pretended to read, as the undoubted decree of the Gods, that if Alexander entered a second time into Babylon, he would infallibly die. At this intelligence, the mighty chief, unlike his former self, was confounded and dismayed. At the sight of the forbidden city, he hesitated, and trembled. Assuming greater courage, he entered the gates, but immediately repented his temerity; and giving way to all the terrors which the fatal prophecy had excited in his mind, he filled his palace with priests and soothsayers, who alternately prayed and prophecied—but in vain. In vain they implored all the tutelary deities of Asia and Greece. On the 17th of the month Dæsus, he partook of a repast at the house of Medius—and having bathed, he supped, and drank during a great part of the night. On the following morning he was siezed with a fever, which continuing to increase during eleven days, he expired at the end of that time, not without suspicion of poison, in the year 324 B. C.—predicting, that after his death, his generals would tear in pieces the empire he had founded, and dispute among themselves about its bleeding remnants.

Thus perished, at the early age of thirty-two, Alexander, son of Philip of Macedon—in a manner,

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and with attending circumstances, which formed a striking contrast with the power, the pomp, and the bustle of life—and above all, with his assumed divinity. Not one of his dying requests was complied with—not even that which related to his sepulture, which was delayed several days without any attention being paid to it. The conquered Persians, who had admired his valour and his generosity, before the alteration in his character, esteemed and regretted him—while his native Macedonians, who had more nearly felt the effects of his violence and ambition, were not sorry to be rid of him. In the division of his empire, Antipater, who commanded in Greece, obtained possession of Macedon, and condemned to death the children and relatives of his late master, even to the remotest degree, that no lawful heir to the throne might obstruct his usurpation.

We have now laid before our readers a sufficient number of facts, to enable them to discriminate between the extreme, either of admiration, or censure.





George Cooke Pin.

London, Published by Vernon, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1807.

ALCIBIADES.

ALCIBIADES, a celebrated Athenian, the son of Clineas and of Dinomaca, was born in the 82d Olympiad, about the year 450 before the Christian era. He was descended from Ajax Salamis; and his riches and his beauty bespoke his illustrious origin.

He was brought up in the house of his tutor, Pericles. Socrates was his master: but the pupil sometimes fled from the trammels of philosophy, which gave rise to the remark of Cleanthes—"That Socrates held the infant only by the ears." There are numerous sallies recorded by Plutarch, illustrative of his character:—"You bite like a woman;" "say rather like a lion," replied Alcibiades, to one of his comrades, whose arm he rent while wrestling with him. Presenting himself one day at the door of Pericles, he was informed that Pericles could not see him, being occupied in contriving in what manner he might make his peace with the Athenians. "Would it not be better," said Alcibiades, as he retired, "that he should be busied in seeking means not to go among them."

Alcibiades first bore arms in the war of Potidæa. Socrates, who accompanied him, had the happiness to preserve his life, and the generosity to grant him the prize of valour. Alcibiades gained three others in the Olympic games. His manners, his affability, his follies, to which he even gave a charm, rendered him very shortly the

idol of Athens; which induced the misanthrope, Timon, to say, "Bravo, my son, continue to aggrandize thyself—from thee shall the Athenians date their misfortunes." This prediction was very soon accomplished: the eloquence of Alcibiades provoked them to wage war against Sicily, and gave birth to that of the Peloponnesus: but on the evening of the sailing of the fleet, to the command of which he had been appointed with Nicias, in conjunction with Lamachus, who had been sent to moderate his vivacity, the Hermæ, statues of Mercury were found mutilated and overthrown. Of this sacrilege he was accused. His irreligion furnished a sufficient pretext. He, however, wished to be tried; but his enemies, with superior adroitness, compelled him to depart, loaded with this aspersion. On his arrival in Sicily, he had scarcely taken Catanea than they renewed the charge, and caused a galley to be dispatched from Athens for his recal. Having fled from their rigour, Alcibiades was condemned to death, his property sold, and the priests were compelled to curse him. "I will give them to understand that I am still living," said he, on hearing of these events; and immediately offered his services to Sparta, who, at his instance, sent Gylippus to succour Syracuse, and gained for that state many of the cities of Ionia. But envy had the ascendancy over gratitude. Agis, whose wife he had seduced, and the Lacedæmonian generals, united for his destruction. Their design, however, Alcibiades anticipated; flew to Tissaphernes, the king of Persia's lieutenant, whose friendship he easily gained, and negotiated at the same time his own pardon. This he obtained through the medium of Thrasybulus and of Teramens, who divided with him the command of the army. In this campaign he covered himself with glory against the Spartans, who were compelled to solicit for peace. He was now received with enthusiasm by the very

Athenians who had condemned him to death. Plutarch relates that they offered him the crown, which he refused. His enemies, and people of rank, mistrusting his ambition, exalted his talents, and were desirous of making him the victim of his own reputation. He sailed as commander of the fleet, and his prospects were highly brilliant: but great was the general surprize, on learning that he had failed before Cæne, and that Antiochus, his lieutenant, had been beaten by the Lacedæmonians. Upon these tidings discontents revived, and the people, excited by his enemies, deprived him of his command. Then banishing himself from his native country, he wandered for some time about Thrace. After the battle of Ægos Potamos, seeing Athens under the yoke of Lacedæmon, he retired to the dwelling of Pharnabazes, a Persian satrap. The facility with which he accommodated himself to the manners of those with whom he resided, rendered him soon beloved. In his asylum he reflected on the means of assisting his ungrateful country: when Lysander, king of Sparta, having entreated the satrap to deliver into his hands a spirit whom he represented as dangerous, he had the baseness to comply with his demands, and sent his emissaries to assassinate him. These wretches fearful of attacking him, set fire to his house. Sword in hand he rushed through the flames, and fell under the innumerable arrows which were sped against him, by his murderers, in his flight. This happened when he was only forty years of age, in the ninety-fourth Olympiad, or 404 years before Christ. Timandra, his mistress, who is said to be the mother of the famous Laïs, collected his remains, and rendered them the last mournful duty. Such was the end of this extraordinary man, who perished, says the learned author of the Voyage of Anacharsis, in his fortieth year. His death is an eternal disgrace to Lacedæmon.

Alcibiades had, with consummate talents, obtained the greatest success. But his address and manners only served to destroy the edifice of morals, already shaken by Pericles. He captivated all ranks of persons, because he combined the qualities of all nations. He astonished the Athenians by his luxury—the Spartans by his frugality—the Thracians by his intemperance—the Beotians by his taste for athletic exercises—and the Ionians by his love of idleness, his voluptuousness and magnificence, which surpassed that of the most profuse governors. His ambition led him to raise Athens to the greatest pitch of glory, before he sought to place it at his feet. This was the motive of all the wars he undertook. He would have done every thing for the fame of his country, could he have enslaved it. Athens, as a monarchy, would have subjugated Greece—but, as a republic, her power was destroyed.



Drawn by Achin.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London: Published by Verner, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry.

D'ALEMBERT.

JEAN LE ROND D'ALEMBERT, an eminent French philosopher, was the natural son of Destouches-Canon and Madame de Tencin. He was born at Paris in the year 1707, and exposed, when an infant, near the gates of the church of St. Jean-le-Rond. Deserted by his parents from his cradle, weak and sickly, the unfortunate child seemed destined to end his days in an hospital. An overseer of the neighbourhood, to whose house he was taken, was touched with pity at his hapless condition, and placed him under the care of a glazier's wife. On this happy chance depended the future existence of a man who was one day to be the honour of his country, and the glory of the age in which he lived. It is probable, however, that the desertion to which he was at first consigned, was not intentional—at least, it did not last long. The father of D'Alembert performed every thing, which nature and his duty as a parent prompted, to secure to his son a valuable education and a respectable independence. He received his first education in the college of the four nations among the Jansenists, where his progress was unusually rapid. Having completed his studies he took the degree of Master of Arts in 1735, went through the usual juridical exercises, and was admitted an advocate in 1738. During his course of philosophy he had also received some lessons in the mathematics, and the taste he imbibed for these sciences gave a new turn to his mind. Without a master, almost without books, he was often compelled to guess at the different problems, or

prove them a second time, before he obtained that consummate skill which afterwards enabled him to enrich that science with so many new discoveries. The necessity of amending his fortune withdrew him for some time from his favourite studies—he wished to become a physician—but soon convinced that he attempted in vain to combat a propensity that had become irresistible, he submitted to its impulse, and devoted himself entirely to mediocrity and the mathematics. When he had once formed this resolution, the succeeding years were, by his own account, the happiest of his life.

In 1741 D'Alembert was admitted member of the Academy of Sciences. The next year he published his *Treatise on Dynamics*, in which, having discovered that clear and evident principle of reducing to one equilibrium all the laws of motion, he effected so material a revolution in the physico-mathematical sciences. In 1746 he gained the prize proposed by the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, on the general Theory of the Winds. In this essay he gave to the world his first experiments on the calculation of Partial Differences, of which he was himself the inventor. In 1749, twenty-three years after the death of Newton, he had the merit of enlarging the limits which that great man seemed to have given to science. He solved the problem of the precession of the Equinoxes, and confirmed, by undeniable proofs, the theory of gravitation. "Thus," says Condorcet, "at the age of thirty-two, he had evinced himself the worthy successor of the English Geometrician, by devoting himself, like him, to the mathematical laws of nature, by the creation of a new science, and the invention of a new mode of calculation." Without further comment on his various works, which altogether compose fifteen volumes in quarto, it may be sufficient to assert, that they have placed D'Alembert in

the very first walk of a science, where all the gradations are marked with a precision and a nicety equal to those which form the essence of the science itself.

But he had scarcely attained a middle age, when, from a natural delicacy of constitution, he found himself unable to sustain, without fatigue, that continued attention which mathematical studies require. He then divided his time between his favourite calculations and the belles lettres, which he had always cultivated, but which he had hitherto considered only as a relaxation from his severer toils. He had early in life formed an intimacy with Diderot, and now joined him in the great work of the Encyclopædia, the preface to which he undertook to write. By this splendid picture of the birth of every science and of the progress of the human mind, D'Alembert was ranked with the most distinguished writers of his country, and obtained, in 1754, a seat in the French Academy. From that period he published successively five volumes of *Miscellanies in Philosophy, History, and Literature*, which have been several times reprinted. It is in this excellent collection that we find the *Elements of Philosophy*, a work of a nature entirely new, and certainly the best of the kind ever published—that which developed with the greatest perspicuity the first principles of science. It contains the best directions for their study, and, considering its limits, combines more novelty and instruction than any other that we know of. In 1772, when D'Alembert was appointed perpetual Secretary to the French Academy, he considered it a duty attached to his office, to write the *Eulogies of all the deceased Academicians, from 1700 to 1772*, which had been begun by Pellison and D'Olivet. This collection, in six volumes, is interesting to every inquirer into literary history. The author no longer uses that grave and majestic style which

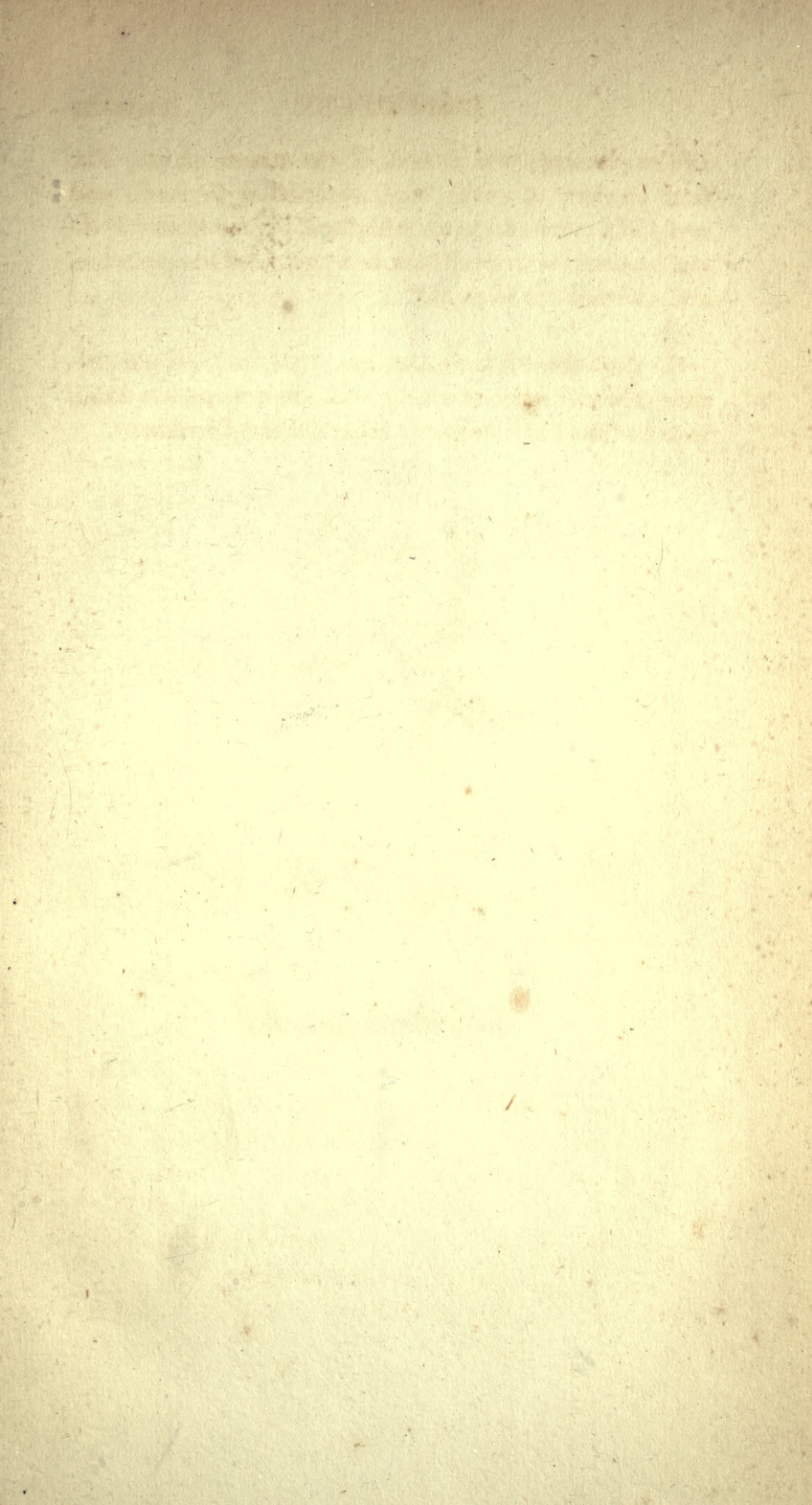
had characterized the former Eulogies. In the lives of the academicians it is plain, and sometimes even familiar, but always neat and amusing, that he might portray his subjects in all the truth of nature, and combine the qualities by which they were characterized.

D'Alembert has united in his works the utmost penetration of mind with solidity of judgment. His style is perspicuous and concise, his views clear and extensive. Few writers were better acquainted with the maxim of Horace, that the art of thinking is the true foundation of the art of writing. Accustomed to that sort of evidence which mathematical demonstration affords, he, perhaps reduced to too small a number the principles which belong to other sciences. But as he at the same time admitted this inference, that in every subject every man is allowed to think as he pleases, those doubts which he professed to entertain on many, never suffered him to depart from two principles, which in general will always mark the wise and prudent man—indulgence for the opinions of others, and caution respecting his own. The best idea that we can form of his writings and of his conduct, may be drawn from the character which he has himself drawn of a philosopher. “He is,” says he, “a citizen faithful to all the duties of life, attached to his country, submissive to the laws of religion and the state—occupied more in governing his desires than the order of the world—who lives without intrigue and without reproach, expecting nothing from the favour, and dreading nothing from the malignity of others—who peaceably cultivates his reason, without either flattering or insulting the higher orders—who, while he pays exterior homage to power, to rank, and to dignity, bestows real and heartfelt applause only on merit, talents, and virtue—in a word, who respects what he ought, and esteems whatever he can.” By

adhering to these wise maxims, during his long and laborious career, D'Alembert obtained a personal distinction equal to that which his talents exacted. The King of Prussia and the Empress of Russia gave him repeated marks of peculiar esteem. Frederick, with whom he preserved a correspondence of letters, pressed him to become the president of his academy, while Catharine offered him the post of preceptor to her son, with a pension of 100,000 livres (£4000.) But how should all the offers of honour and fortune attract a man who considered independence as the first of blessings, and to whom moderation was so natural, that he scarcely esteemed it a virtue? D'Alembert would neither give to them his country, his friends, nor his liberty. He resided nearly forty years with the good woman who had been a mother to him, and whose care he repaid with the most lively gratitude. Master of a small income, he yet devoted a great part of it to acts of beneficence. He passed his happy life in the enjoyment of universal esteem, and surrounded by many illustrious friends, particularly Voltaire, whose love and veneration he retained to the end of his life. He would frequently employ their credit or his own in encouraging those whose youth announced either talents or a zeal for study. Marmontel, who enjoyed his friendship during thirty years, has thus described him: "No man was in society more gay, more animated, more interesting in his mirth, than D'Alembert. After having passed his mornings in the abstruse calculations of mechanism or astronomy, he would hasten from his nurse like a school boy escaped from his task, desiring only to be amused. From that moment, by the lively and playful change which his mind experienced, so different from the profound, the luminous, and the vast conceptions of which it was capable, the philosopher was lost in the amiable companion. The source of that perpetual enjoyment, so unaffected,

and so pleasing, was a soul of the utmost purity, free from passions of every kind, satisfied with itself, and every day more and more delighted by the discovery of some unknown truth, which had rewarded his patience, and crowned his labours."

He died the 29th of October, 1783, and left a multitude of works, a list of which, with their respective dates, is to be found in Chalmer's Biographical Dictionary.





George Cooke sculp.

London, Published by Vernon, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1807.

ARCHIMEDES.

ARCHIMEDES, the greatest geometrician of antiquity, was born at Syracuse, in Sicily, about 280 years B. C. The discoveries he made in every branch of the mathematics are very numerous; but it was in geometry that his genius principally shone. He discovered, and demonstrated, various properties belonging to curved lines, that were before unknown. He first taught to measure the surface and the form of round bodies: to him we are also indebted for the mode of measuring the circle; the near relation of the diameter to the circumference; the measure of the sphere; of the cylinder; the cone; and many other inventions no less curious in themselves, than useful in their application to the arts of society. But what distinguished Archimedes as much as his discoveries, was, the talent he evinced in explaining them, and the spirit of invention which he continually disclosed. Always steady in his pursuits, he never discovered more force and invention, than in moments when he was believed to be the most embarrassed. In short, the methods which he was the first to discover, and of which he made so admirable an use, have been the prolific source of all our modern improvements in science. Thus, the treatise entitled *De Arenario**, contains all the principles of num-

* Or the art of numbering the sand, which was intended to demonstrate the possibility of enumerating the particles of sand which would compose a mass equal in bulk to the whole solar system, or any other determinate magnitude. An excellent translation of this work was published by Mr. George Anderson, in 1784.

bers. The system of exhaustion, also, for which we are indebted to Archimedes, and which is a method of arriving at truth, by incessantly removing the errors that appear to separate us from it, is the root of the theory of infinite series, of which the moderns have made such extensive applications. This is the natural and constant course of the positive sciences. Always increasing and progressive, discoveries produce other discoveries, and the light once expanded, by an extraordinary genius, radiates and extends to the most distant ages.

Archimedes, who appears to have given birth to geometry, laid also the foundation of statics; that is to say, of the laws of the equilibrium of bodies, whether liquid or solid. Of these, we are told, he made several experiments, at the request of King Hiero, his relation and friend.

He formed, also, the instrument in hydraulics, by which water is raised upon an inclined plane, by means of rotation; which, to this day, is called the screw of Archimedes. But he disregarded the practical application of his discoveries, and refused to make them known. This sentiment was natural in a man of his consummate talents, who cultivated science solely from the love of science, and who left to hands, less skilful, the care of carrying his inventions into effect.

In other respects Archimedes made the noblest use of his machines, by employing them in the defence of his country against the Romans, by whom it was attacked. The power of those engines struck such terror into the minds of the enemy's troops, that they refused to continue the combat. He destroyed, it is said, a part of the Roman fleet, at a great distance, by burning glasses of

considerable magnitude.* Marcellus who commanded at the siege of Syracuse, was, in consequence, compelled to change the attack into a blockade, and the place, at last, was only taken by surprise. Such, however, was the admiration he entertained for Archimedes, that he gave particular orders that no injury should be offered to him, but unhappily, they were ill executed. Archimedes was killed, insensible as to what was passing around him, and absorbed in solving a geometrical problem during the tumult occasioned by the falling of the city, by a soldier whom he refused to follow. Marcellus, defeated in his hopes of saving this wonderful man, determined at least to do honour to his memory. He left all his wealth to his family, and saw the greatest distinction paid to his remains.

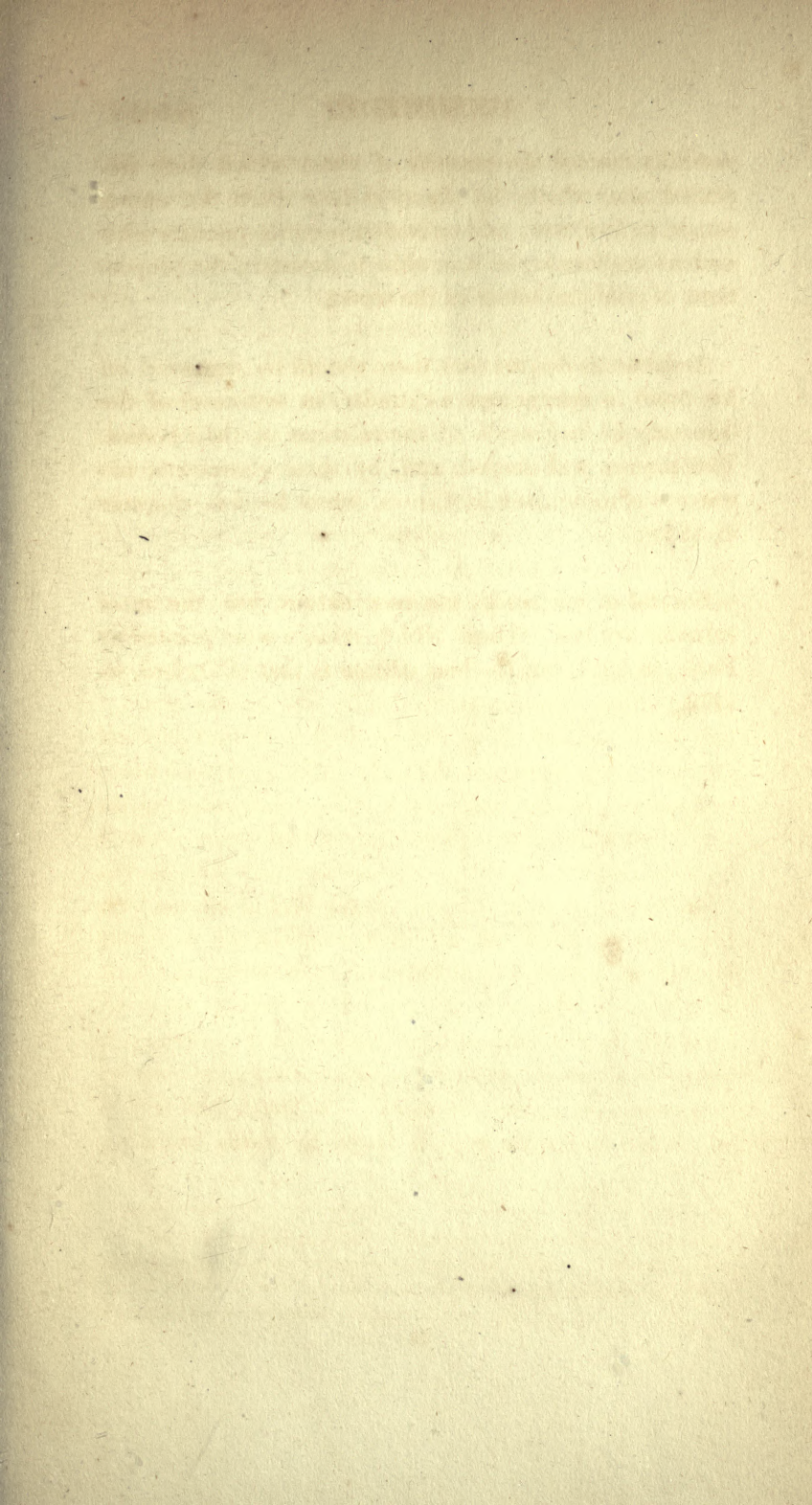
Such was the end of this extraordinary genius, who boasted, that if he had a place to fix his machines, he could move the earth. The following anecdote discovers the singular penetration of his mind. Hiero suspecting that the crown he had ordered did not contain the quantity of gold which he had given to the workman, desired Archimedes to find out the fraud. His thoughts being intent on the problem while in the bath, he observed that a quantity of water overflowed equal to the bulk of his body, which at once suggested to him a method of determining the question : and leaping out of the bath, he ran home, exclaiming as he went, *εὕρηκα, I have found it ! I have found it !* Then procuring two masses of gold and silver, of equal weight with the crown, he

* This story has always appeared fabulous to the moderns, till the experiments of Buffon demonstrated it beyond contradiction. These celebrated specula were supposed to be reflectors made of metal, and were capable of producing their effect at the distance of a bow shot.

carefully noticed the quantity of water which each displaced, after which, he observed how much the crown caused to flow over; and on comparing this quantity with each of the former, he was able to ascertain the proportions of gold and silver in the crown.

Archimedes desired that there should be engraved on his tomb, a sphere and a cylinder, in testimony of the discovery he had made of the relations of their bodies. This request was obeyed, and, by these characters, his grave was recognized by Cicero, when he was quæstor in Sicily.

Several of his works are now extant, but the most valuable are lost. Those which remain were printed at Basle, in 1554, but the best edition is that of Oxford, in 1772.





Painted by Paine, Sen.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London: Published by Vernon, Hood & Sharpe, Printers; 1807.

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

ALL that is grand and interesting in bravery, good faith and magnanimity, united in this illustrious warrior. The name of Bayard recalls instantly to the mind all the virtues of chivalry. To consummate goodness he joined the greatest intrepidity. His modesty was excessive, and his fame universal. Though he held but the rank of a captain, he was chosen to invest with the dignity of a knight the monarch whom he served.

Pierre de Terrail, Chevalier de Bayard, was born in the year 1476. He was descended from the noble family of the Terrails in Dauphiny, whose chateau and estate were called Bayard, where he was born and whence he was named; and first distinguished himself at the battle of Fornoue, under Charles VIII. The Duke of Orleans, who witnessed his exploits, perceived in him another *Du Guesclin*. Wherever he went he rendered himself conspicuous. His valour was the theme of general admiration. On the death of that sovereign, he joined the banners of Louis XII. The conquest of Milan was accelerated by his military talents: while his noble refusal of the presents of the vanquished, established his renown. The life of Bayard presents innumerable traits of generosity and feats of heroism. Many warriors have fought as bravely as Bayard; but no one, like him, ever triumphed over the frailties of human nature: no one could confer kindness with so much simplicity, nor, in fine, merited, like this hero, the title which was given to him, of *The Knight without fear and without reproach*.

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD. [FRANCE.]

Like Cocles, he alone defended a bridge against two hundred persons. To commemorate this achievement, he obtained of the king a device, having for emblem a porcupine, with these words—

Vires agminis unus habet.

But his goodness was equal to his valour. Having taken the city of Brisse, he was presented with a purse of 2500 pistoles by a lady, in testimony of her gratitude for preserving her house from pillage, which he generously divided between her daughter, herself, and the poor. The following year he gave a proof still more signal of the excellence of his nature—Near his dwelling, at Grenoble, there was a female of exquisite beauty, and so circumstanced in life as to flatter his hopes. The poverty of the mother was such as to induce her to listen to any proposals. She conducted her child to the Chevalier: the young girl no sooner beheld him than she threw herself at his feet, and bathed them with her tears.—“My lord,” said the amiable creature, “you will not surely dishonor one who is already the victim of misfortune, and whom your virtue should incline you to defend.” These words affected Bayard, who replied; “Rise, my child; you shall quit this house with all the modesty and virtue with which you entered it.” He then gave her a portion, and provided her with a husband suitable to her condition in life.

Compelled to yield to the ascendancy of the English on the fatal day of Guinegaste, called the day of Spurs, Bayard submitted to an officer whom he had previously made his prisoner. He pretended for his ransom, that they should only mutually return their word of honour. This delicate point was submitted to the decision of the

King of England and the Emperor, who decided in his favour. This circumstance so confirmed his reputation as a knight, that Francis I, the evening before the battle of Marignan, was desirous of receiving the order of chivalry at his hands.

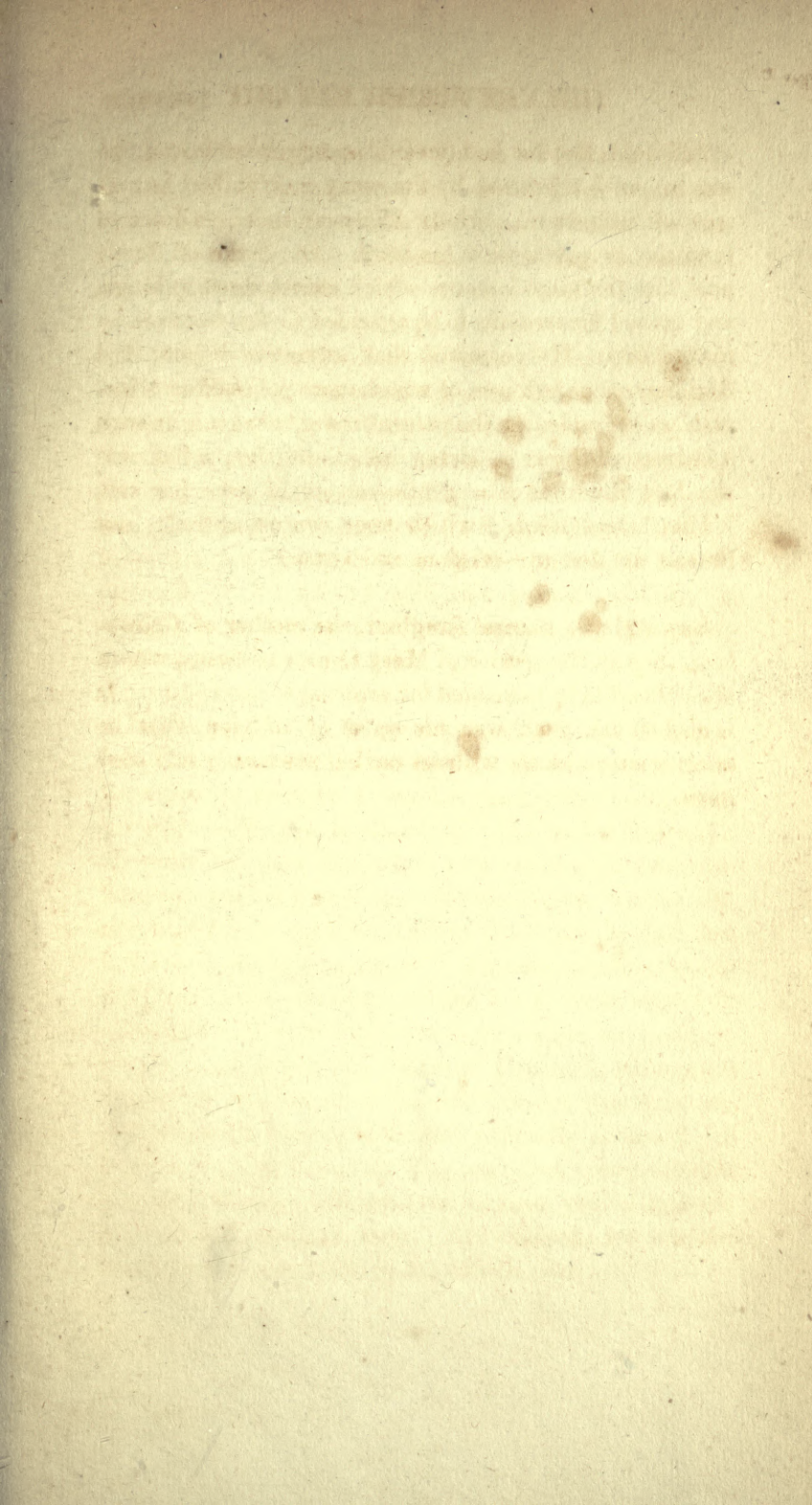
Bayard then undertook the defence of *Mezieres*, a place badly fortified, against a very superior force. Being summoned to surrender by the Count de Nassau, he replied; "I shall never quit a place entrusted to me by my king, but over a bridge constructed by the bodies of his enemies." Francis, conscious of its incapability to stand a siege, expressed a wish to set it on fire, which Bayard opposed. "No place," said this gallant soldier, "is weak, that is defended by brave men." By his perseverance the siege was raised.

In the year 1523, he accompanied admiral Bonnivet into Italy; and the following year, in his retreat from Romagnano, received a musket shot, which lodged in his spine.—He fell, exclaiming, "My God, I am dead!" He entreated they would bear him under a tree, with his face towards his pursuers—"Having never, during life, turned my back upon the enemy, let it not be said that I did so in my last moments." He charged the seigneur d'Alègre to tell the king, "That his greatest regret in quitting life was, that he could no longer be useful to him." And when the Duke of Bourbon, with much anguish of mind, came to him, and lamented his situation, Bayard, with renovated vigour, pointedly returned, "I prithee, my lord, do not pity me, but compassionate yourself, who are bearing arms against your allegiance, your country, and your king." He expired a few minutes after, in the year 1524, in his fiftieth year.

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD. [FRANCE.]

Although Bayard had never a principal command, he was as much regretted by the army as if it had lost its most skilful general. Many officers and soldiers deserted from the enemy to view his body. The Duke of Savoy paid him the same honours which are rendered to kings, and caused his remains to be attended to the frontiers by the nobility. He possessed that attractive virtue, and that ingenuous heroism, of which more polished ages furnish no example. In the present times, what might such a character achieve? Being asked one day, what was the best inheritance a gentleman could give his son, "That," he replied, "which time cannot corrode, nor human art destroy—wisdom and virtue."

Bayard left a natural daughter, the mother of *Chastelard*, then in the service of Mary Queen of Scots, whom she ordered to be beheaded for aspiring to her regard. It is also stated, such was his sense of religion, that he never went to battle without having previously attended mass.





N. pinx^t

G. Cooke sc.

London, Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Printers, 1867.

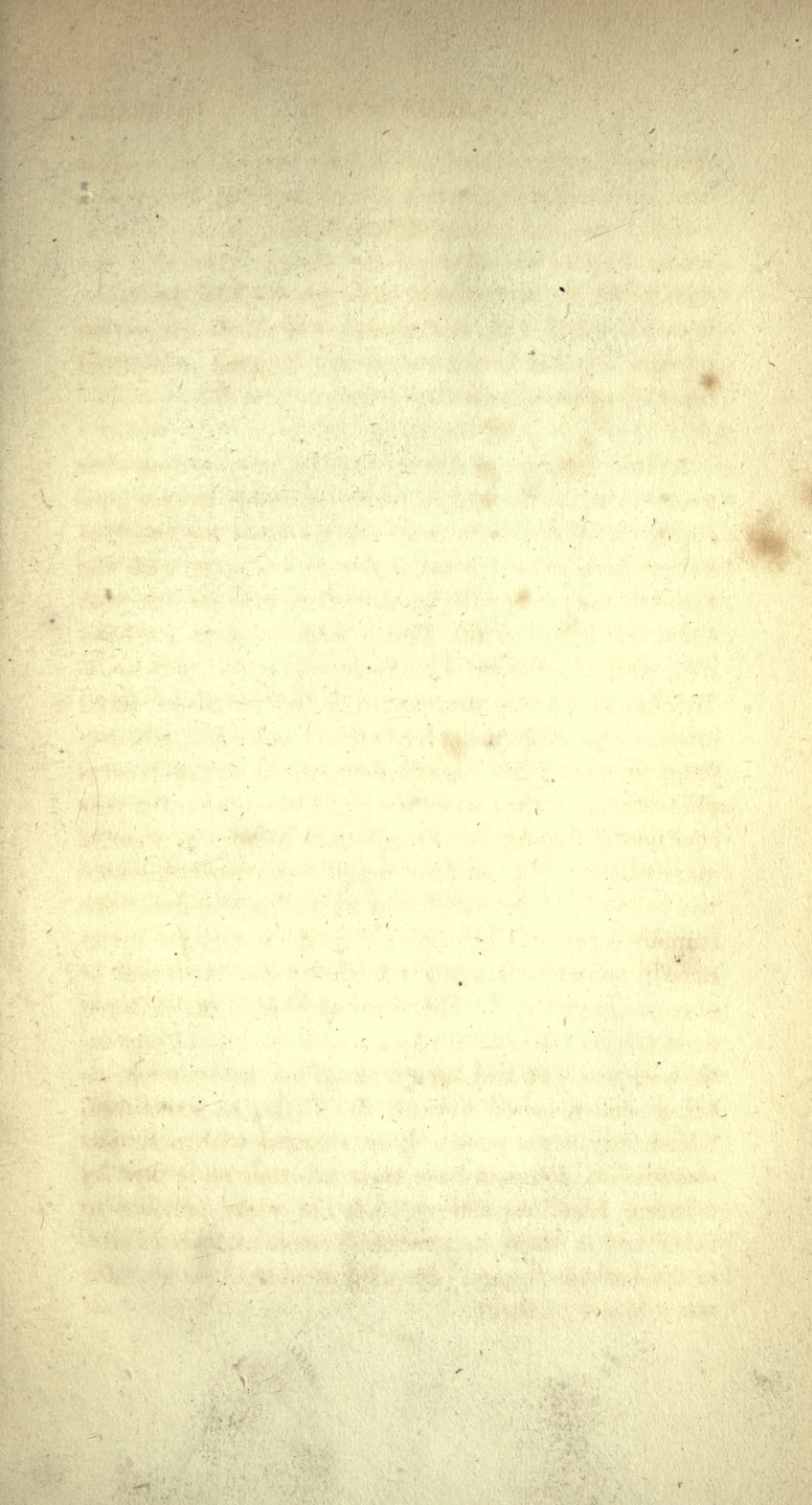
BARBAROSSA.

THERE were two brothers of this name, or rather surname, for their true appellation is *Chairouddin*, or *Cheredin*. They were both pirates, and kings of Algiers; but, in other respects, scarcely worthy of the notice of the historian. It is by no means extraordinary that they should have raised themselves from a low station to the supreme command of the Algerines: the quality of bravery only is essential, which they severally possessed in an eminent degree. The history of Aruch, the elder Barbarossa, so called from the red colour of his beard, presents us, however, with an incident that might be little expected in his memoirs. Having been drawn into an ambuscade by the Marquis de Gomares, governor of Oran, while at war with the king of Tunis, he had recourse to a stratagem, of which Mithridates had furnished him with an example. He strewed the route of his army with his gold, silver, and plate, in order to slacken the march of his pursuers, and to favour his escape: but the Spaniards with much magnanimity, despising the lure, followed him so closely, that he was compelled to face them; and after displaying uncommon valour, was killed, with the major part of his army, in 1518.

He was succeeded by his brother, Heyradin, (whose portrait is here given) who so distinguished himself by his exploits, as to deserve, in our Biographical researches, particular mention. Being entrusted by Soliman II. with the command of his fleets, he scoured the Mediterranean with a hundred galleys; excited considerable alarm in the bosom of Charles V. and rendered himself master of Tunis in 1535. The following year, that re-

doubtable prince fitted out a large expedition against him, and, aided by Andrea Doria, defeated Barbarossa, retook Tunis, and re-established the king, Muley Hassen, whom he had expelled, on the throne. But this undaunted pirate, very shortly after, appeared before Sicily, with a Turkish fleet, and renewing in the Emperor that terror which his former valour had inspired, compelled him to propose a cessation of arms.

At this juncture, Francis the First, whose ideas were too elevated for the age in which he lived, having concluded an alliance with the Turks, induced the Ottoman powers to espouse his cause during his wars with the Spanish monarch. Barbarossa, therefore, in the year 1543, (as vassal of the Porte) undertook, in conjunction with the Comte d'Enghein, the siege of Nice.—This enterprise was unsuccessful; but no blame could attach to the Algerine. Barbarossa, indeed, if we may judge from the following anecdote, entertained no favourable opinion of the French army. Although on the very confines of France, the French general was in want of ammunition. He sent for a supply to Barbarossa, which was refused. “Behold!” said he to his officers, “the stupidity of these Christians; they have engaged in an expedition, without being provided with the means of obtaining a victory.” Then turning himself to the Baron de la Gardé, who was the king’s ambassador at Constantinople, and who had been selected for that mission, as being well disposed towards the Turks, he exclaimed, “Had any other person been charged with a similar commission, I should have made no other reply than by ordering him into slavery.” A few years previous to this event (in 1538), he annexed Yemen, in Arabia Felix, to the Turkish empire. He died in 1547, aged 80. He was a native of Sicily.





Drawn by Cochin.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London: Published by Turner, Hood & Sharpe; Poultry.

BEAUMARCHAIS.

PIERRE AUGUSTIN CARON DE BEAUMARCHAIS, a French Dramatic writer of much celebrity, was born at Paris, on the 24th of January, 1732, and was, for some years, employed in the shop of his father, a celebrated watch-maker. He improved the mechanism of a watch, by the invention of a new spring; the honour of which invention was, however, disputed by another of the same trade, till, upon a reference to the Academy of Sciences, the merit of the discovery was unanimously adjudged to Beaumarchais. He was passionately fond of music, sang agreeably, and played well upon the harp. He was introduced to several ladies of distinction, who desired to hear him; by whom he was so well received, that they admitted him at their concerts, and soon after into their society. So many marks of favour overcame his modesty, and his presumption soon occasioned him as many enemies as rivals, but he found a zealous protector in the famous financier Pâris Duverney. Under him Beaumarchais displayed those talents for finance, which afterwards procured him so brilliant a fortune.

Beaumarchais had the act of mingling objects of utility with those of amusement. Thus, while he was preparing arms for the Americans; contributing to the scheme for bringing water to Paris; to the establishment of the *caisse d'escompte*; and to the fire-engines of Messrs. Perrier, he gave to the theatre several esteemed pieces. At the same time he superintended a complete edition of Voltaire's Works, at the great printing establishment he had formed at Kehl, on the borders of the Rhine, where they were printed in a splendid manner with the types of the celebrated Baskerville.

Beaumarchais of ten indulged an ill-natured habit of amusing himself at the expense of those over whom he claimed a superiority, and always successful at this sort of wit, he often abashed others who sought to mortify him. As he was once crossing the gallery at Versailles, richly dressed, a young nobleman accosted him, and with a haughty ironical air, said,—“I am happy to meet you—my watch is out of order—do me the favour to examine it.” “Willingly, my Lord Duke, but I must observe to you beforehand, that I am extremely clumsy, and may possibly injure it.” The Duke maliciously insisting that he should give his opinion of the watch, Beaumarchais took it into his hands, let it drop on the floor, and returning it to the Duke, replied,—“I told you so, it was your own fault.”

Besides his Theatrical Pieces and his Memoirs, Beaumarchais published several pamphlets; and among others, a reply to the manifesto of the King of England, but this an order of the council immediately suppressed. There are also some curious details, in a little work of his, entitled, *My Six Æras*. It is a history of the dangers from which he continued to extricate himself during the revolution;—alternately accused and acquitted—in Holland, when he was searched for in Paris—in Paris, when he was supposed to be in London—he was at length arrested and conducted to the Abbey, from which, however, he effected his escape. He considered it as peculiarly fortunate, that the persons then in power had not destroyed the magnificent house he had built in the Boulevard, opposite the Bastille. It was in allusion to this house that he was accustomed ludicrously to describe himself *the first poet of Paris, on the Boulevard, to the left as you enter by the gate St. Antony*. He died on the 30th of April, 1801.

THE HISTORY OF

The History of the County of Middlesex, from the earliest times to the present, is a subject of great interest and importance. It is a subject which has attracted the attention of many of our most distinguished writers, and which has been the subject of many valuable works. The history of the County of Middlesex is a subject which has attracted the attention of many of our most distinguished writers, and which has been the subject of many valuable works. The history of the County of Middlesex is a subject which has attracted the attention of many of our most distinguished writers, and which has been the subject of many valuable works.

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Painted by Ph. Champagne.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published by Terner, Hood & Sharpe, Printers; 287.

ST. CHARLES BORROMEO.

CHARLES BORROMEO was born on the 2d. of October, 1538, at the Castle of Arona, upon Lago Maggiore, in the Milanese. From his infancy he discovered a predilection for the church, and the piety of Margaret de Medici, his mother, and the good example of his father, the Count d' Arona, contributed greatly to confirm him in his religious pursuits.

Before the age of thirteen he possessed the Abbey of St. Gratignan, the affairs of which, it is presumed, he was incapable of conducting---but he enjoyed its revenues, which he reserved for the benefit of the poor. To each pauper he assigned a small pension, which was paid to him with the strictest punctuality ; and in rendering pecuniary assistance to his best friends, he made it an express condition that the money should be returned on a particular day, that his pensioners might not suffer a moment's disquietude by his liberality.

Charles studied civil and canonical law at the university of Pavia, and, on the death of his father, found himself entrusted with the care of his family, although he had an elder brother. He was shortly after invited to Rome, by his uncle, Pope Pius IV. who made him Prothonotary, Cardinal, and Archbishop of Milan. He was then only twenty-two, and imagining, no doubt, that the situations he held required him to live in a style of suitable magnificence, he took a very superb palace, bought costly

equipages, hired innumerable servants, and displayed a most sumptuous table, at which he received, with equal courtesy, nobles and scholars, artists and men of letters. His grandeur equalled that of his elder brother, whom the Pope had loaded with secular dignities—which honour he but a little time enjoyed. At his death Charles was so much affected, that he entered into holy orders, at the moment it was surmised he was on the point of marriage, to support the antiquity of his race.

Shortly after he was named Grand Penitentiary of Rome, Arch-priest of St. Mary the Great, Protector of several Crowns, and Legate of Bologna, Romagna, and of Ancona. About this time was held the memorable council of Trent, in which the reformation of the clergy was warmly agitated. Charles having recommended it in others, resolved to shew a signal example in himself. He dismissed eighty servants---laid aside his splendid apparel---visited his diocese---established regularity and decency in all orders subordinate to his power---enlightened the clergy---restrained the monks---founded schools of Christianity---communities for men and women, both in Switzerland and Milan---converted his house into a seminary---traversed the Alps---and, surmounting all the inconveniences of heat and cold, hunger and thirst, diffused knowledge among the savage inhabitants of the Gorges, and travelled even to Mount St. Gothard, which he explored on foot, having his shoes purposely strengthened with iron cramps. From thence he journeyed into the Grisons, and animated their faith in the Valley of Mesoe, and in the county de Bellinzone.

He had scarcely returned to Milan, when the plague manifested itself in that city, carrying with it desolation, and death. Charles was intreated to absent himself ; but

faithful to the flock of which he was shepherd, he ascended the pulpit, and preached resignation to the young and the old, the rich and the poor. He ordered processions, bared his feet, and put a cord round his neck---implored divine succour---sold his furniture to relieve the sick---distributed the viaticum in the cottage as well as in the palace---lavished on all his money or his attentions, and knew repose only on the day, when, in a solemn fête, he returned thanks to God for putting an end to this destructive scourge.

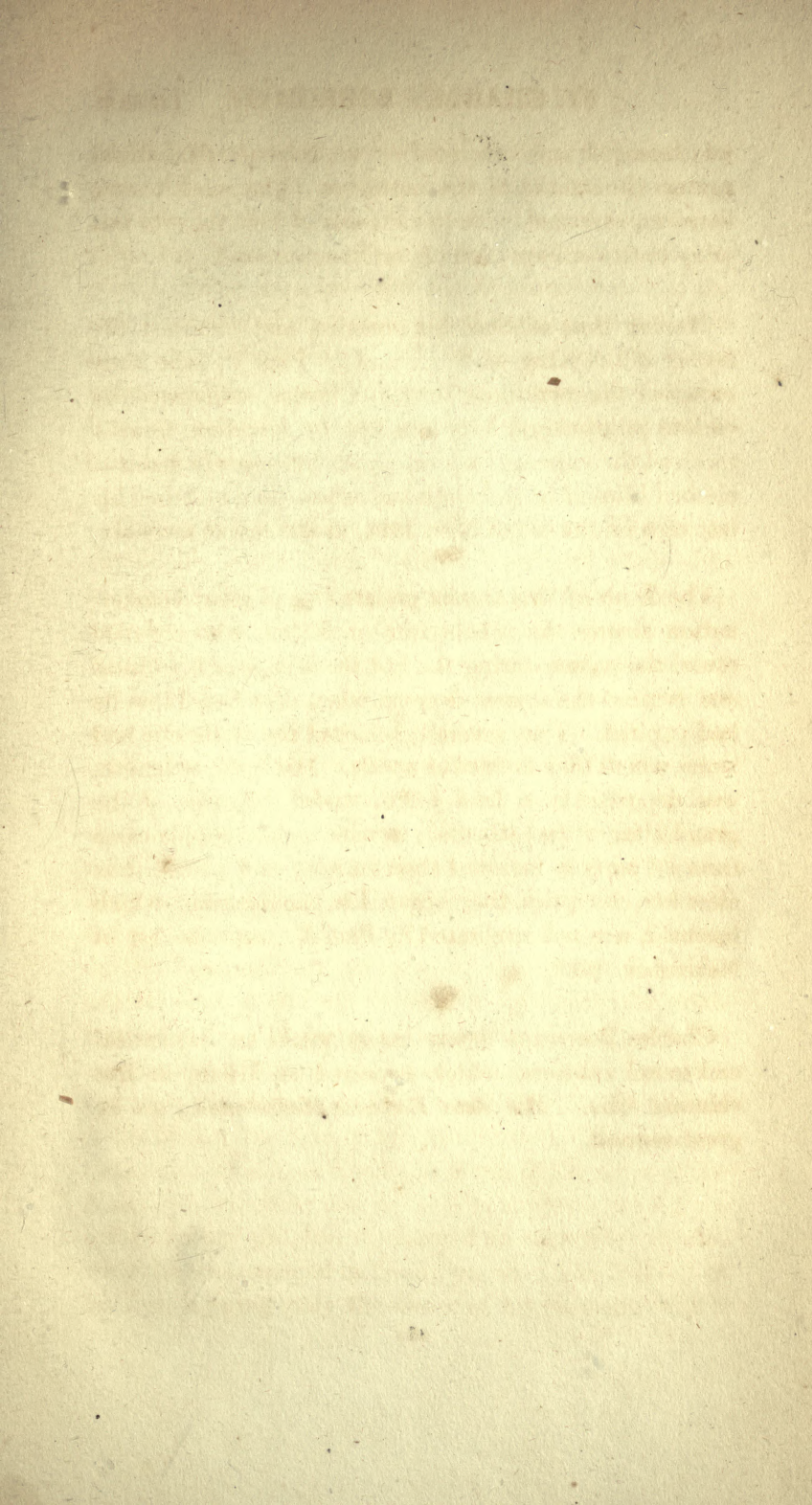
During this laborious and afflicting scene, Charles, to extend his beneficence, lived on bread and water---but his heroic charity was repaid with ingratitude. Requesens, Governor of Milan, by virtue of a mandate from the King of Spain, restricted the wearing arms, as the only means of preventing the quarrels and the assassinations so prevalent in the city. Unwilling to submit to this regulation, St. Charles ordered his attendant to carry his sword. The governor, irritated at his obstinancy, incited the magistrates to complain of his conduct to the Emperor Charles, which they painted in the darkest colours. They accused him, says Baillet, of usurping the power of the secular authorities during the pestilence---of introducing dangerous innovations---of abolishing all public games, dances, and spectacles---of infringing the privileges of the city in regard to the carnival---and published against him a violent and injurious manifesto : but satisfied with the testimony of his conscience, he abandoned to his Maker the care of his justification. He solicited the pardon of Jerome Farina, a monk of the order of the *Humiliati*, which he was desirous to suppress, who, for a bribe of forty pistoles, discharged an arquebuse at him, while he was engaged in family prayer. The ball fell at his feet, injuring only the sleeve of his garment, which

was regarded and venerated as an impenetrable shield against the attacks of the murderer. The wretch was, however, executed, with the Provost of Verona, who was privy to the outrage, and his order suppressed.

Having thus subdued his enemies, and obtained the favour of the King of Spain and of Pius V. who then occupied the pontifical throne, Charles, exhausted by various pilgrimages, was attacked by a violent fever---received the extreme unction under his priestly habit---clothed himself in sackcloth and ashes---and breathed his last sigh on the 3d. of Nov. 1594, at the age of forty-six.

The death of this august prelate caused great consternation among the inhabitants of Milan, who crowded round the palace during the last three days of his illness and evinced the utmost despair, when they heard that he had expired. They severally solicited the clothes he had worn, which they divided as a relic. His body, at length, was deposited in a lead coffin, under the steps of the grand altar of the cathedral; to which place people came from all parts to manifest their sorrow, and a little time after his obsequies, they began his canonization, which however, was not celebrated by Paul V. until the 1st of November, 1610,

Charles Borromeo wrote many works on dogmatical and moral subjects, which appeared at Milan, in five volumes folio. His *Acta Ecclesiæ Mediolanensis*, are in great request.





George Cooke fecit.

London, Published by Vernon, Hood & Sharpe, Embery, 2857.

MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

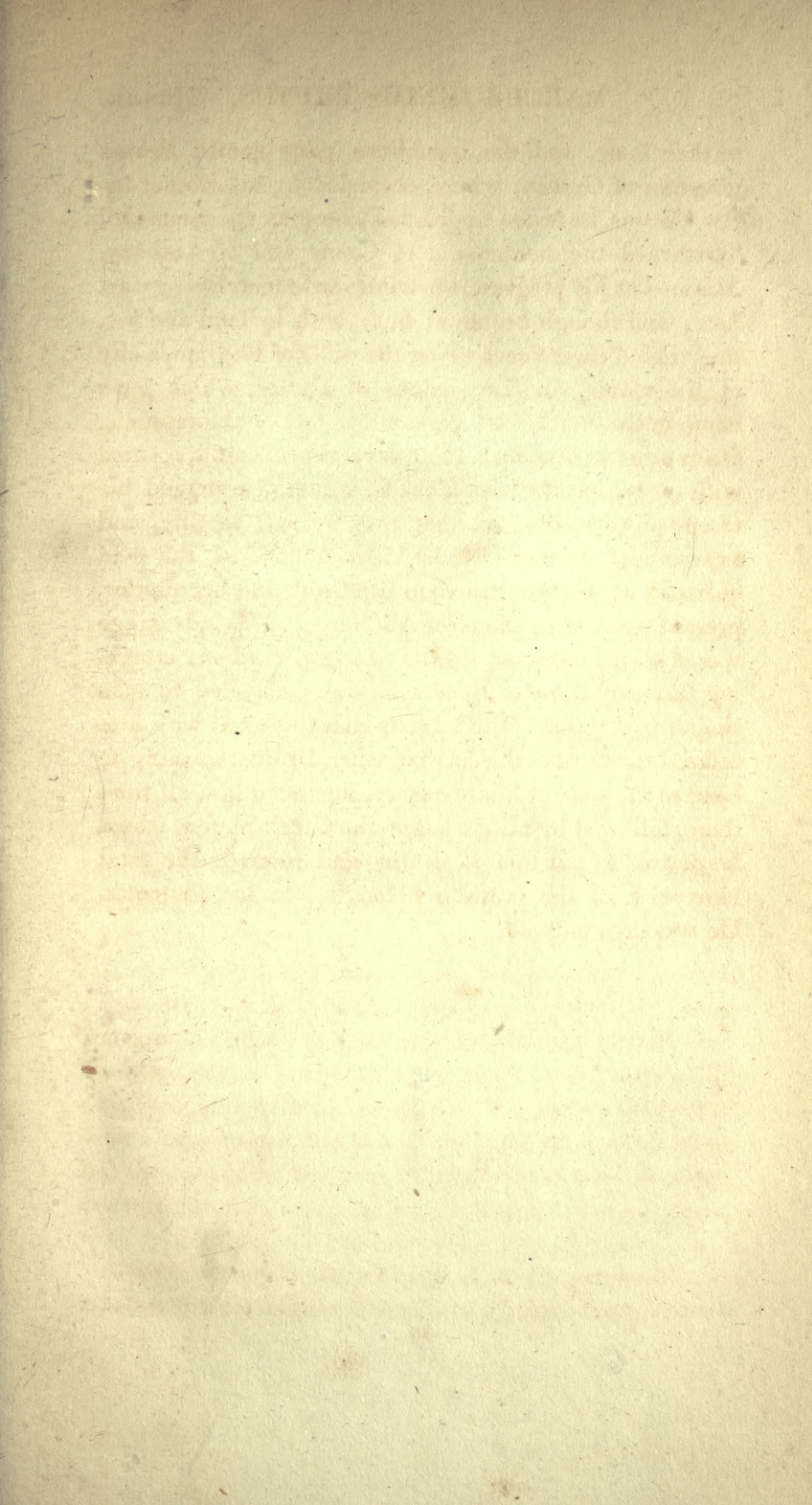
SERVILIA, the wife of Junius Brutus, and who had doubtless some affection for Cæsar, was, according to historians, the mother of Marcus Junius Brutus, whose actions and whose name have been consecrated in the republican annals.

Believing himself descended from the first hero of Roman liberty, and being the nephew of Cato, the kinsman of Servilius Atala, who assassinated Spurius Mælius because he favoured tyranny, Brutus, from his youth, aspired to equal his three precursors. He was no sooner in a condition to bear arms, than he espoused the cause of Pompey, whom he served to his last moments : he then enlisted himself under the banners of Cæsar, in the hope that time would furnish him with the means of being beneficial to his party—which fortune had denied.

Cæsar treated him with the kindness of a parent---but Cæsar was desirous to reign---which instigated Brutus to put himself, sword in hand, at the head of certain conspirators, who destroyed him, in full senate, on the 15th of March, 42 years before J. C. His appearance drew from Cæsar an exclamation of tenderness and surprise:---but the soul of Brutus was inflexible, and the crime was consummated.

Notwithstanding the plaudits of their partizans, the murderers were banished from Rome. Athens raised statues

to their fame, and the republican party named Brutus governor of Greece ; where, seconded by his brother-in-law Cassius, he levied troops, and assuming the command, overturned the lieutenants of Cæsar and of Anthony. Alarmed at his progress, the triumvirate marched against him ; and though beaten at first, both by land and sea, they united their forces under the walls of Philippi, a city of Macedonia, on the confines of Thrace, which gave name to the battle that decided the fate of the republic. He expired on that memorable day ; when Cassius, covered with glory, experienced a check, which discouraged his troops to such a degree, that they refused to rally, and exasperated at his defeat, he killed himself on the field of battle, at the moment when Brutus, in another quarter, pressed upon the legions of Anthony. This advantage was of slight duration, for the troops of Anthony attacking furiously those of Brutus, he was compelled to take shelter in a wood. The soldiers that remained with him refused to return to the combat, when Brutus, scorning to bend to the yoke of his adversary, separated himself from them, followed by his confidant, the Greek Staton, whom he desired to put him to death—and received the fatal blow with all the firmness belonging to his character. He was then only 43.





Painted by Grank.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London: Published by Verner, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry; 1867.

CHARLES XII.

CHARLES THE TWELFTH, King of Sweden, who, by some authors, is surnamed the Alexander; and, by others, the Quixote of the North, but who merited

‘Ni cet excès d’honneur, ni cette indignité,’

Nor this indignity, nor that renown;

was born on the 27th of June, 1682. He evinced from his infancy, great military dispositions---an excessive love of glory---a firm character, and an inflexible mind. The violent exercises in which he delighted, formed, at an early age, a vigorous constitution capable of bearing the utmost fatigue. One of his principal amusements was hunting the bear, which he pursued armed only with a spear, and with so little precaution, that he was once compelled personally to contend with one of these ferocious animals. It has not yet been proved whether the study of Quintus Curtius alone generated in the mind of this prince his passion for conquest; but it is certain that the military education he received---the warlike character of Sweden---the encomiums she lavished on his first exploits---the remembrance of the victories of Gustavus Adolphus---and especially the false maxims of the court, combined with the thirst of absolute dominion which his father had inspired, instead of instructing him in the constitution and interests of his kingdom, tended to strengthen his natural propensity, and induced him to believe that the field of battle is, for a monarch, the sole

theatre of glory ; that the people are born to obey implicitly the will of a master, to follow him to the field, and to fight or perish in his defence.

Charles XII. succeeded his father in 1697 ; he was then only fifteen ; the states soon after, by his own desire, declared him of age, and at his coronation, he snatched the crown from the Archbishop of Upsal, and put it upon his head with an air of grandeur that astonished his people. At this period Sweden not only enjoyed profound peace, but acting as mediator in the negotiations of Ryswick, she had the glory of terminating a war which had been excited among the principal powers of Europe ; thus the most brilliant epoch in her annals is marked by the first event of a reign, in other respects, so fatal to her interests. This happy state was of short duration ; for in 1700, Russia, Denmark and Poland leagued together against Charles, without any provocation on his part that could authorize this formidable confederacy. The council, greatly intimidated, deliberated a long time in his presence, on the means of allaying the storm. Charles, interrupting his ministers, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I have formed a resolution never to commence an unjust war, but to terminate an equitable one only by the defeat of my enemies. My intention is fixed.—I shall attack the first power that shall declare itself." This was Denmark---Charles embarked immediately with his army, quitted his capital, which he was fated never more to visit, made a descent on Zealand---attacked and defeated the Danes---invested Copenhagen---and forced his enemy to accept a peace which he proposed. This expedition, which only lasted six weeks, was the most brilliant moment in the life of Charles XII. He was then truly a king ; while exciting admiration of his personal bravery—of the discipline and valour of his troops—he inspired

sentiments of esteem for his moderation and humanity. He fought at the head of his army, and noticing, for the first time, the whistling of bullets, he was heard to utter these memorable words:—"Henceforth that shall be my only music."

Released from one enemy, Charles had to contend with another:---this was the Czar Peter I. 100,000 Russians besieged Narva, in Esthonia; the King of Sweden, with 8,000 men attacked them in their entrenchments, and, after an obstinate battle, compelled them to surrender their arms, 30,000 were slain or drowned, 20,000 asked for quarter, and the rest were taken or dispersed. Charles permitted half the Russians to return without arms and half to repass the river with their arms, and detained none but the commanders in chief, to whom however he returned their arms and money; the conqueror had only 1,200 killed and 800 wounded in this battle. The conqueror having had two horses killed under him during the engagement, said, pleasantly, on mounting a third—"These people make me renew my exercises." He sent back his prisoners, his army being too small to preserve them. He had still Augustus, King of Poland, and Elector of Saxony, to subdue. Having wintered at Lars, as he had prognostigated in his march to Narva, Charles passed into Lithuania, defeated the Poles and Saxons in several battles, possessed himself of Courland, overran the whole country, and penetrated into Poland. Successes so rapid and so decisive were, for a king of twenty-two, of dangerous tendency. Charles, flushed with victory, soon forgot that he had taken up arms merely to defend the integrity of his states, and to confirm the repose of his subjects; he now wished to conquer, not to maintain his conquests, but for the pleasure of making and dethroning kings. Augustus, unable to resist him

by open force, had recourse to negociation, but in vain : Charles was inflexible—he made himself master of Warsaw, and seconded by the intrigues of the Cardinal Primate, he, in 1704, caused the young Palatine of Posnania, Stanislaus Leczinski, who was afterwards Duke of Lorraine and father-in-law to Louis XV. to be elected King of Poland. Not content with having dethroned Augustus of Saxony, he pursued him even to his electorate—traversed Silesia without giving the smallest intimation to the court of Vienna—passed the Oder—put Saxony under contribution, and compelled Augustus to acknowledge Stanislaus, and to deliver into his hands the unfortunate Patkul, whom he put to death. He encamped near Lutzen, rendered famous by the victory and death of Gustavus Adolphus. “I have endeavoured to live like thee:” said Charles XII. in contemplating the tomb of this hero, “God will, perhaps, one day afford me as glorious an end.”

The King of Sweden now fixed his regard on the subjugation of Europe, and received, in his camp, the ambassadors of almost all the princes in Christendom. Armed the one against the other during the war of the succession, they observed, with some disquietude, the conduct of a man, who must infallibly give the superiority to whatever party he espoused. Germany trembled before him—the emperor was eager to comply with all his demand. “It is happy for you,” said he, to the Nuncio of the Pope, “that the King of Sweden has not expressed a wish for me to become a Lutheran, for I really know not how I should act.” Marlborough, who was equally skilful as a negociator and warrior, desirous of ascertaining the inclination of Charles, visited him in person, and succeeded in penetrating his projects. He saw that policy was disregarded, and that he was actu-

ated solely by motives of obstinacy and revenge; but he observed that the King of Sweden shuddered at the name of the Czar. Led away by his hatred to that prince, he flattered himself he could effect a revolution in Muscovy as rapidly as he had done in Poland, and eagerly desired to dethrone Peter I. as he had dethroned Augustus. In October, 1707, he quitted Saxony at the head of a numerous and well-disciplined army, traversed Poland, possessed himself of Grodno, passed the Borysthenes, and defied the Russians. Peter, dispirited by so many reverses, and wishing to terminate a war which militated against the great designs he had formed, hazarded a proposition for peace. "We will treat at Moscow;" replied the King of Sweden, who was then only one hundred leagues from that capital. When the Czar was apprized of this haughty reply, "My brother Charles," he exclaimed, "pretends to be an Alexander, but he shall find in me a Darius!"

The armies being put in motion, an inconceivable error gave the victory to the Muscovites. Instead of marching direct to Moscow, Charles plunged into the deserts of Ukraine, where he lost the major part of his army, and all his artillery, during the winter of 1709. Too weak now to face an enemy, who had besides the talent to profit by its defeats, he saw himself stripped at Pultowa of the title of Invincible, acquired by a series of successes during nine years. Siberia became the grave of the Swedes who survived that fatal day. From this moment Charles lost the name of conqueror,—that of a man of extraordinary endowments remained, and he retained it during life. Flying for refuge among the Turks, who generously gave him an asylum, his mind was occupied for several years with the project of exciting the Porte to wage war with Russia, which induced him, dur-

ing his residence at Bender, to reject every proposition tending to restore him peaceably to his states. At length, having disgusted the Ottoman minister by his imperious spirit and intrigues, he was ordered to leave the Turkish territories, which he refused. He was then besieged by command of the Grand Seignior, in an encampment he had formed with his retinue, and obliged to take shelter in a house, which he defended for a time with great intrepidity. Being at length overpowered, and transported from Bender to Demotika, where he chose to remain ten months in bed, feigning to be sick; he at last solicited permission to quit Turkey, which was granted. He travelled on horseback 572 leagues in fifteen days. Arriving at Stralsund, he was besieged in that city, by the united armies of Denmark and Prussia,—signalized himself again by prodigies of valour, and leaving the city only a heap of ruins, escaped in a little bark to rush into other battles. It was during this siege that a bomb fell upon a house that he inhabited, and burst with a great explosion near the cabinet where he was dictating a letter to his secretary. The pen dropped from the secretary's hand. "What is the matter?" said the King, with much composure. The secretary could only utter—"Oh, Sire! the bomb!" "Well," replied the king, "What has the bomb to do with the letter I am dictating?—Proceed."

The situation to which Charles was now reduced, forced him to abandon all his projects of revenge against the Czar, but it was to adopt those of his minister, the Baron de Gortz, who, in conjunction with the celebrated Cardinal Alberoni, was desirous of re-establishing the son of James II. on the British throne. While occupied in making preparation for the great enterprize, the King of Sweden went into Norway, in the depth of winter, to besiege Frederickshall, where he was killed in inspecting

the entrenchment, on the 11th of December, 1718. He was then only thirty-six. It is pretended that Charles XII. fell a victim to the animosity he had inspired in his subjects and this opinion is not destitute of foundation. The Swedes, seduced by the brilliant qualities of their king, and dazzled, for a long time, with the glory of his arms, would, perhaps, have pardoned the misfortunes which his obstinacy had caused, but they recollected they had once been free, and could no longer tolerate his obstinacy. The letter he wrote to the senators, after his reverse of fortune, in which he said, that "if they pretended to govern in his absence, he would send them one of his boots, and from which it should be incumbent on them to receive his orders;" presented itself to their memory, and the resentment of this insolent bravado might have provoked his destruction.

Of the character of Charles XII. as a king, some judgment may be formed, when it is considered that he found Sweden rich, powerful and happy, and left it ruined, unpeopled, defenceless, and compelled to purchase peace by the sacrifice of its finest provinces. He was, no doubt, a skilful general and an intrepid soldier; but to be a conqueror it was necessary that he should have been a good politician; that he should have known how to regulate his designs by the actual disposition of things. "He was not an Alexander," says Montesquieu, "but he would have been the best soldier of that hero." As a man, he excites our surprise, and begets admiration. He was one of the most virtuous men of his age, and the only one, perhaps, in these modern times, who passed through life without any attachment for the sex. It would appear that he felt pleasure in surmounting the dictates of nature. He possessed a body of iron, governed by an immoveable soul; but, unfortunately, he

carried all the virtues to such an excess, as to render them equally dangerous with their opposite vices. Voltaire has written the life of this extraordinary man; his work is one of the finest historical productions of the French language, and presents one of the most useful lessons that can be exhibited to princes.

Of the character of Charles XII. as a king, some judgements may be formed, when it is considered that he found Sweden rich, powerful and happy, and left it ruined, despoiled, debilitated, and compelled to purchase peace by the sacrifice of its best provinces. He was no doubt a skilful general, and an intrepid soldier; but to be a conqueror it was necessary that he should have been a good politician; that he should have known how to regulate his claims by the actual disposition of things. "He was not an Alexander," says Montesquieu, "but he would have been the best soldier of that hero." As a man, he excites our curiosity and admiration. He was one of the most virtuous men of his age, and the only one, perhaps, in these modern times, who lived through life without any attachment for the sex. It would appear that he felt pleasure in surrounding the statues of nature. He possessed a bark of iron, go- verned by an invincible soul; but unfortunately, he





Painted by W. Hoare.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published at Juxon's Alley, by Vernon, Hood & Sharpe: Printers.

CHATHAM.

WILLIAM PITT, Earl of Chatham, was born November 15th 1708, at Boconnoc, in the county of Cornwall. He was educated at Eton, whence in January 1726, he went as a gentleman commoner to Trinity College Oxford, where he exhibited specimens of poetical talent both in Latin and English. He was the son of Robert Pitt, Esquire, and grandson of Thomas Pitt, Governor of Madras, who sold, to the Regent of France, the celebrated diamond, known by the names of the Pitt, and the Regent. Sprung from what, in England, was considered a new family, with a younger brother's portion, a cornetcy of horse, and a landed income not exceeding 100l. per annum, he did not appear likely to emerge soon from obscurity. But ambition, which, when accompanied by talents and success, constitutes what we call a great man, soon opened to him the path to honours and to fortune. Compelled, by violent attacks of the gout, to renounce the usual pleasures and dissipation of his age and situation, he devoted himself to study with the greater ardour and perseverance. Circumstances were favourable to him. The nation was then divided into two parties—the one supporting, and the other opposing the minister, Sir Robert Walpole. His adversaries hastened to produce, upon the political stage, a man whose early talents, elevated sentiments, firm character, and devoted attachment to the principles of whiggism, promised to them a powerful auxiliary. The Duchess of Marlborough became the patroness of Mr. Pitt—had him

elected a Member of Parliament, and bequeathed to him 16,000*l.* on condition that he should never accept any situation under the then administration.

Though he, thus early in life, became one of the representatives of the people, he soon proved himself equal to the most distinguished orators. To irresistible strength of argument, he united great warmth of action, the utmost vehemence of invective, a dignified gesture, and singular vivacity and propriety of elocution. "In that assembly," says Lord Chesterfield, "where so much is said of the public good, and where individual interest is alone sought after, he chose the character of a patriot for his debut, and filled it with a constancy and perseverance, which the country ever after repaid by the most implicit confidence." Walpole had, for the last 12 years, maintained his credit by every means which corruption could devise—but, in 1742, he was compelled to abdicate the ministry, and was created Earl of Oxford. Four years after, Mr. Pitt was appointed Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, a Member of the Privy Council, and Quarter-Master-General. The latter place he filled with zeal, and displayed an integrity unknown to his predecessors. He was deprived of it in 1755, for having opposed some continental measures which interested the king only, as Elector of Hanover. But the next year, the ascendancy of his talents, and the weight of his popularity, bore him triumphant into the cabinet. Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, and the pupil of Walpole, for some time had directed the helm of government. It was not to be supposed, that any harmony could long subsist between two men of equal ambition, but of very opposite characters. The high sentiments of Mr. Pitt, and the superiority of his views, would not permit him to be satisfied with a secondary station. Fox, more artful than his rival,

succeeded in removing him for a short time. But the weakness and repeated blunders of the administration, the unfortunate issue of the wars with France, the shameful expedition of Byng, the loss of Minorca, the defeat of Braddock, and the capture of Oswego, soon compelled George II. to accede to the wish of the nation, by placing at the head of affairs the only man considered capable of directing them.

The recal of Mr. Pitt soon changed the scene. In a short time, the resolution and vigour of his counsels, the wisdom of his plans, and the rapidity of his measures, secured to the English a decided superiority in three quarters of the globe. Not a man—not a ship was permitted to remain unemployed. France was reduced to a system of defence, her fleets were pursued, and every where beaten—she lost the Canadas—and a series of rapid and striking events secured to her rival the Empire of India.—Measures so well conceived, and crowned with such brilliant success, increased to a pitch of enthusiasm the confidence which Mr. Pitt inspired. His demands for subsidies were granted without hesitation, whether they had for their object the support of the maritime contest, or the assistance of the King of Prussia on the continent. England was lavish of its treasures, and faithful to its engagements—willing to be convinced that, in order to confirm its power in the Indies, it was necessary to keep an army of 75,000 men in Germany in its pay. While Mr Pitt thus governed the motions of Parliament, he was equally master in the cabinet, where all submitted to his will. The First Lord of the Admiralty having attempted to demonstrate the impossibility of conveying a train of artillery in the short space of time required by Mr. Pitt, was told, “Either this must be done, or you shall lose your place.”

The death of Geo. II., which happened in Oct. 1760, was the first event which appeared to weaken the influence of this great minister. Geo. III., of a character less warlike than that of his grandfather, and governed, besides, by the counsels of the Earl of Bute, seemed inclined to listen to the proposals for peace made to him by France. He felt that England, though victorious, would not, by a peace, obtain advantages sufficient to counterbalance the expenses occasioned by the war. The illusion which he had nourished, and in which he, perhaps, himself anticipated, would now disappear. He endeavoured, by all possible means, to traverse the negotiation, beheld with surprise the interference of Spain, sought in vain to intimidate that power, discovered the secret treaty by which she was bound to France, insisted that the council should immediately declare war against her, failed in his proposal, and resigned on the 5th of October 1762. Such was the reputation he had acquired for disinterestedness, and even contempt for money, that a pension of 3,000, and a patent of baroness in her own right for his wife, which he accepted from the court, did not affect his popularity.

In 1766, after having re-appeared for a moment in the cabinet, he was created Earl of Chatham. The new peer now devoted himself entirely to the education of his second son, who, even at the tender age of seven, appeared to him destined to add to the glory of his name. He was not deceived. This son, thus educated under his own inspection, was the celebrated William Pitt, who became a minister at 23 years of age, and preserving an almost uninterrupted influence for the same number of years, terminated his career in 1806. It may be observed, that much about the same period, Lord Holland, the former rival of Lord Chatham, cultivated, with the same

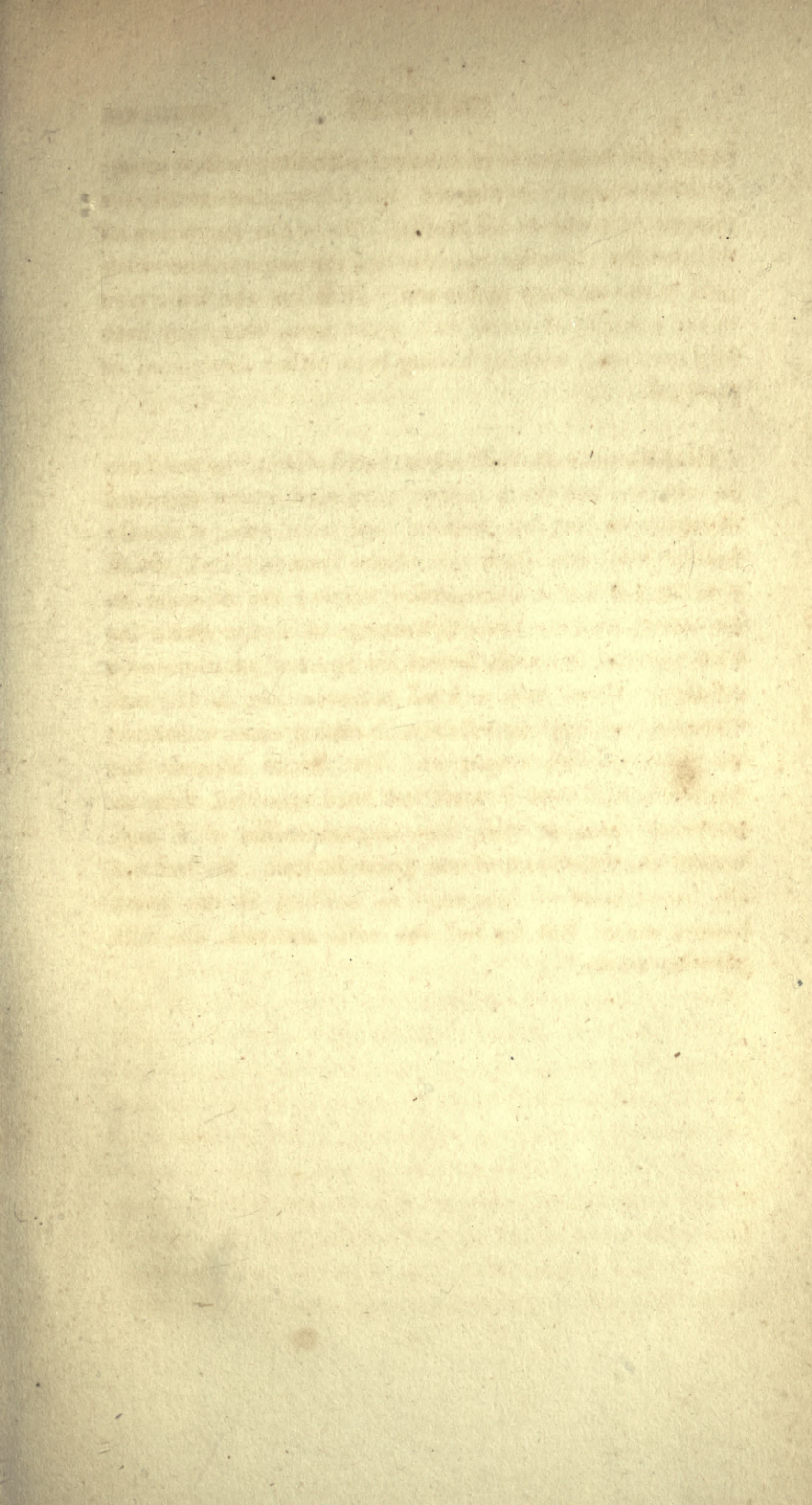
industry and predilection, the rising talents of his second son, Charles James Fox, who was also destined to make such a figure in the commons, to become the most formidable adversary of William Pitt, to dispute with him in every debate the palm of eloquence, and finally to succeed him as minister.

Though Lord Chatham was no longer connected with administration, yet he was ever attached to the interests, the liberty, and the glory of his country. On all important occasions he was still the most zealous, as well as most able defender of the free principles of the constitution. When the first troubles occurred in America, he pleaded the right common to every Briton, of submitting to those taxes only which are approved by his representatives. In proportion as these dissensions assumed a more decisive and alarming appearance, he redoubled all his efforts to prevent their fatal consequences, and vigorously opposed the measures adopted by the ignorance, and pursued by the obstinacy of ministers. The celebrated Dr. Johnson said, at the time, that, to put an end to these divisions, it would be sufficient to appoint Lord Chatham Dictator for six months.

He was fated to die in the bed of honour. On the 8th of April, 1778, when hostilities had commenced in every part of America, this venerable man, who still united the greatest zeal with the utmost clearness of preception and energy of counsels, went to the House of Peers to demand the recal of all the English troops from the colonies, that satisfaction should be given to the Americans, and that war should be instantly declared against France. In the middle of his speech, he was struck with apoplexy, and died soon after, at his seat at Hayes. His death was considered as a public loss. The parliament

caused his remains to be interred with the greatest pomp, at Westminster—liquidated his debts, and granted a pension of 4000*l.* to his family. With the exception of the annuity, the same honours and the same tribute were paid to the memory of his son. It is not the least trait in the eulogies of these two great men, that they both died insolvent, without having been either dissipated or prodigal.

Of this great man Wilkes has recorded that, “he was born an orator, and from nature possessed every outward requisite to bespeak respect, and even awe, a manly figure, with the eagle eye of the famous Condè, fixed your attention and commanded respect the moment he appeared ; and the keen lightnings of his eye spoke the high spirit of his soul, before his lips had pronounced a syllable. There was a kind of fascination in his look when he eyed any one askance. Nothing could withstand the force of that contagion. The fluent Murray has faltered, and even Fox shrunk back appalled, from an adversary fraught with fire unquenchable, if I may borrow the expression of our great Milton. He had not the correctness of language so striking in the great Roman orator, but he had the *verba ardentia*, the bold glowing words.”





N. del.

G. C. sculp.

London, Published 1st Feb: 1801, by Vernon, Hood & Sharpe, Printers.

CATHERINE II.

MORE than twenty years have elapsed since the death of Catherine II. That event is probably too recent for any proper discrimination to be made between the great and the blameable acts of her reign—between those which excite our admiration, or provoke our censure. Posterity has, as yet, no existence for that princess. It is not our intention to anticipate its judgment. We shall content ourselves with selecting a few of the principal achievements which have illustrated her name. In the History of Russia, by Dr. Tooke, will be found whatever is great and dignified in the reign of Catherine—in the short narrative of Rulhière, the particulars of that memorable revolution which seated her on the throne—in Castéra the details of her private life, and the secret anecdotes of her reign—and in the works of the King of Prussia, Fred. II. innumerable observations, which must be read with caution, but which add considerably to the information already contained in so many other works.

Sophia-Augusta-Frederica of Anhalt-Zerbst-Dornburg, born in May 2, 1729, at Stettin, in Prussian Pomerania, and daughter of Charles Augustus, Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst-Dornburg, was married in 1745, to her relation, the Duke of Holstein, who had been declared presumptive heir to the imperial crown of Russia, by Elizabeth, the daughter of Peter I. Some particular circumstances appear to have produced an union which so much exceeded the hopes and pretensions of the House of Zerbst. When the marriage was settled, the young

princess was required to abjure the Lutheran principles in which she had been educated, and to embrace the Greek religion, under the name of Catharine Alexievna.

A visible attachment took place from the moment they saw each other. But the small pox, which cruelly disfigured the features of a young prince, till then considered handsome, destroyed the charm, unfortunately, for Catherine. But independent of this, perhaps, it could not have lasted, from their opposite tastes and characters. She had a cultivated mind—the grand Duke was not without sense—but his education had been miserably neglected. He blushed at the superiority of his wife, while, on the other hand, his extreme ignorance was equally painful to her. Catherine was fond of the liberal arts, and of the enjoyments of the mind. The supreme amusements of Peter consisted in wearing the Prussian uniform, in studying the Prussian tactics, and in copying, with puerile affection, the air, the manners, and the voice of Frederick the Great. These, and other causes, soon produced discord between them, and even in the first year of their marriage, their aversion to each other was notorious, and encouraged by those who surrounded them. The Grand Duke never enjoyed the confidence of the Empress Elizabeth. Restricted to the society of his officers, he contracted a habit of drinking, which, with many other degrading propensities, contributed to his disgrace.

Till the year 1752, Catherine was employed in forming for herself a party at court. That year was distinguished by her first criminal intrigue with Soltikoff, one of the Grand Duke's Chamberlains. To the graces of his person he added a mind better cultivated than was common to the Russian courtiers. This amour is interesting, as

having been her first deviation, and may admit of some excuse. It lasted about three years, and though it was, at length, discovered, it excited only some domestic broils, which were artfully appeased. But Soltikoff was then exiled, to the great regret of Catherine.

To him succeeded Poniatowski, in 1755. In this intrigue Catherine was less considerate, and the Grand Duke was, perhaps, the last man apprized of his dishonour. He was thunderstruck at the intelligence. He solicited the Empress to inflict a signal punishment on Poniatowski, and no longer preserved even the appearance of kindness for his wife. The courtiers, who expected some explosion, the consequence of the prince's anger, deserted the Grand Duchess, who lived in retirement till 1762. Her strength of mind and abilities having extricated her from this difficulty, she directed all her thoughts to the consideration of what would be the result of the death of Elizabeth, whose health daily declined. Catherine, who was then in a state of pregnancy, unknown to her husband, concealed her situation by a long veil, and was accustomed to attend the churches in daily prayers for the life of the Empress—submitting to the most rigid institutions of the Greek religion, in order to conciliate the favour of the populace. Elizabeth died in 1762, and the Grand Duke ascended the throne under the name of Peter III. Catherine, within the recesses of her palace, at some distance from Petersburg, already meditated on the means of displacing the new Emperor. That unfortunate prince had imprudently disclosed the design he had formed of declaring his son, Paul Petrovitz, illegitimate; of repudiating his wife; and of marrying the Countess Woronzof, who had lived with him since the misconduct of the Empress. But Catherine anticipated him in this project. She again covered her

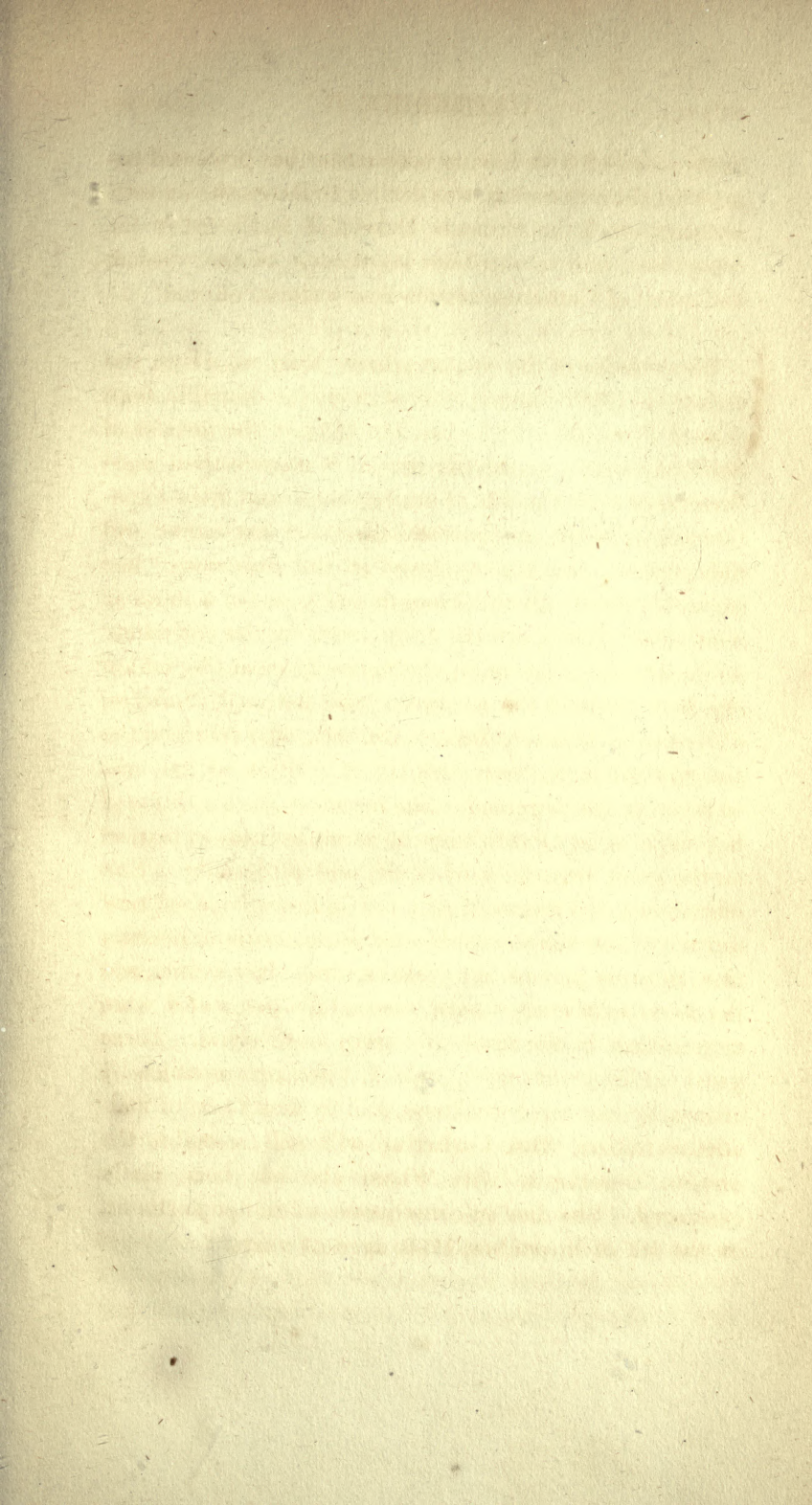
gallantries with the veil of mystery. Having discerned a singular audacity in one of her favourites, Gregory Orloff, she imparted to him the intention of dethroning Peter III. Gregory had two brothers, soldiers in the guards—they became his accomplices. The Princess Daschkoff, sister to the Emperor's mistress, and a young woman of extraordinary intrepidity of character, directed another division of the conspiracy, while Catherine drew over to her party several of the ancient nobility, whose views were similar to her own. The enterprise was discovered at Petersburg, on the evening of the 8th of July, 1762, by the unintentional indiscretion of a soldier. But the Emperor was then at one of his summer palaces. The conspirators dreading some other and more fatal imprudence, determined to proceed, at once, to the execution of their measures. At two in the morning, the Princess Daschkoff, and Gregory Orloff, sent messengers to Catharine, who escaped from Petershoff, attended by one woman only. Alexis Orloff, waited for her in a carriage—He held the reins, and lashed the horses till they fell, overcome by fatigue. Catherine proceeded sometimes on foot—sometimes in a peasant's cart, and, at length, arrived at Petersburg in the carriage of Gregory, whose impatience had drawn him a considerable way on the road to meet her. Three companies of the guards awaited her arrival. To this handful of men she stated, that, the Emperor having intended that very night to destroy her, she had come to solicit their protection. In less than two hours, 2000 soldiers had surrounded and declared in her favour. The populace soon espoused her cause. The Archbishop of Novogorod, who was one of the conspirators, immediately proceeded to anoint her as Empress. Her little army then advanced to meet the Emperor, who, rejecting the wise and energetic advice of those who still remained faithful to him, and neglect-

ing the many salutary cautions he had received, blindly pursued the dictates of his own weakness and caprice. He surrendered himself to the discretion of his wife, signed an immediate act of abdication, and seemed satisfied with the assurance that he should not long remain a prisoner. Six days after, Alexis Orloff and Teploff announced to him his deliverance, and invited themselves to dine with him. While Teploff engaged the Emperor in conversation, Orloff poured into a glass a poisonous mixture, prepared by a court physician, named Crousse. The unfortunate prince drank it, and soon experienced the most excruciating sensations. He refused a second glass presented to him by his murderers. Orloff then threw him on the ground, and pressing all the weight of his knees on the breast of his victim, was endeavouring to stifle him, when the youngest of the Princes, Baratinski, entered the apartment. With the assistance of Teploff, who commanded the guard, Baratinski passed a napkin, which had a running knot to it, round the Emperor's neck, and strangled him. Orloff then hastened to apprize the Empress of what had passed. She was on her way to the state apartments when she received the intelligence—she was even cheerful, dined in public, and received company at night. On the following day, while at dinner, the Emperor's death was formally announced to her. She then shed many tears, and displayed every outward symptom of grief. At that time Catherine was in her 35th year.

The assassin Baratinski, was appointed grand-marshal of the court, and afterwards, by the influence of the Empress, married a young princess related to the unfortunate monarch whom he had strangled. But Catherine was sometimes guilty of ingratitude to those who had so materially seconded her in her designs. Voltaire, who is

justly charged with having been rather her professed panygyrist than historian, was desired to lessen the important part which the Princess Daschkoff had acted in the conspiracy, and to attribute its success to the wisdom and spirit of Catherine alone—and Voltaire obeyed.

The murder of the young prince, Ivan, to whom the throne of right belonged, was scarcely less horrible than that of Peter III. It occurred in 1764, in the fortress of Schlusselfburg. Catherine herself was more than once threatened with the fate of her husband, and often experienced, in public, unequivocal marks of discontent and abhorrence. But she employed all the resources of her gigantic power—all the strength and talent of a mind at once steady and penetrating, to cover, by the splendour and brilliancy of her reign, the nefarious means by which she had attained the sceptre. She flattered Voltaire, d'Alembert, Diderot, Buffon, &c. &c., who returned the compliment by excessive adulation. Many of her acts were great and dignified. She improved the condition of her subjects, by establishing the administration of justice, on the great principles of equity and philosophy. She augmented the means of national industry, opened new sources of commerce, and created foundations for instruction, in every part of her great empire. Her armies and her fleets were every where successful---her states were aggrandized by the spoils of Turkey and Poland. These great achievements were, indeed, often accompanied by crimes, by excessive weakness, and by many acts of mal-administration. But Catherine will still resemble the ancient Semiramis, with whom she has been justly compared. She died in consequence of an apoplectic fit, on the 6th of November, 1796, aged 67 years.





Painted by Bourdon.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published by Terner, Hood & Sharpe, Printers, 1807.

CHRISTINA.

CHRISTINA, Queen of Sweden, born the 18th of December, 1626, was the daughter of Gustavus-Adolphus, and of Maria-Eleanora of Brandenburg ; and succeeded to the throne of her father when she was only five years of age. She discovered, from her earliest infancy, a decided taste for literature and science, which, as she advanced in life, became her most agreeable occupation. Having been declared of age at eighteen, she ascended the throne, and selected without any regard to rank, those whom she considered most capable of guiding her in the conduct of affairs.—She studied the character and manners of other nations, and observing, with the greatest sagacity, the genius and errors of foreign ministers, was the better enabled to adopt or reject their ideas in the government of her own country.

The most powerful princes solicited her in marriage ; but predetermined to remain at liberty, she informed the senate, who conjured her to dispose of her hand, “that it being just as probable that she might become the mother of a Nero as of an Augustus, she was more disposed to chuse a successor whose virtues would secure the happiness of her people.” Her choice fell on her cousin, the Elector Palatine, but he had no share in the government, and she reigned alone not under the title of Queen, but of *King*. She rendered herself worthy of this high distinction. In a very short time, she triumphed over the Danes and the Imperialists, and gave peace to Ger-

many—settled the complicated affairs of Europe---was visited by strangers of all ranks---celebrated by the learned of every country---and cast a splendour on her own, which excited the envy and admiration of her neighbours.

In the wars which she had to maintain on her accession to the throne, she was zealously served by the foreigners whom she had engaged in her party; and to retain them at her court, judged it necessary to display a magnificence which Sweden had never before witnessed. This conduct excited discontent.---The clergy, whose influence she diminished,---and the nobility, whose authority she restrained,---evinced their jealousy of these new favourites,---but the spirit of Christina was not to be subdued; in proportion to their complaints she became the more generous. Having raised Salvius, a man of low birth, but of great talents in negotiation, to the rank of Senator of Stockholm; a dignity, at that time, conferred only upon the nobility of the country; the senate murmured---Christina replied---“When good advice and wise counsel are necessary, who looks for sixteen quarters? In your opinion Salvius only wanted to have been nobly born; and he may be well satisfied if you have no other reproach to make him---the part requisite in all employments of state, is capacity!” She expended immense sums in pictures, curiosities, books, and manuscripts, which she delighted in inspecting, either alone or in company with Saumaise and Descartes. These learned men had been invited by her to Stockholm, and were lodged in her palace, with Naudé, Vossius, Bochart, Heinsius, and Courtier; they remained, however, but a short time, and were succeeded by an ignorant physician, or rather quack; who amused the Queen by his songs and guitar, and endeavoured to persuade her that such scientific studies were injurious to her health. But Christina soon

repented of having listened to him, and resumed her former habits. She built seven colleges---established an academy of Belles Lettres---richly endowed the University of Upsal, and founded that of Abo.

Fatigued with the cares of sovereignty, she had for some time formed the project of resigning it; and notwithstanding the tears of her subjects, and even the disinterested intreaties of her successor, she solemnly announced her abdication in 1654. The senate requested her still to reside in Sweden; but, impatient to visit other countries, she threw off the habit of her sex, and dismissing her woman, she retained only four gentlemen in her service, with whom, under the title of Count d'Hona, she visited Denmark and Germany. It was then that she granted a pension to Gassendi, to whom she sent a medal suspended from a chain of gold, having this inscription :---“Parnassus is preferable to the throne.”

On her arrival at Brussels, Christina embraced the Roman Catholic religion; from thence proceeded to France, and made her entry into Paris, on horseback, in the habit of a man. At the Louvre she received the homage of the princes of the blood, of the nobility, and of all the literary men of the time; and visited, in person, Scarron and the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos.

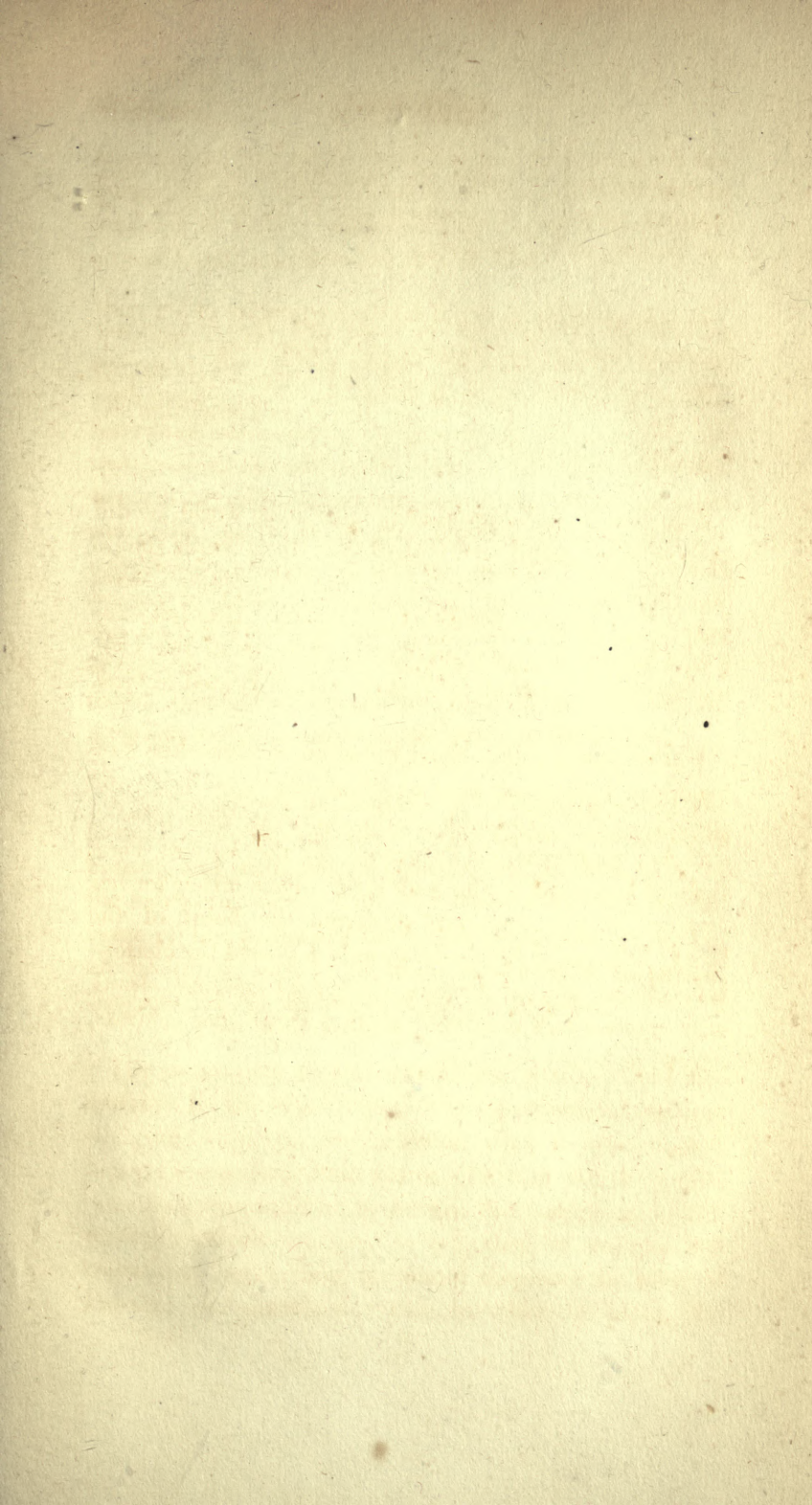
The second journey to Fontainbleau was rendered memorable by the cruel sentence she pronounced against her grand Equerry, Monaldeschi, who, it appears, had betrayed some important secret. In vain did the priest, who had been ordered to receive the confession of the unhappy culprit, represent to her, that by such an extraordinary proceeding she would displease the King of France; she answered, “that in whatever place, she

was authorized to inflict the punishment of death on a faithless servant;" and caused him to be dispatched in the Gallery, called *des Cerfs*.

It is impossible to detail all the particulars of her residence at Rome;—her disputes with Pope Alexander VII.—her intercourse with literati and artists—her liberal patronage of learned men—or the great knowledge she acquired of Chemistry and Antiquity.

She died in that capital of the Christian world, on the 19th of April, 1689, and desired that these words should be engraved on her tomb:—" *Vixit Christiana Annos LXII.*" Christina lived sixty-two years. She left some works behind her, particularly the Memoirs of her Life, which she had written in French, and dedicated to God.

Christina was rather above the ordinary size—her forehead was high—her nose aquiline—her eyes large and sparkling—her countenance mild—her figure masculine—and her physiognomy expressed all the various emotions of her mind. She had little esteem either for her own sex, or for men; but preferred the habit of the latter. She slept little—frequently followed the chase—was seldom affected by the change of seasons---drank only water---and displayed neither grace nor address, except in bodily exercises.





Drawn by Godin.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published by Vomer, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1807.

CLEMENT XIV.

JOHN-VINCENT GANGANELLI, the son of a physician, was born the 31st of Oct. 1705, at Saint Archangelo, a town in the neighbourhood of Rimini. At the age of 18, he joined the fraternity of the *Minimes*, with whom he applied himself diligently to the sciences. He had received from Nature a talent for music, and made such a proficiency on the organ, that one of his companions remarked, the faculties of his soul were so harmonized, that he could not fail of becoming a great musician.

Ganganelli studied philosophy and theology alternately at Pesaro, Recanato, Fano, and at Rome; and having entered into holy orders, he became, in his turn, professor. He was much respected by his pupils, whom he inspired with the most elevated sentiments. As a monk, he had neither the vices nor the hypocrisy of many of his brethren. He was religious, without manifesting extraordinary devotion; and fulfilled all the duties of his station, without practising the rigid austerities of an anchorite. Temperance, and the love of humanity, were his peculiar virtues, and accompanied every action of his life from his cell to the Vatican. The exercise of so much worth and talent attracted the notice of Benedict XIV. who appointed him to a very important situation in the Inquisition of Rome. The enlightened Lambertini, who perceived that he united the phlegm of a German with the vivacity of an Italian, frequently availed himself of his advice, and was no less pleased with his erudition, than with his sprightliness and modesty.

He was made a cardinal by Clement XIII. but this new dignity occasioned no change in his habits or disposition. One of his servants being taken ill, he ran to him with the greatest eagerness, and offering him the contents of his purse, exclaimed, "there is no other grandeur than that of doing good." His opinion that the utmost harmony should prevail between the church and the powers of Europe, was firm and unalterable. He was persuaded that the see of Rome could only maintain its dignity by being united, in the strictest unity, with sovereigns, who, according to his own expression, have arms that reach beyond their frontiers, and power more elevated than the Alps. If these exalted sentiments gained him the suffrage of princes, they were far from being congenial with those of the sacred college—but his merit silencing all opposition, he was raised to the pontifical chair on the 9th of May, 1769, and assumed the name of Clement in compliment to his predecessor, Rezzonico. He was indebted, in a great measure, for his exaltation, to the Cardinal de Bernis, the brilliancy of whose eloquence influenced the conclave. On this occasion Ganganelli said, he was not surprised that the cardinal should be desirous of converting a monk into a pope, as poets were fond of metamorphoses.

Perhaps no pontiff was ever elected in more difficult times than Clement XIV. Portugal was at open war with the Holy See, and desirous of giving itself a Patriarch. The insult offered to the Duke of Parma by Clement XII. had excited the displeasure of the kings of France, Spain, and Naples. Venice felt disposed to reform her religious communities without the interference of the pope. Poland murmured, and a spirit of innovation or discontent issuing from every quarter, attacked and threatened to overwhelm all the received opinions of

the papal government. But the mind of Ganganielli was equal to the reconciliation of all these difficulties. Without lessening his dignity, or betraying improper weakness, he arranged, satisfactorily, the several objects of contention: he soothed the haughty minister of Portugal, by a flattering letter which he wrote to him at the moment of his accession—and by the offer of a cardinal's hat for his brother. But the demands of the other powers were not so easily granted. They required the suppression of the order of Jesuits. Clement hesitated long before he acceded to their request. When urged to decide upon their fate, "I cannot," he observed, "destroy an order so celebrated, and hitherto so useful, without some reasons which may justify me in the eyes of God and of posterity." He endeavoured to delay their suppression, not from any particular affection to the order, but from an apprehension that the consequences would be fatal to himself. He informed the King of Spain that he would not sign a brief for that purpose without being assured that it would be equally well received by the other catholic princes. He presumed that the court of Vienna would never join this coalition of sovereigns against the Jesuits, and that he would thus have a plausible pretext for his refusal. The religious sentiments of Maria-Theresa could not, indeed, be friendly to the measure; and it is probable that she never would have submitted to it, had not the King of Spain extorted her consent by a singular discovery. That monarch, who was most interested in the success of the project, found means to procure an authentic copy of a general confession made by the Empress to Father Kevenhüller, her confessor. Maria-Theresa was so struck at the sight of this paper, that she immediately gave her consent to the measure, and the pope was thus left without the possibility of any longer retarding its execution. After many years discussion, he was

at length induced, on the 21st of July, 1773, to publish that memorable brief which extinguished for ever the 'society of Jesus.' It may have the appearance of affectation to lament its destruction at a moment like this. But it may be asserted, that the abolition of the Jesuits was a most fatal blow to the civil and religious government of Europe ;—that the removal of these formidable champions of monarchy and the Church, left the field open to the crude speculations and impracticable theories of philosophers and economists, and occasioned that spirit of infidelity and disorganization which has produced all the melancholy catastrophes of later years.

Clement had no sooner signed the bull of suppression, than he became a prey to apprehension and terror, and passed the remainder of his days in the constant dread of poison. His imagination, often roused to a pitch of delirium, presented to him only phantoms of horror. He would frequently, in the dead of night, awaken the lay Brother who attended him, by his groans and exclamations, and, in the agony of his distracted thoughts, utter speeches which evinced the disordered state of his ideas, and the alarm which had absorbed all the faculties of his soul. He confined himself entirely to one chamber, which being heated by a stove, rendered it so unwholesome as seriously to incommode those who transacted business with him. His temper and his manners underwent a total change. Had his melancholy existence been longer protracted, it is probable that scaffolds would have been raised, and many a life sacrificed to the security of his own. He had already formed a list of several persons whom he intended to imprison, and had affixed a peculiar mark against the names of those who were to be punished with death. But whatever were his apprehensions, he escaped the fate which he so much dreaded, and expired

on the 22d of September, 1774, of a putrid fever, occasioned solely by distress of mind, and the singular mode of life to which he had restricted himself.

Exempt from all ostentation, and simple in his diet, Clement XIV. lived in the midst of splendour with the same composure as in the retirement of his convent. When it was represented to him that the papal dignity required a style of greater magnificence, he replied, 'that neither St. Peter nor St. Francis had taught him to dine more sumptuously;' and upon being entreated, by his *maitre-d'hotel*, that he would not dismiss him, he answered, "You shall retain your office—but I will not injure my health to keep you in exercise."

He manifested the like indifference with regard to wealth, and never filled his coffers with the money of his subjects. So little idea had he of the value of money, that, when he once presented a man with a purse containing twenty crowns, he thought he had bestowed a considerable sum, sufficient to maintain a person many years. He was, however, at one time, disposed to levy a new duty upon merchandize coming from foreign countries; and, it being suggested to him, that it might occasion discontent among the English and Dutch, he said, with a smile, "they dare not shew disgust—if they do, I will certainly abolish Lent."

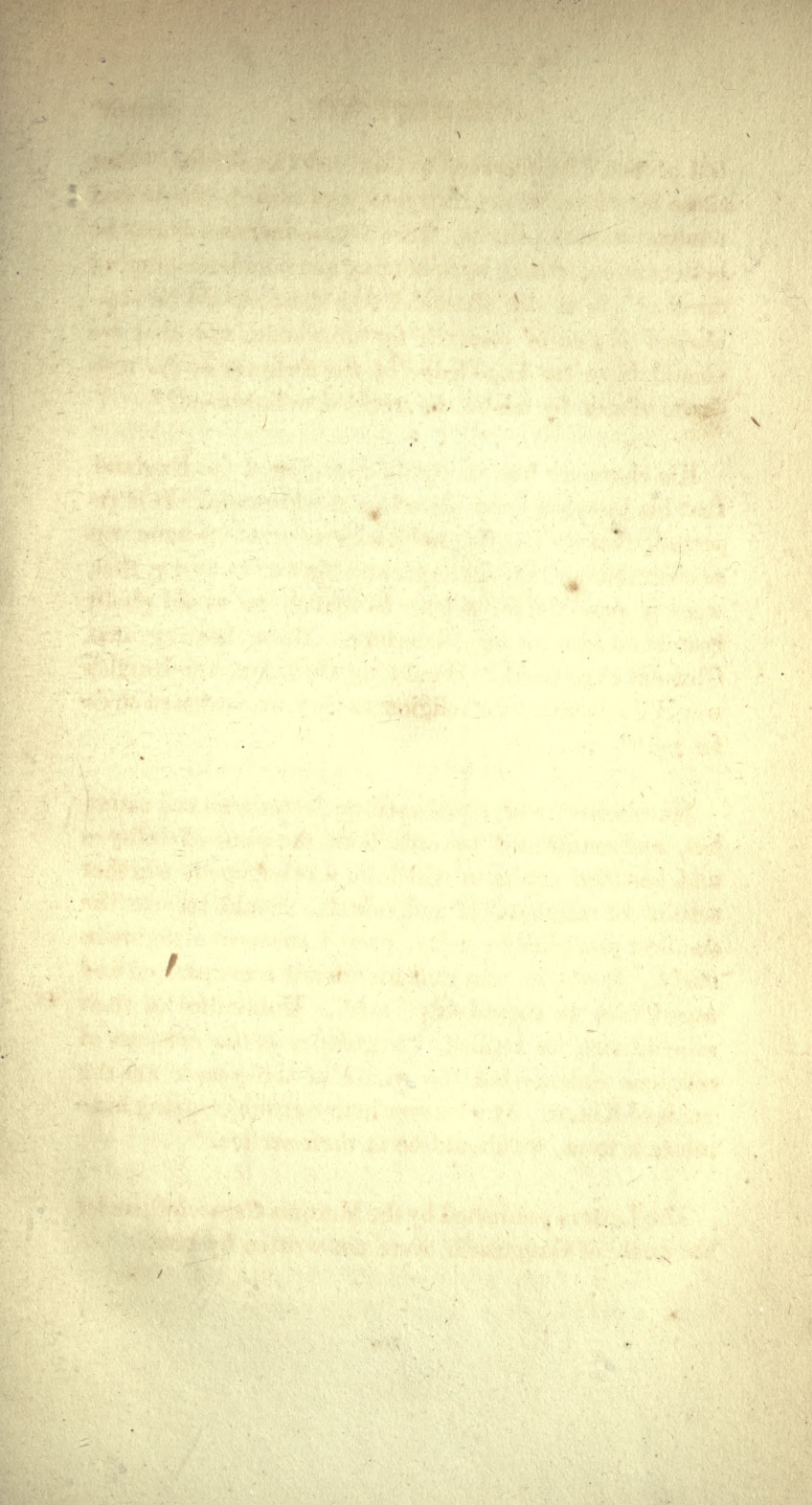
Ganganelli was a man of learning and brilliant fancy—but his wit possessed no asperity. He formed a Museum, for which he collected the most precious remains of antiquity; and compiled a list of all the celebrated writers of his dominions. It was his intention to have bestowed particular rewards upon those, whose works had for their object the love of religion and of our country. "It is

but proper," he observed to Cardinal Cavalchini, "that those by whom we are instructed and edified, should find remuneration in princes. In what manner can money be better employed than by upholding merit and encouraging talents? Is it not shameful that there should be established places of research for criminals, and that we should have no knowledge of the fortunes or the residence of men by whom the world is enlightened?"

His character was so highly appreciated in England, that his bust has been placed in the Museum. It is reported, that an English nobleman of great fortune was so charmed with his character and his wit, as to say, that, were it possible for a pope to marry, he would gladly bestow on him his only daughter. Upon hearing this, Clement exclaimed, "Would to God that the English would do as much for religion as they are disposed to do for me!"

He received, with equal civility, protestants and catholics, and manifested towards both the same affability—and, lest the affairs in which he was engaged, whether secular or religious, of individuals, should receive the smallest prejudice by delay, passed successive nights in study. It was in vain that his friends remonstrated and urged him to regard his health. Unmindful of their solicitations, he replied, "Regularity is the compass of religious orders—but the wants of the people are the guide of Kings. At whatever hour our subjects may have recourse to us, we should be at their service."

The Letters published by the Marquis Caraccioli, under the name of Ganganelli, were not written by him.





Engraved by Stradanus

Engraved by G. Galle

London, Published by Vernon Hood, & Sharpe Foundry, 1807

DANTE.

DANTE ALIGHIERI was the first poet of any celebrity that appeared in modern Italy, after the æra of ignorance and barbarism. If we reflect on the epoch in which he wrote, and on the dissensions that distracted his country, in which he took uncommon interest, we shall not be surprized at the incongruities observable in his poem, or, as he himself entitled it, his *Commedia*; a name which, it should seem, he applied to this wonderful performance, from being incapable of characterizing it with propriety.

This eminent writer was born at Florence in May, 1265. At the early age of nine years he conceived a passion for the lady whom he has immortalized in his singular poem. Her name was Beatrice, the daughter of Folio Portinari, a noble citizen of Florence, of whom he was enamoured to such excess that he termed his years of courtship his new existence. The lady died at the age of twenty-four, which plunged Dante into a state of such despondency as to excite considerable alarm in the bosom of his friends. His grief at length subsiding, he was induced to marry; but this union, through the perverseness of his wife, was far from augmenting his felicity.

Italy was at that time disturbed by the contending factions of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. Dante with much ardour espoused the cause of the former against

the power of the Pope ; but his efforts proving ineffectual, he was persecuted by those of his own faction. Corso Donati had taken measures to terminate these intestine broils, by introducing Charles of Valois, brother to Philip, king of France. This project Dante opposed, but his enemies in the end prevailing, he was condemned to banishment; and his possessions were confiscated. On receiving the intelligence, Dante took refuge in Sienna and Arezzo, where many of his party were assembled, and, collecting a small army, he attempted to re-enter Florence by surprize—this enterprize miscarried, and he was obliged to seclude himself in various parts of Italy, till he found a patron in Cane della Scala, prince of Verona ; but the protection of this nobleman he did not long enjoy, his high spirit and elevated mind being ill-suited to a state of courtly dependence.

The election of Henry, count of Luxemburgh, to the empire, in 1308, opened a prospect to Dante of being restored to his native city, and of attaching himself to the interests of the emperor. He is supposed to have written in his service his Latin treatise, *De Monarchia*. In the year 1311 he instigated Henry to besiege Florence, but the emperor being repulsed by the Florentines, and his death happening in the following year, Dante was deprived of all hope of being re-established in Florence.

After this disappointment he is supposed to have passed, for some years, a wandering and miserable life, till he found an honourable establishment at Ravenna, under the patronage of Guido Novello da Polenta, who received this illustrious exile with the most endearing liberality. This protection he extended to him for the remainder of his life. Dante having been employed, at different periods, on several embassies, in most of which

he succeeded; Guido was induced to dispatch him as his ambassador to negotiate a peace with the Venetians, who were disposed to commence hostilities against Ravenna. In this mission, however, he did not succeed, and on his return to Ravenna by land, the fatigue of his journey, or the mortification of failing in his attempt to preserve his patron from the impending danger, brought on a fever which terminated in death, the 14th of September, 1321. He died in the palace of his friend, the affectionate Guido, who paid the most tender regard to his memory.

Dante was a man of great learning, and possessed the talent of eloquence in a very eminent degree. He was no less remarkable for frankness of behaviour, which lost him the favour of his Veronese patron: an instance of this is given in several authors. The descriptions of the poet, in the latter part of his life, had acquired a strong tincture of melancholy; this made him less acceptable in the gay court of Verona, where, probably, the talents of the poet were compounded with that of the buffoon. A common jester, (a noted personage in those times) eclipsed the character of the bard, and neither the variety of his learning, nor the sublimity of his genius, stood him in any stead. Cane, the prince, perceived that he was hurt by it, and, instead of altering his mode of treatment, very ungenerously exasperated his resentment, by observing one day, in public company, that "it was very extraordinary that the jester, whom every one knew to be a worthless fellow, should be so much admired by him and all his court, while Dante, a man unparalleled in learning, genius, and integrity was universally neglected." "You will cease to wonder," said Dante, "when you consider

that similarity of manners is the strongest bond of attachment."

Dante is described, by Boccacio, as a man of middle stature; his demeanour was solemn, and his walk slow; his dress suitable to his rank and age; his visage long, his nose aquiline, his eyes full, and his upper lip a little projecting over the under one; his complexion was olive, and his hair and beard thick and curled. This gave him that singularity of aspect, which made his enemies observe, that he looked like one who had visited the infernal regions. His deportment, both in public and private life, was regular and exemplary, and his moderation in eating and drinking remarkable. Bernardo Bembo, the father of the celebrated cardinal, raised a handsome monument over the neglected ashes of the poet, with an appropriate inscription.

Of all poetical conception, the *Divina Commedia* of Dante is that, of which it is the least possible to convey an idea to those who are unacquainted with it. At once ingenious and original, this unequal composition excites at times the most lively interest, occasionally disgust, and frequently a species of fatigue. Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise are successively visited by the poet. In the infernal regions Virgil is his guide; there crimes of every description are punished by torments, that in number and variety astonish the imagination. In this part of the poem Dante rises to the true sublime; no language presents any thing superior to the terrific episodes of Ugolino, Francois d'Arimini, and some other passages of the *Inferno*.—When Dante quits this abode of grief, Virgil disappears, and Beatrice, the mistress of the poet, conducts him into purgatory and paradise.

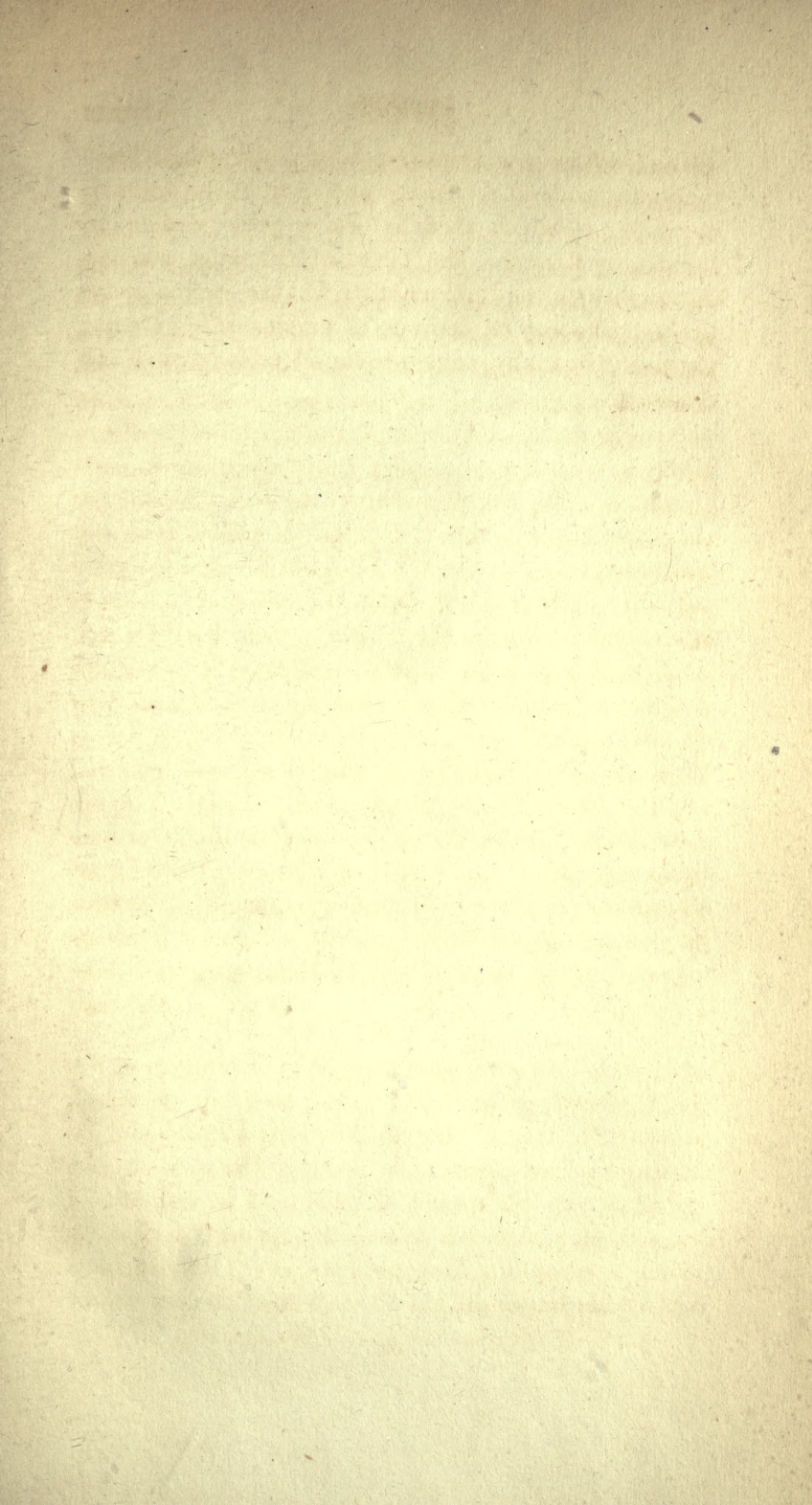
The very high estimation in which this work was held in Florence appears from a very singular institution. The republic of Florence, in the year 1373, assigned a public stipend to a person appointed to read lectures on the poem of Dante; Boccacio was the first person engaged in this office, but his comment extended only to the first seventeen cantos of the *Inferno*. A terrible instance of the veneration of the Florentines for their native bard, is related in the "*Memoires de Petrarque*"—*Ceno de Ascoli*, a celebrated physician and astrologer, had the boldness to write parodies on the poem of Dante; this drew on him the animadversion of the inquisition. Charles, duke of Calabria, sought to protect him, but in vain. The bishop of *Aversa*, his chancellor, a cordelier, declared that it was highly impious to entertain a sorcerer as a physician. The business was then done without consulting an astrologer, yet Charles was obliged to resign him to the secular arm:—he was accordingly burnt at Florence, about three years after the death of the poet whom he had traduced. At the head of its numerous admirers may be placed Michael Angelo, who carried the *Inferno* always about him. In the last *Judgment* of that immortal painter there are many groups, or episodes, which are nothing, if the expression may be used, but translations of the ideas of Dante into picturesque language.

The episode of Ugolino, in common with the choicest pieces of the best poets, has been appropriated by neighbouring nations, with the utmost zeal. By the arts it has been equally appreciated. The picture of Ugolino, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is known by its engraving throughout Europe. A French dramatic poet of some eminence, M. Ducis, has produced it on the stage, under whose pen the sufferings of old Montague recal to the mind the paternal affliction of the enemy of Roger.

The *Commedia* of Dante has been rendered into English metre, with all the energy and spirit of the original, by Boyd; of which there is also a prose version, in French, by Rivarol. The talent of the latter was not in unison with the Italian author, but the book is useful to those who may be desirous of understanding Dante; the notes, especially, announce considerable research and erudition.

instance of the veneration of the Florentines for their bard, is related in the "Memorie de' Medici". Two of these, a celebrated physician and astronomer, had the boldness to write panegyrics on the poem of Dante; and drew on him the animadversion of the inquisition. Charles, duke of Calabria, sought to protect him, but in vain. The bishop of Avignon, his chancellor, a cordelier, declared that it was highly impious to entertain a sorcery as a physician. The business was then done without consulting an astrologer, yet Dante was obliged to resign him to the secular arm:—he was accordingly burnt at Florence, about three years after the death of the poet whom he had defended. At the head of its numerous admirers may be placed Michael Angelo, who entered the lists always about him. In the last century of that immortal painter there are many groups or episodes, which are nothing, if the expression may be used, but translations of the ideas of Dante into his native language.

The episode of Ugolino, in common with the choicest pieces of the best poets, has been appropriated by neighbouring nations, with the utmost zeal. By the arts it has been equally appreciated. The picture of Ugolino, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is known by its engraving throughout Europe. A French dramatic poet of some eminence, M. Dula, has produced it on the stage, under whose pen the sufferings of old Montecchi recurred to the mind the paternal affliction of the enemy of Roger.





George Cooke fecit.

London. Published by Vernon, Hood & Sharpe, Toulry, 1807.

DEMOSTHENES.

DEMOSTHENES was born at Athens, in the second year of the 101st Olympiad, or about 370 years before Christ. He was only seven years old when he lost his father, a rich individual, who was a blacksmith. The first cause he was engaged in, was against his guardians ; who, no less avaricious than negligent, had stolen from him a moiety of his property, and suffered the remainder to be purloined by others,

Being reinstated in the possession of his fortune, he attended the school of Plato, and of Isæus ; studied the rhetoric of Isocrates, and was solicitous to merit the honours which had been bestowed on those of his countrymen who distinguished themselves by their harangues from the Tribune. He was scarcely twenty-seven when he possessed a considerable portion of the endowments necessary to an orator. He, nevertheless, expressed himself with difficulty, and was only able to conquer this defect by putting pebbles in his mouth, and declaiming many verses in succession, without taking breath. To this he had been advised by the actor Satyrus ; but his lungs were delicate, and to give greater strength to his voice, and to accustom himself to be understood in popular assemblies, he used to speak aloud very long discourses by the sea-side, at moments when it was most agitated. To prevent all curiosity from appearing in public, he shaved one side of his head, and secluded in a sub-

terraneous cave, composed, by the light of a lamp, his most celebrated orations.

The hatred of Demosthenes to the enemies of his country was only equalled by the love which he incessantly evinced for its glory and its liberty. His name recalls to the mind the grandest ideas; and much less occupied about words than things, he strove less to please than to convince. In this manner he roused his countrymen to a sense of their dangers, and induced them to arm against Philip, who feared him, and who, like Alexander, endeavoured many times to corrupt him by magnificent presents. Demosthenes was sensible of his liberality, but his patriotism remained unshaken. Ever rapid, nervous and energetic in his harangues, he took such possession of the minds of the Athenians, that he decided the famous battle of Cheronæa, in which he saved his life by flight. He, however, returned to the field, and in the hope of animating the valour of the Athenians, then beaten by the enemy, immediately pronounced an eulogium on the heroes who had been slain on that memorable day.

“Coward!” cried Æschines, who was his rival, “while standing on those very feet that so shamefully quitted their post, during the combat, how hast thou dared to ascend the Tribune, and extol those warriors whom you led to death. Athenians! dread the resentment of the fathers, mothers, and the children of those whom we now deplore; their death demands vengeance! Demosthenes is their destroyer—that Demosthenes who is unworthy of the honours, which, perhaps, you will have the weakness to grant him.” This invective did not disconcert Demosthenes, who expressed himself so forcibly, that the people, with one voice, swore they would avenge

the insult that he had just experienced. It was in one of these moments when his eloquence was irresistible, that Æschines sarcastically observed, "He was a man of marvellous intrepidity in words."

Demosthenes, however, in the end, excited the displeasure of the Athenians, by receiving a golden cup from Harpalus, one of Alexander's generals; still, in spite of the tumult that was raised against him, and the bitter reproaches he uttered when they compelled him to withdraw himself from his native city, the great object of his desires was again to revisit it, and to promote its welfare. But on Antipater becoming master of Greece, pursued and sought after by that ferocious conqueror, he was obliged to seek shelter in a temple in Calauria, consecrated to Neptune. Antipater dispatched thither the actor Archias, who used his utmost efforts to seduce him into his hands, by assuring him that he might safely follow him; but Archias soon after threw off the mask, ceased to dissemble, and exhibited to the orator a sufficient force to tear him from a retreat, whose sanctity even was no protection. Demosthenes apparently surrendered himself, requesting the traitor to permit him to write a few words, and opening his writing-desk, took a dose of poison, which he always carried in a quill. Eratosthenes opposes this assertion, and pretends that Demosthenes kept the poison not in a quill, but in a circular tube of gold, which he wore round his arm. However this may be, at the moment when he was expiring, he desired that they would bear him out of the temple, in order that his body might not profane its purity, and died on the very day when they celebrated, in honour of Ceres, the *Thesmophoria*, in the sixtieth year of his age, B. C. 322.

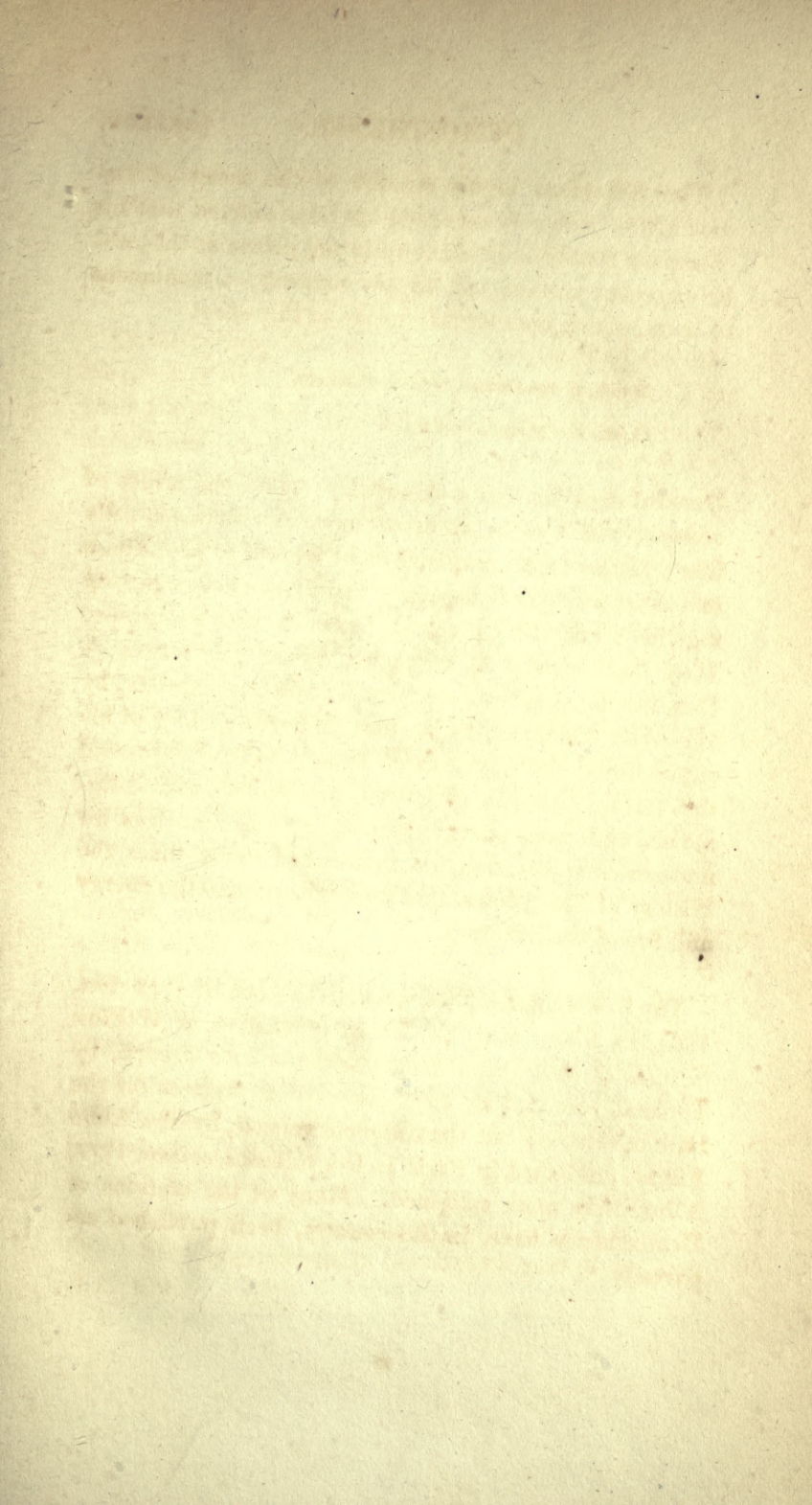
The Athenians highly sensible of the merit of Demosthenes, sincerely regretted his loss, ordered that his eldest son should be brought up in the palace at the public expense; and erected, to his memory, a monument of brass, which bore an inscription to this effect

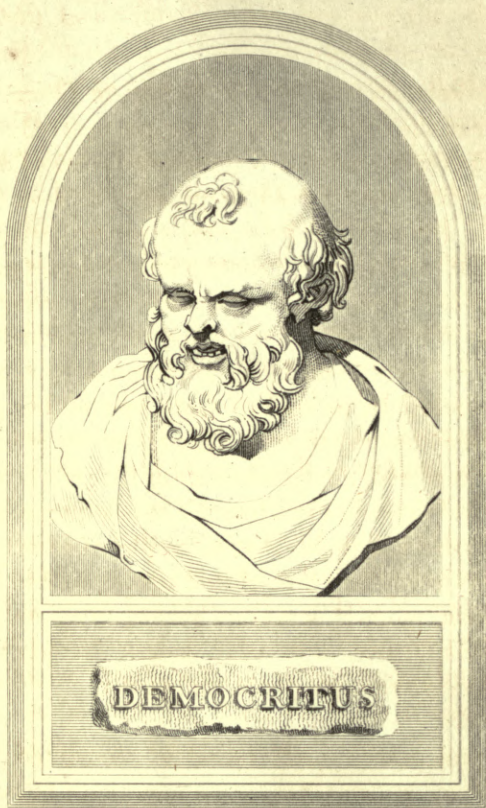
Si tibi par menti robur, Vir magne, fuisset,

Græcia non Macedæ succubisset hero.

Demosthenes has been deservedly called the prince of orators; and Cicero, his rival among the Romans, calls him a perfect model, and such as he wished to be. These two great princes of eloquence have been often compared together; but the judgment hesitates which to prefer. They both arrived at eloquence by different means:—Demosthenes has been compared, and with propriety, by his rival Æschines, to a siren, from the melody of his expressions. No orator could be said to have expressed the various passions of hatred, resentment, and indignation, with more energy than he, and as a proof of his uncommon application, he transcribed many times the History of Thucydides, that he might possess the energy and fire of the historian.

The best edition of his orations is that of Francfort, 1604, in folio; with the Latin translation of Wolfius. Several of these have been translated into French, by Tortueil, preceded by two well-written prefaces on the state of Greece: but the complete version, by the Abbé Augur, published in Paris, in five volumes, octavo, 1777, is infinitely more esteemed. Many of the orations of Demosthenes have, in this country, been published separately.





George Cooke fecit

London, Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Booksellers, 1807.

DEMOCRITUS.

THIS philosopher was born at Abdera, in Thrace, in the first year of the 80th Olympiad, or 460 years B. C. He inherited the advantages of fortune and a passion for study; but his wealth only served to gratify his love for the sciences. He travelled into every country distinguished for its civilization, and acquired a knowledge of mankind—storing his mind at the same time with many truths and many errors. He left his native city in affluence, and returned indigent; and being condemned by the senate for his prodigality, he read to them one of his productions; which tending to prove that his treasures had been usefully employed, the munificence of the public replaced what he had expended in a manner so advantageous. He studied under Leucippus the philosophy of atoms, an extravagant system, in which absurdities succeed to difficulties; which, while it denies a Creator, gives to chance the creative faculty, and forms useless deities, without knowledge, without goodness, and power.

The philosopher had, however, consulted nature with extreme ardour; but, not content with knowing all that it is possible for us to acquire, he wished it to be understood that he could dive into secrets, covered by an impenetrable veil. His studies, therefore, in enlarging his understanding, had not increased his sensibility, and he considered the world merely as an amusing spectacle, and an object of mirth. This mode of thinking did little honour to the heart of Democritus. Is it deco-

rous, that the sage should laugh at the errors and miseries of mankind, because he is exempt from its weaknesses and its woes ?

It is well known that the inhabitants of Abdera believed him to be insane—that they sent the celebrated Hippocrates to cure him—who entertained a very different opinion of him to that of his countrymen. With respect to Democritus, a thousand fables have been circulated, which it would be imprudent to detail. Those who are desirous of informing themselves of his doctrine, may consult the *Lives of the Philosophers*, by Diogenes Laërtius, and the *Opinions of the Ancient Philosophers*, by Diderot. Epicurus, so censured by some, and applauded by others, borrowed from Democritus the system of atoms, which he developed and extended. This may be explained in a few words ; for the more it is studied the less satisfactory it becomes. He regards the creation of the world as the result of motion, and of the fortuitous arrangement of particles of matter of various forms ; thus the universe might be generated, and continue to exist without the intervention of the gods. This system Lucretius has rendered popular, by embellishing it with the charms of poetry ; and the poet confidently esteems himself the benefactor of humanity, by releasing mortals, as he pretends, from the yoke of superstition, and the terrors of a future state.

If the happiness of man may be estimated by the length of his existence, Democritus, we might believe, passed a happy life. He died at the age of 98, in the year 362, before the Christian æra.



B. del.^e

G. C. sculp.^e

London, Published by Verner, Hood & Sharpe, Roultry, 1807.

MAD^{LLÉ}. DUMESNIL.

THIS celebrated actress was born at Paris. From an early age, she evinced a disposition for the stage. After performing for some time, with success, at Strasburg, she returned to Paris, and made her débüt at the *Théâtre Français*, in 1737. She played successively the parts of Clytemnestra, Phædra and Elizabeth, in the tragedies of Racine and T. Corneille, with much applause, and was honoured with complimentary verses from the poets of her time.

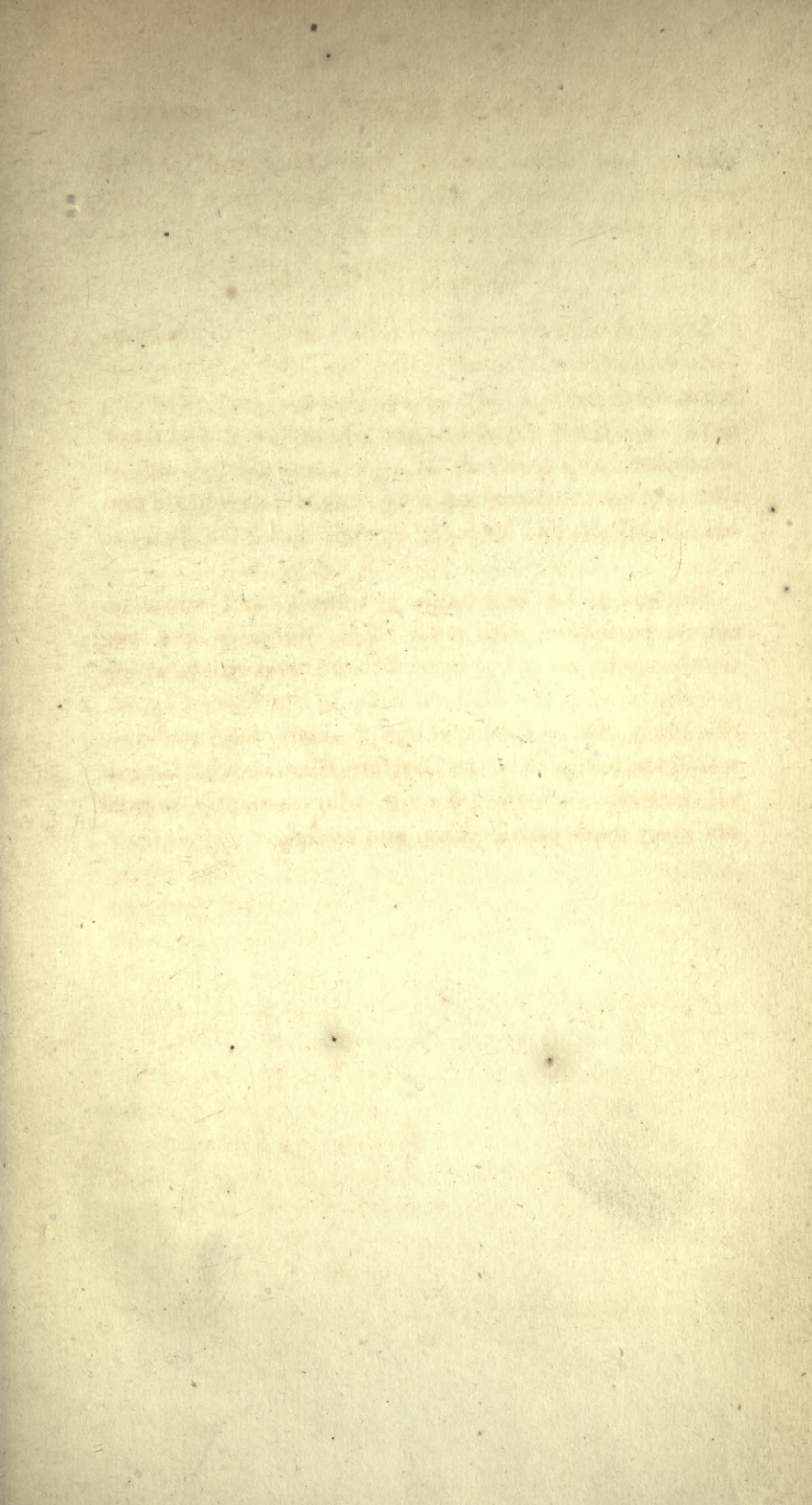
It has been observed, that it is the excellence of art to conceal art; a point at which Mad^{lle}. Clairon had arrived. But study had rendered her, if possible, too perfect, and though her merit was universally acknowledged, she rarely produced those involuntary transports, those unexpected sensations, which we delight to experience in theatrical representations.

Mad^{lle}. Dumesnil, on the contrary, followed the dictates of nature; she became immediately impassioned; and and in scenes that required either tenderness, force, or address, she displayed, from the impulse of her own mind, a sensibility, pathos and energy, which it was impossible to resist. She frequently inspired a degree of enthusiasm in the spectator, which the actor on the stage with her, has shared so as to be, at times, incapable of a reply. That such wonderful efforts of genius were followed by many unequal performances, is not sur-

prizing, and in this respect, Mad^{lle}. Dumesnil may be compared to Corneille, who, after manifesting the sublimest conceptions, appeared in an instant, wholly beneath himself; such are the inequalities of nature.

Divested of every species of pride; simple in her manners as in her dress, Mad^{lle}. Dumensil, with a form somewhat above the ordinary size, so charmed her admirers, as to make them forget that she was neither graceful nor handsome; and under an attire, often neglected, and at times somewhat ridiculous, they imagined they heard and beheld Athalia and Merope, Agrippina and Cleopatra.

She was no less inimitable in comedy, and while no actress performed with such effect Mèlanide and the Gouvernante, no one possessed that artless gaiety which she displayed as the Miller's wife, in the *Three Cousins*. She lately died at the great age of ninety-one, in a house which she occupied at the Barrière-Blanche, with Grandval, formerly a celebrated actor, who constantly shewed her every mark of friendship and esteem.





Painted by Holbein.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published 27 Feb 1807, by Vernon, Hood & Sharpe; Printers.

ERASMUS.

It is asserted that Peter Gerard, an inhabitant of Ter-gou, in Holland, having addressed the young Margaret, daughter of a physician at Sevenbergen, she imprudently listened to him, and to conceal, from her family, the consequences of her guilty love, she retired to Rotterdam, where she gave birth to Desiderius Erasmus, on the 28th October, 1467. Having been some time a chorister at Utrecht, he was entered at the school of Dauter, in Guelderland, where the learned Zinthus predicted that he would one day become the first man of his age. It was here that Erasmus applied himself to the study of Latin and Greek; and, when only eleven years of age, it is pretended, that he was able to instruct others in physic, in logic, the metaphysics, and morality.

Gifted with a prodigious memory, he could repeat, by heart, Horace and Terence. With the comedies of the latter he was so pleased, that he would often assert, that Cicero, Quintilian, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and St. Ambrose, should have read them in their old age as well as in their youth, and that the merit of such a writer could be denied only by barbarians. But, latterly, he gave the preference to Horace, whom he adopted as his model. Ducerceau, long after Erasmus, entertained the same opinion, when he said—

J'étois pour ovide à quinze ans,
Mais je suis pour Horace à trente.

At fifteen, Ovid was my pride,
At thirty, Horace is my guide.

Influenced by his tutors, who advised him to become a secular canon, he assumed the habit at Stein, but left it to enter into the service of the Bishop of Cambray, to whom he shortly after made known his desire of studying theology, at Paris. The prelate obtained for him the situation of Bursar at the College of Montaign. Erasmus went to Paris in 1496, but there his health materially suffered, either from the unwholesome food usually given to the scholars, or the frequent fasts imposed upon them every week, by the principal of the college, who was probably more avaricious than devout.

From the time of his leaving this college to the year 1521, he successively resided in France, Holland, Brabant, England and Italy. So widely extended was his reputation, that popes and cardinals, the most powerful monarchs, and the most illustrious among the learned, received him with the greatest distinction, and eagerly offered him places of emolument and dignity; but he was not tempted by any of these proposals. He was accustomed to compare men of letters to the great figures represented on the tapestries of Flanders, which have their effect only when seen at a distance.

It was, therefore, in vain, that the kings of France, of Poland, and Hungary, endeavoured to attach him to their courts. He accepted only the rank of Counsellor of State, offered him by Charles V. a situation which reflected great credit, and which required little or no exertion. It was then that he abandoned altogether the cause of Luther, whose doctrines, and general conduct, he disliked and condemned. He also attempted to detach from him the mild and learned Melancthon. The Lutheran writers themselves, with a candour that does them honour, have related with what intrepidity and

calmness Erasmus braved the injurious writings and bitter enmity of Luther,—animated by the dictates of his own conscience, and encouraged and supported by the repeated invitations of Paul III. who considered him as the most able theologian that could be opposed to the partisans of the new heresy.

The sovereign pontiff conceived he could not better manifest his obligations to Erasmus than by offering to him the dignity of cardinal, and the provostship of Davenport, the revenues of which would have enabled him to sustain the splendour of the Roman people ; but he refused both places. Simple in his manner of living, and perfectly disinterested in his sentiments, he never complained, but when fortune absolutely denied him the necessities of life. On all occasions he modestly repelled the applauses and the encomiums which a sense of justice, and a conviction of his merit, so universally inspired.

Jealous of his liberty, he loved the sex, but would not submit to be its slave. His only real passion, indeed, was that of study, to which he devoted his days and his nights. He translated and revised the Greek Fathers of the Church ; inspired among his contemporaries a taste for the ancients ; and freed theological controversies from the ridiculous phraseology of the schools. Notwithstanding the animadversions of Scaliger and Beda, the most refined literati can only reproach him with a singularity of style, and some little confusion in his ideas. Among his numerous works, his Colloquies, Epistles, and the Praise of Folly, will be read in every age.

Known in all the Universities of Europe, he was a professor in many of the most famous. So high was his reputation in Germany, that when he travelled through

the different cities, he was received with the same distinction as a sovereign prince. Basle was the last place in which he resided, and there, notwithstanding every assistance from medicine, he died of a dysentery, July 12, 1536, in the 69th year of his age.

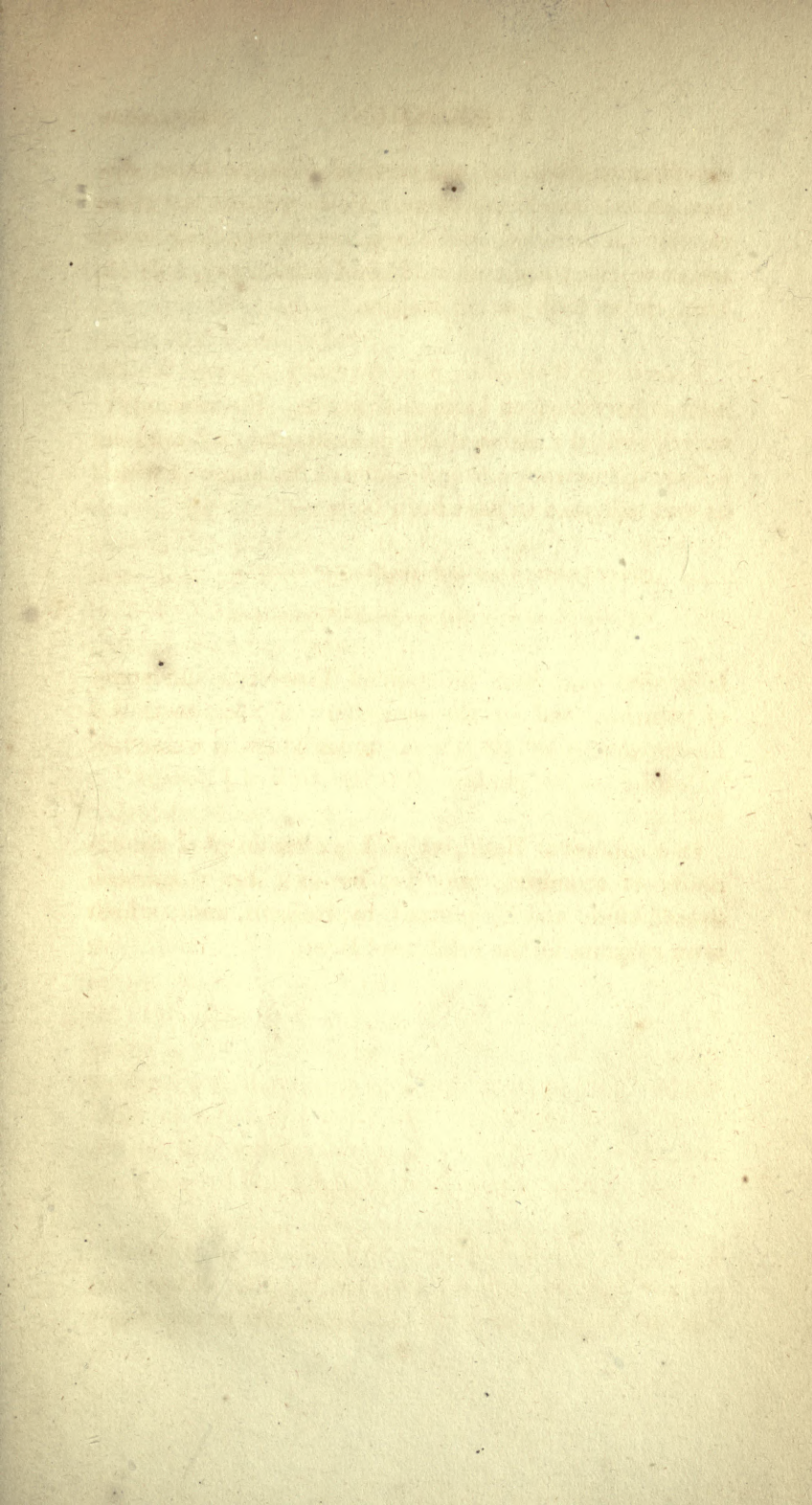
Tergou and Rotterdam have severally disputed the honour of having given birth to Erasmus. Rotterdam prevailed, erected a statue to his memory, and engraved the following inscription over the door of the house in which he was supposed to have been born:—

Hæc est parva, domo magnus quâ natus Erasmus.

“Under this humble roof was great Erasmus born.”

It is also said, that he applied himself to the study of painting, and in the monastery of Stein there is a *Representation of the Cross*, under which is written,—
“Despise not this picture—it is the work of Erasmus.”

In a cabinet at Basle, which has often excited the curiosity of strangers, may yet be seen his ring, seal, sword, knife, and his portrait, by Holbein, under which is an epigram by the celebrated Beza.





Painted by Titian.

Engraved by C. Cooke.

London, Published 2^d Feb: 1607, by Verner, Hood & Sharpe; Printers.

FRANCIS I.

FRANCIS THE FIRST, the son of Charles, Count d'Angoulême, and Louisa of Savoy, was born at Cognac on the 12th September, 1494, and came to the crown upon the demise of Louis XII. on the 1st of January, 1515. He was then twenty-one, and possessed the most brilliant reputation for gallantry and valour. But in chivalry, he was surpassed by Bayard: and in military talent, by the Duke of Bourbon. This Monarch, then, so celebrated as a warrior in the flattering annals of France, was inferior to those great officers, and probably subordinate to many others. His enthusiasm for great achievements had nearly caused the ruin of his country.

If Francis I. had not inherited from nature those liberal endowments which procured him the title of Father of Letters and the Arts, his name and his reign would have been detested;—so little solidity is there in warlike renown.

It is, therefore, clear that the chief merit of princes does not consist in the display of personal bravery, and military skill. These qualities were as prominent in the first barbarous rulers of the French monarchy, as in those of more polished ages. Of the several kings of France, Henry the Fourth is the only one, whose heroism has been ratified by posterity. He was involved in war through necessity, and was great by his own resources.

Francis the First had scarcely ascended the throne when he carried his arms into Italy, to recover the Duchy of Milan, which had been wrested from his predecessor. He crossed the Alps, by the passes of Argentièrre and Guil-

lestre, then deemed impracticable, and reached the plains of Marignana on the 13th September, 1515; where he was attacked by the Swiss. In this famous battle Francis fought in the true spirit of chivalry, and engrossed the entire glory of the conquest, though it, in fact, belonged to the Duke of Bourbon, who arranged the plan. So severe was the engagement, and so obstinate the resistance of the Swiss, that old Marshal Trivulce, who had witnessed eighteen pitched battles, declared they were all childrens' play compared to the battle of Marignana, which he named "the battle of the giants." The consequences of this exploit were the recovery of Milan, a perfect reconciliation with Leo. X., and the abolition of the pragmatic sanction. The following year he concluded a treaty with Charles V. But this peace was of short duration; for the Emperor Maximilian dying at this juncture, the rival princes contended for the imperial dignity, and the choice of the electors falling on Charles, war was rekindled between them with implacable fury. Milan was retaken, and though Francis obtained some advantage in Picardy, success seemed to favour the Spanish arms. Deserted by his former general, the Duke of Bourbon, he hurried into Languedoc, to relieve Marseilles, and, attaining his object, threw himself into Milan, and undertook the siege of Pavia: but in this attempt, he was overpowered by the imperialists, and suffered a signal defeat. In this unfortunate battle, Francis displayed uncommon valour, and the utmost presence of mind.

But this reverse of fortune may, in a great measure, be attributed to the changes that had taken place in his armies. They were no longer headed by distinguished warriors, but by the minions of his court. To Bonnivet, the companion of his pleasures, and the favourite of his

mother, a man wholly devoid of military talent, he entrusted the chief command. The battle of Pavia was, therefore, precipitately begun by this incompetent general, and terminated in the almost total destruction of his troops, and in the imprisonment of the king. "Thus will it ever happen," says Tavannes, "when generals are chosen solely from favour"—and thus, it might be added, are nations sacrificed. Upon this trying occasion, the courage of Francis was still conspicuous. Surrounded by his conquerors, he wrote to his mother the memorable letter, so often quoted by historians—*Tout est perdu Madame, hormis l'honneur*—though, perhaps, the remark of Tavannes is even more deserving of remembrance.

A few days after his defeat, the illustrious captive was conducted to Madrid. Upon his arrival, Charles summoned his Council to know in what manner he ought to treat him. "As your brother and your friend," exclaimed the Bishop of Osma: "give him his liberty upon no other condition, than that he shall become your ally." This noble answer was not attended to by Charles, who conducted himself towards his royal prisoner with the asperity of a Corsair to a slave. Francis remained a year in Spain: and, to obtain his freedom, was compelled to conclude a most humiliating treaty, by which he renounced all pretensions to Naples and Milan, and to his sovereignty over Flanders, and the province of Artois: But this convention, on his return to Paris, he annuled. This circumstance naturally provoked the resentment of Charles, who having reproached him with forfeiting his word, Francis replied, "That he lied in his throat," and proposed to settle their differences by single combat. He, moreover, put himself at the head of a powerful confederacy to oppose the Spanish arms: but failing in his object, was induced to enter into an accommodation with his competitor at Cambray, in 1529.

Notwithstanding these repeated checks, the restless and aspiring disposition of Francis was ever at enmity with the Emperor. The peace had scarcely been ratified, when he renewed his claims to the Duchy of Milan, and plunged his country into a scene of warfare. Thirsting for conquest, Francis marched his troops into Italy, Roussillon, and Luxembourg, and defeated the Imperialists at Cérizoles : while Charles, who had entered into an alliance with Hen. VIII. penetrated into Picardy and Champagne. The Emperor was even at Soissons, and the King of England at Boulogne. Such was the state of affairs, when these rival warriors arranged another peace at Cressy, in Valois, on the 18th of September, 1544.

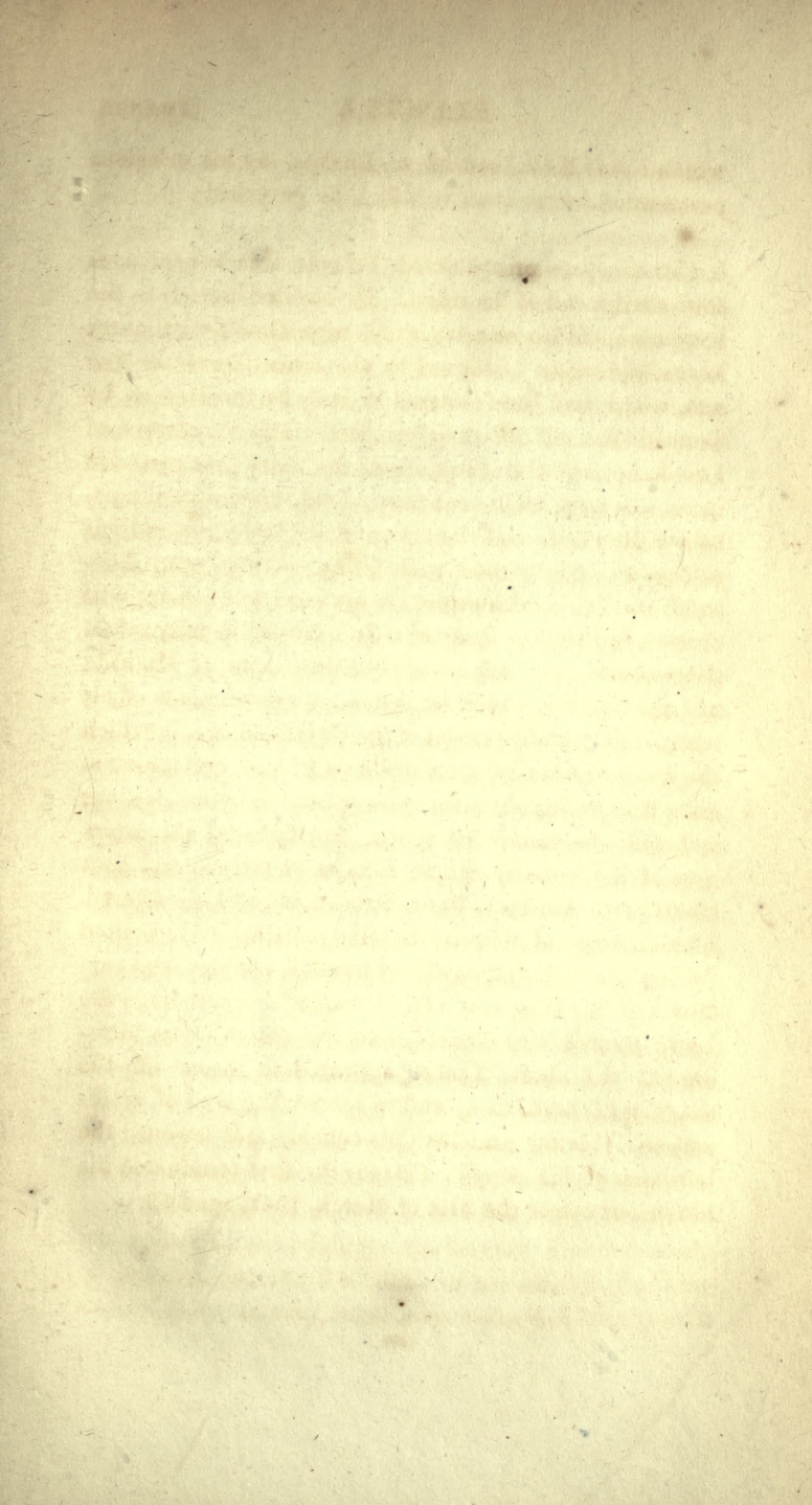
From the year 1516 to this period, when he was obliged to acknowledge the ascendancy of Spain, Francis was ever at war, occasioned either by his ambition to possess Milan, his resentment towards Charles as Emperor, or by their rivalry in military glory. "God created them," says Montluc, "envious of the grandeur of each other : and thus caused the ruin of a million of families." But be the motives of his actions what they might, these repeated broils involved his country in great calamity. His wars had no commendable object : they were neither undertaken to uphold the honour, nor promote the happiness of his people. Actuated by false glory, he was incited to arms without previous arrangement or precaution, and the consequences were evident :—alternate victories and defeats, conquests no sooner gained than lost ; a long imprisonment—a treaty shamefully subscribed to, and as shamefully violated,—and a nation brought to the brink of ruin. Such, observes Condillac, is an analysis of the reign and government of Francis the First, under whom the taxes were doubled, and the coffers of the state wholly exhausted.

The ambition, avarice, and caprice of his mother, (Louisa of Savoy) contributed no less to distract the nation. Governed by the advice of an imperious princess, who was influenced solely by motives of personal revenge, he deprived the Duke of Bourbon, the best general of his time, of his possessions, and persecuted him to such excess, that he joined the standard of Charles, carrying victory with him. On the other hand, the Duchess d'Etampes, and the mistress of the Dauphin, who had severally their cabals, their victims, and their favourites, assisted in the derangement of his finances. But nothing could equal the perfidy and wickedness of his mother, who robbed both the kingdom and her son. By the basest pretext, she extorted from his minister, Semblançai, 400,000 crowns that were destined for the army in Italy; and though the king was apprised of the circumstance, and satisfied of his integrity, the hatred of Louisa towards him was so inveterate, that he was cited before a commission devoted to her interest, and condemned to suffer death. For the disordered state of his finances, then, Francis was solely responsible. He was incapable of governing his court. History also reproaches him with having caused the destruction of the Lutherans, at the very moment that he upheld, and excited them in Germany.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that, during the short intervals of peace, the nobleness of his mind was frequently displayed. He gave encouragement to literature and the sciences, and extended his munificence to the fine arts. In every age and country, the love of letters has acted as a counterpoise to the greatest defects. It covered the sanguinary proscriptions, the baseness and the perfidy of Octavius, elevated the House of the Medici above the rank of the greatest Kings, and apologized for the evils

which Louis XIV. caused to Europe, by his religious persecution in the country which he governed.

But the true greatness of Francis was conspicuous towards the end of his reign. He applied himself to the government of his country, as his reputation for gallantry began to decline. Seduced by the attraction of the fine arts, which had been fostered in Italy by the Medici, he devoted himself to their support. The successors of Leo X. revived the ignorance of the times that preceded him. Francis, on the contrary, stood forward as the patron of literature and the arts, and as the friends of their professors. He loaded with favours Primaticcio, Leonardo da Vinci, who expired in his arms, and others, who created in France a body of artists greater in talent than themselves. The palaces of Fontainebleau, of Madrid; and the Louvre, which he began, are monuments of his reign. The establishment of the Royal College, in which the most celebrated men united to teach and promote every thing valuable in the sciences and in letters, is alone sufficient to stamp his glory. He directed the attention of his countrymen to foreign countries, and sent Chartier to America, by whom Canada was discovered. The language of his court became polished. He invited thither the most distinguished females, prelates, and cardinals of his kingdom. In all judicial proceedings the Latin tongue was disused, and the native idiom introduced. In short, France appeared to throw off the shackles of barbarism, and to receive the seed of civilization. Having enriched his coffers, and lessened the burthens of his people, Francis the first terminated his illustrious career the 31st of March, 1547, aged 52,





Drawn by Aikin.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1807.

FRANKLIN.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was born at Boston, the capital of New England, in the year 1706. Until the age of fourteen, he followed his father's trade, which was that of a soap manufacturer; but becoming disgusted with a business so contrary to his inclination, he put himself apprentice to his elder brother, who was a printer. Animated by the great examples which came immediately under his eye, he imbibed a taste for literature, and passed many nights in the perusal of the works that he composed. Ardent in his historical researches, and in the desire of obtaining a mastery in those sciences, which give solidity to the judgment and vigour to the mind, Franklin by various privations, obtained from foreign countries an assortment of the best writers. He soon became author himself; and to cultivate the sciences to more advantage, embarked for England in 1725, where, though a youth, he had the felicity to attract the notice of the immortal Newton.

After a residence of three years in London, without any certain object, he was employed in the office of Palmer, the printer, where he corrected several eminent works.—Franklin then returned to his native country, possessing no other wealth than the profound knowledge he had acquired in physics, in morals, and in politics. In 1726, he settled in Philadelphia, where he married, and was able, with the assistance of some friends, to establish a printing-office upon a very respectable scale. With a view to

improve and to instruct his countrymen, he devoted the profits of his business in founding a public library: the first ever instituted in that quarter of the globe. He set on foot an institution for the protection of property against fire, and assisted in the establishment of other useful associations. Influenced thus by patriotic motives, in 1732, he published his almanack of Poor Richard, which met with unbounded applause. The purity of its moral, the useful aphorisms and philosophical reflections it contained, added to a peculiar *naïveté* in its diction, gave it a success almost unparalleled. It circulated in the provinces, and roused a spirit of independence among his countrymen, which soon began to develope itself; and, to the honour of Franklin, this very production, perused and recommended by men of enlarged understanding, became the moral and political catechism of the States.

But the enterprising mind of Franklin, now enlarged by study, and stored with information, was not confined to literary pursuits: previous to the year 1747, his discoveries in electricity were known to England. The art of directing lightning by attractors, and the electrical flying-kite are of his invention. He brought to great perfection the Harmonica, which Puckeridge had designed. And deeming nothing too trivial, that had a tendency to ameliorate the condition of any class of men in society, he devised a method of conveying heat into apartments by means of pipes and conductors to which he gave the name of *Chemineè Economique*.

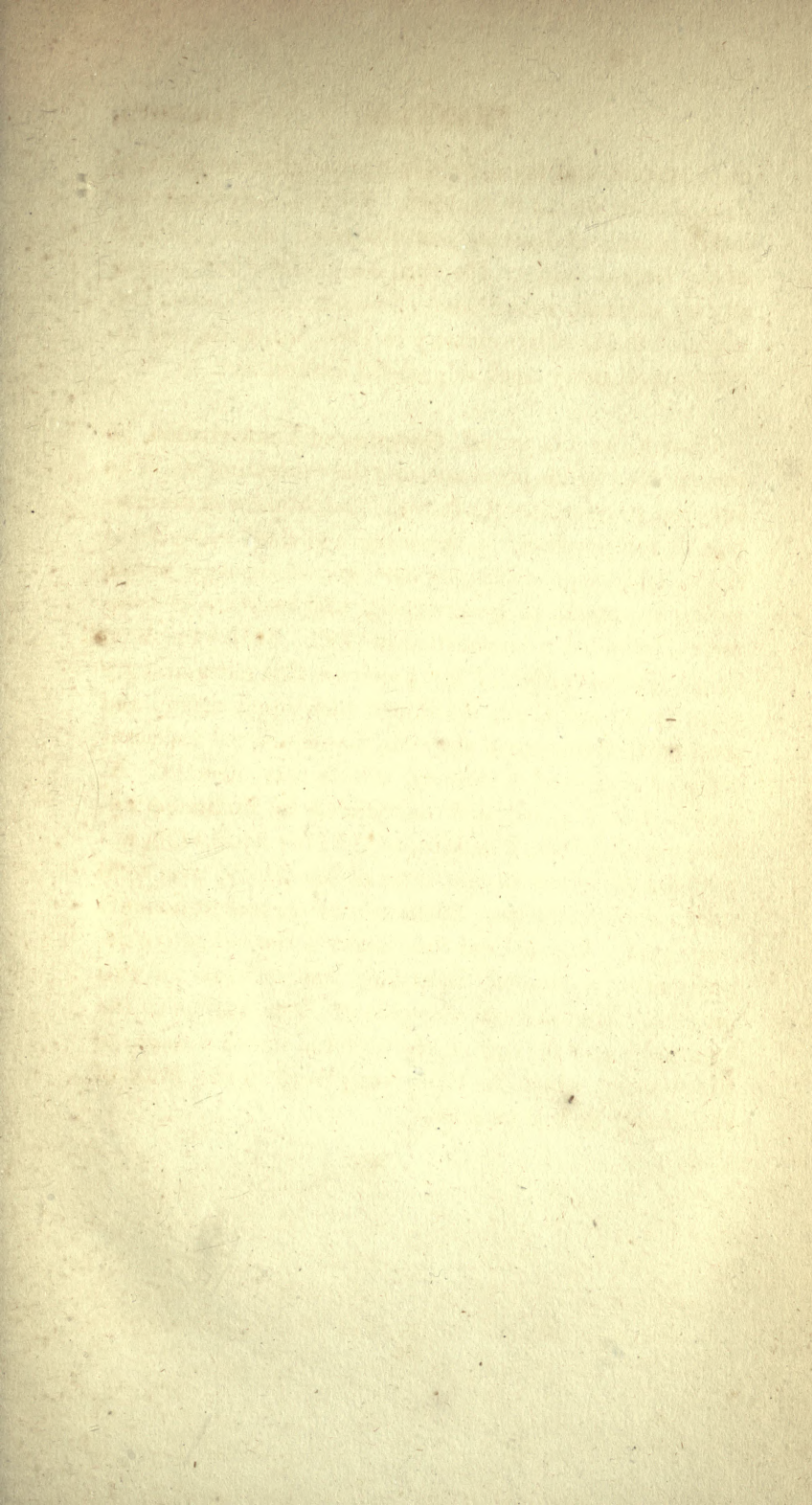
At length a new career was opened to Franklin, which in its consequences paved the way to his future glory.—When the English colonies in America began to revolt, and to dispute the authority of the mother-country, Franklin (of whose influence with the people the court

was fully sensible,) was invited to England by the ministry, that they might learn from a source so authentic what were the real sentiments of the Americans. His replies to the interrogatories which were put to him at the bar of the House of Commons, were considered models of energy and precision; while his manly and dignified deportment interested every heart. But finding the administration not disposed to relax in their demands, and that a war between the two nations was inevitable, (though he painted in glowing colours what would be the probable issue of the contest,) this enlightened negociator returned home: and upon the independence of America being declared, was sent to France to solicit those succours of which the new republic stood in extreme need.

Franklin arrived in that country, charged with a mission of the most arduous and delicate nature, at a period of life when men in general release themselves from all affairs. His venerable figure, joined to the ascendancy of his genius and the justness of his cause, attracted universal esteem. Nay, so prejudiced were people in his favour, that he appeared to have succeeded in his embassy before he had even disclosed its design. His residence at Paris was a kind of triumph. Men the most exalted in rank, and eminent for talents, contended with each other in giving him proofs of their respect and esteem. He was, in short the object of their unqualified and marked attention. The success of his negociation, and the part which France took in the disastrous conflict, are well known. The Americans, aided by the co-operation of that power, prosecuted the war with uncommon vigour: and after repeated successes and defeats, a waste of blood and treasure, distracted in her councils, and despairing of conquest, England was induced to listen to terms of accommodation. A negociation for peace was immedi-

ately opened, and the definitive treaty signed at Paris by Franklin, on the 3d Sept. 1783. By this convention the independence of America was confirmed, under the title of the United States. He then consolidated her prosperity by alliances with France, Sweden, and Prussia, and returned to his native country in 1785, where he was received with every mark of grateful enthusiasm.

Chosen, on his arrival, Governor of Pennsylvania, he was enabled by his prudence, and the veneration which he inspired, to conciliate the factions that threatened destruction to the province. Conceiving a general assembly of the States indispensably necessary to give vigour to public authority, credit to government, and stability to commerce, he called a convocation in 1788. At this meeting, as the representative of his province, this extraordinary man, at the age of 82, developed with equal energy and profundity the cause of the evils that distracted his country, and suggested a remedy, which was adopted. At length, full of glory, and surrounded by numerous admirers and friends, Franklin, on the 17th April, 1790, terminated his career in the arms of his family, who were inconsolable at his loss. To his ashes the greatest honours were paid. Throughout the extent of the federative departments, a general mourning was ordered for two months. The national assembly of France followed the example: and the city of Philadelphia raised a statue to his memory, which, in 1792, was placed in the front of the library he had founded.





Painted by Teyssier.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published 1st Jan^r 1807, by Vernon, Hood & Sharpe, Booksellers.

FREDERIC THE GREAT.

PRUSSIA, so long a secondary state in Germany, had been erected into a kingdom; and, under the reign of Frederic-William, the second of its sovereigns who bore the title of King, it already held a considerable rank among the powers of Europe. Charles-Frederic, his son, on his accession to the throne, found the finances in order, an administration conducted with all the severity of a military government, and the best disciplined army in Europe. He was thus enabled to gratify his ambition and his love of glory, by erecting in Germany, a power that should rival that of the Emperor's—only 45 years after the time, when one of them had hesitated to acknowledge Prussia even as a secular dutchy.

Charles-Frederic, who, with the consent of his contemporaries, and even of his enemies, has been surnamed the Great, was born on the 24th of January, 1712. The first years of his life were not happy. His taste for literature and the arts, was in direct opposition to the ideas and views of his father. Educated rather as a prisoner of state, than as the heir to the crown, Frederic resolved, at the age of 18, to set himself at liberty. But he was arrested, confined more rigorously than before, and, by a refinement in cruelty, compelled to attend the execution of the unlucky companion of his flight. It is said that his father also intended to put him to death, and submitted, with reluctance, to the interference of the Emperor. So little could the latter monarch see into futurity, by thus

FREDERIC THE GREAT. [PRUSSIA.]

preserving the greatest enemy ever raised against the House of Austria, since Gustavus-Adolphus.

Ascending the throne in 1740, Frederic soon discovered an immense career opened to his ambition, by the death of the Emperor Charles VI. The possessions of Maria-Theresa, the only daughter of that prince appeared an easy prey to her aspiring neighbour. Frederic revived an ancient claim of his family to the dutchy of Silesia, and took care to support it by a formidable army. The victories of Molwitz, and of Czarslaw, legalized his right; and the treaty of Breslaw gave him possession of the province he had so coveted.

Three years after, on one of those pretexts so often employed by sovereigns, Frederic annulled the treaty, and invaded Bohemia. Beaten at Chotzemitz, and compelled to raise the seige of Prague, he, however, severely revenged himself on the Austrians, at Friedburg. It was there, that, to use his own expression, he accepted the bill of exchange drawn upon him by Louis XV. then his ally, at Fontenoy. Another peace, as advantageous to him as the first, was alone capable of arresting his progress.

He was now the envy and the terror of other states, and had attracted the attention of all Europe, when, in 1756, the famous seven years war commenced; the multiplied events, and important consequences of which, occupy so considerable a space in the history of the last century.

Having formed an alliance with England, against France and Austria, he suddenly entered the territories of the King of Poland, Elector of Saxony—compelled the troops of that sovereign to capitulate, incorporated numerous draughts of Saxony soldiers in his own army, and the elec-

PRUSSIA.] FREDERIC THE GREAT.

tor himself, ill seconded by his Polish subjects, had no other resource but to implore the assistance of his more powerful neighbours against an attack so formidable, and so little provoked by him.

The policy of other sovereigns was interested in affording this assistance. The conquest of Silesia, the invasion of Saxony, the treaty with England, and the epigrams of Frederic, on the gallantries of the Empress Elizabeth, had inspired his four enemies with the desire of overturning his throne. Formally declared a disturber of the peace of the empire, he had to contend with the Emperor, most of the circles of Germany, Russia, France, and Sweden. The French advanced to the borders of the Weser. The Russians possessed themselves of the kingdom of Prussia, and laid Berlin itself under contribution, while the Austrian armies penetrated into lower Silesia. The ruin of Frederic appeared inevitable. But in this crisis, which exposed him to the greatest danger, his genius resisted that weighty mass of enemies, and his fortune deceived every political calculation. When the Elector of Brandenburg made war against France, Louis XIV. did not perceive that he had one enemy more : and a few years after, the chief of the same electorate contended alone with almost all Europe armed against him ; so much do the talents and activity of one man change the destiny and the strength of nations. His manners, indeed, and his habits, were, in a high degree, calculated to inspire enthusiasm and success. Dreading neither inconvenience nor fatigue, he lay on the ground in the midst of his soldiers. His food and his cloathing were not better than theirs. He was seconded by able officers, feared and admired by his own troops, and by those of the enemy. By his patience and firmness in adversity, he deserved the fortunate change which his valour and perseverance after-

FREDERIC THE GREAT. [PRUSSIA.

wards effected. He was beaten at Hochkirchen by the Austrians, and by his fatal obstinacy in not giving quarter to the Russians, he lost the bloody battle of Kunnersdorf. He was successively defeated at Siplitz, at Maxen, at Landshut, at Schweidnitz, &c. Amidst these active exertions and military perils, he was often occupied in the composition of French verse, and would say, with philosophical resignation, "Even should I lose all, I hope there is no sovereign that will refuse to employ me as a general in his army*. But the victory which he gained at Rosbach over the French, who admired him as much as they despised their own generals, changed the face of affairs. From the frontiers of Saxony he hastened to Silesia, and completely triumphed over the Austrians, at Lissa. At length, the treaty of Hubertsburg closed this terrible war, and confirmed Frederic in the possession of the countries, which had been ceded to him by the peace of Breslaw.

The rest of his life was devoted to the peaceful administration of his states—for the first partition of Poland, in concert with Austria and Russia, was rather an act of spoilation than of war. This division has been attributed to the policy of Frederic, but was altogether the work of Catherine II. who made the first overture to Prince Henry. The King of Prussia seized with avidity this opportunity of extending his power. Nor can the disputes which arose between him and the Emperor Joseph, in 1777, be considered as of any importance.

* It is a fact not generally known, that at the time when his affairs seemed inevitably lost, and on the issue of the last battle depended the renovation of his hopes, or the consummation of his ruin, Frederic had resolved, if the fortune of the day decided against him, to retire to Venice, and practise as a physician.

Joseph not being able to conquer Bavaria by arms, was desirous of obtaining it by negociation. He made an offer to the Elector to exchange it for the Low Countries. The Empress of Russia, faithful to an ally who had abandoned to her the Ottoman empire, seconded his endeavours; and wished, by terrifying the Duke des Deux-Ponts, to extort his consent to the exchange. Frederic, sensible how formidable this concentration of forces would make the Austrians, sounded the alarm, and raised the standard of the Germanic League. This operation, which made him, in fact, the chief of the empire, whose liberty was threatened by the Emperor, was the last act of his glorious reign. Age and infirmities had cooled his ambition, or at least given it a more laudable direction, in the establishment of public prosperity. He died on the 17th of Aug. 1786, in his 75th year, more regretted by his subjects than he, probably, would have been, had they considered him only in the light of a conqueror, and as the first general of his age.

Frederic preserved to the last moment of his life that freedom of opinion and independent mode of thinking on religious points, which he had so long adopted—though he had the art to persuade his protestant subjects, that he defended their cause and favoured their worship.

His connection with Voltaire, and the quarrels which so often interrupted it, are well known, and are interesting traits in the lives of these celebrated men.

Frederic, in time of peace, was a stranger both to pomp and effeminacy: study was the relaxation of his labours: his bow was always bent, and he employed the intervals of battles only to sharpen his arms. It is true, his situation compelled him to it: security could not

FREDERIC THE GREAT. [PRUSSIA.

accompany a reign signalized by ambition, and begun by invasions. He rendered his hours of repose illustrious by his literary productions. The "Memoirs of the house of "Brandenburgh," and his Poetical Works, give to this warrior prince a rank sufficiently distinguished, not as an elegant writer, but as a philosopher : and if the negligence of the style is frequently perceptible, the depth of his thoughts is always to be admired. He seems to have composed the Anti-Machiavel, as if he wished to leave behind him a collection of axioms which might serve to condemn most of his actions. Prodigal of his own life on all important occasions, he little regarded that of other men. In one of those actions in which he was defeated, seeing his soldiers discouraged by six fruitless attacks, he rallied them once more, and uttered this singular apostrophe, "Would you live for ever ?" The severity of his discipline was, perhaps, a principal cause of his success. Happy if it had not occasionally degenerated into cruelty !

Though Frederic has been accused, and with some reason, of harshness, eccentricity, and of that species of egotism so fatal in Princes, when united with great qualities—yet his genius, his military talents, and the prodigious splendour which he cast on Prussia—the great share he had in all the important transactions of his times, and even the details of his private life, have insured him an imperishable reputation, and render his history remarkably interesting. There have been many sovereigns more beloved than Frederic, but no one has ever so imperiously commanded our admiration.



Painted by Tandyck.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published by Vernon, Hood & Sharpe, Roudry, 1807.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

THIS celebrated name, to which the greatest historical recollections are attached, recalls at the same moment to the mind all those qualities which compose the character of a hero.

Gustavus Adolphus II, King of Sweden, called *the Great*, was born at Stocholm in 1594, and succeeded his father, Charles IX, in 1611. He was named Gustavus, in compliment to the memory of his grandfather, Gustavus Vasa, and Adolphus by descent in the female line.---It may be said, that this prince had no childhood: when only twelve years of age, he was a good officer, and understood the principal languages of Europe: at sixteen, he directed the affairs of his kingdom, appeared at the council, and at the head of his armies: alternately obeying as a soldier; negotiating as a minister, and governing as a king.

Upon the death of Charles, the States presented him with the crown, and declared him of age. Sweden was in want of a ruler capable of her defence—a regency would have ruined her. The confidence and enthusiasm he inspired, assumed a vigour superior to the laws: but his talents and activity preserved the country. On ascending the throne, three powerful kingdoms waged war against him—Denmark was his nearest and most powerful enemy: but her attacks Gustavus repelled, disconcerted her projects, and by the ascendancy of his genius,

induced her, in 1613, to conclude a peace. He then turned his troops against the Muscovites, defeated and compelled them to accept a treaty in 1617, of which he prescribed the conditions. But Sigismund, his cousin, King of Poland, retaining his personal enmity, treated him as an usurper, and threatened by force of arms to seat himself on the throne of Sweden, which his attachment to the catholic religion had deprived him of in 1600—Gustavus, with that firmness which marked his character, *presented him with the olive-branch in one hand, and the sword in the other.* Sigismund, animated by the council of the emperor, Ferdinand II, and aided by his assistance, preferred the sword: but the long and disastrous war he maintained, only served to develop the talents of his young opponent, to form the Swedish troops, and to extend their reputation. In the year 1630, however, through the medium of *Charnace*, the French ambassador who was equally skilled in the field as in the cabinet, matters were accommodated between the two kings, and a truce concluded during six years. Gustavus, being now at liberty, turned his whole attention to repel the ambition of Ferdinand, and to deliver the north of Germany from his yoke. When he complained of the assistance the prince had given Sigismund, Wallenstein, who insolently called him the *King of Snow*, replied, “that his master, having too many troops, it was no way surprising that he should lend a few to his friends.” This roused the spirit of Gustavus: but to irritate him still more his ambassador had been dismissed from the congress at Lubeck, with great indignity; Ferdinand refused to recognize him: the Duke of Pomerania and Mecklenburgh had been deposed: the Imperialists, established in Saxony, Brandenburg, and on the borders of the Baltic, lived there at discretion: the protestant part of Germany called aloud for a deliverer, while France and Holland solicit-

ed Gustavus to put himself at the head of another league. Swayed by such entreaties, and incensed at such aggressions, he resolved to comply with their wishes, to which a desire to avenge the insult he had personally received, and perhaps his ambition, or at least the love of glory, not a little contributed.

His ministers endeavoured to dissuade him from entering into the war, by representing the low state of his finances. "These subjects of the Pope," he replied, "whom I am going to attack, are rich and effeminate.—My armies are intelligent and brave: they shall erect my standard amid the enemy, who shall pay my troops." He, however, thought it politic to offer peace to Ferdinand; but on exhibiting the terms, the Baron de Dohna observed, "to induce the enemy to listen to such proposals, he should first be in the heart of Germany with a victorious army." This was immediately effected. In the month of June, 1630, he made a descent with 18,000 Swedes on the island of Usedom, on the mouth of the Oder; overran Pomerania; established himself in Brandenburg, increasing his army in his progress by his talents and humanity, and his resources by his prudence and his valour. It was a favourite maxim of his, "*To conquer towns, mercy was no less necessary than force.*" The following year he made an alliance with France: the Elector of Saxony furnished him with troops, and the deposed Elector Palatine enlisted under the banners of his protector, Alarmed at this accession of strength, Ferdinand wrote him a letter, in which he threatened to send against him the whole strength of the empire, if he persisted in his design. Gustavus, with a tone of raillery, said to the gentlemen who delivered it, "I shall not fail to reply to this missive, as soon as the wound which I received from an eagle in my right arm shall be cured." This answer was

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS. [SWEDEN.

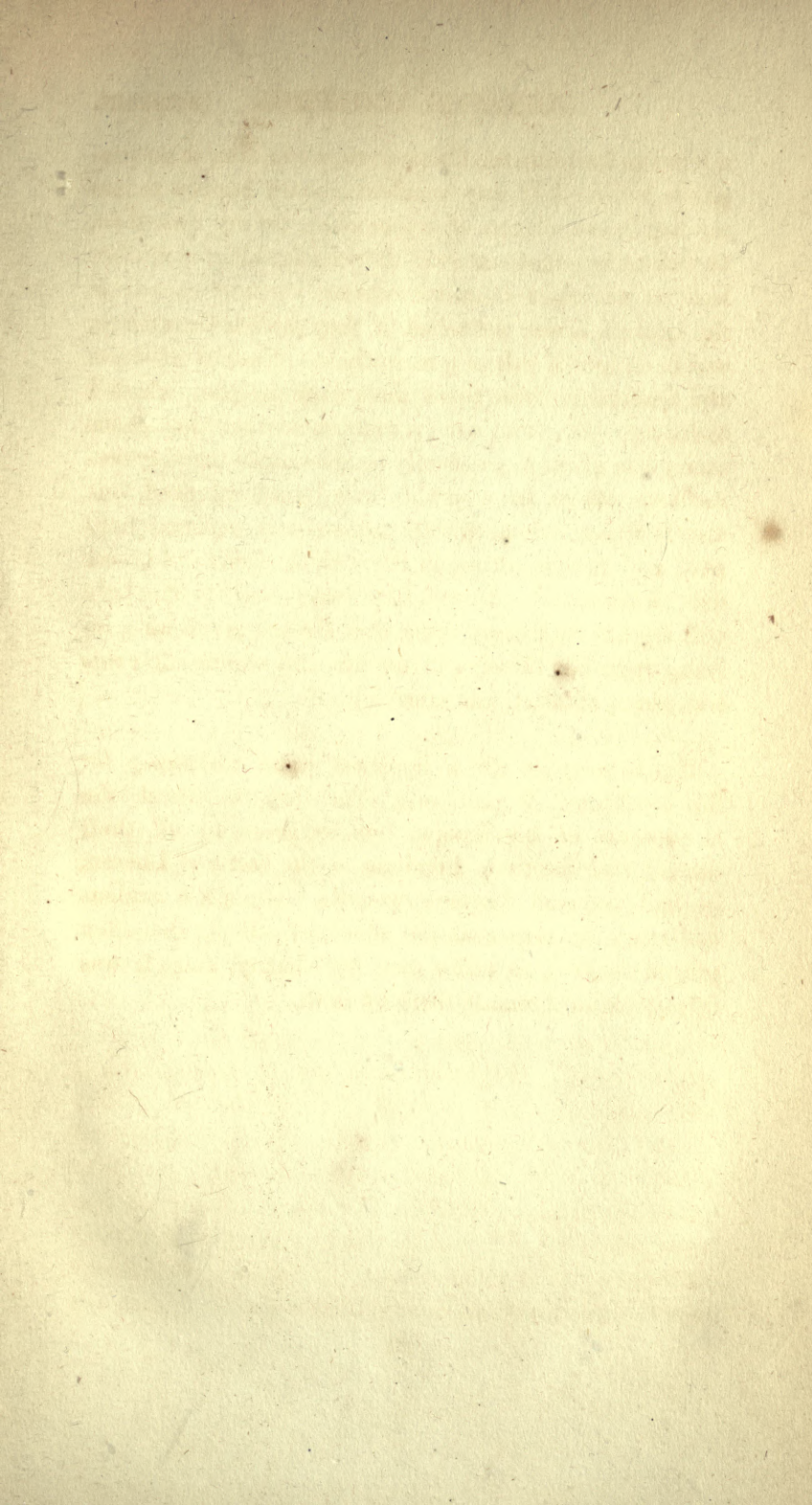
worthy of a hero. He pushed forward his troops: obtained a complete victory over the Imperialists, under Tilly, at Leipsic, on the 7th of September, 1631; drove them out of Franconia and the Palatinate; made himself master of the whole of the country between the Elbe and the Rhine, and penetrated even to Alsace. In 1632, he passed the Leck in despite of the efforts of Tilly, and entered Bavaria. The success of the Imperialists, under Wallenstein, recalled him into Saxony, and on the 16th of November, in the same year, he fought the famous battle on the plains of Lutzen. Some of his regiments at first gave way: Gustavus flew to them, and exclaimed—"If, after crossing so many rivers, scaling so many walls, and forcing innumerable places, you have not courage to defend yourselves, keep your post at least, and see me perish!" These words reanimated their valour; and though victory was for a long time doubtful, the Swedes at length remained masters of the field. But the victory was dearly bought: Gustavus was killed early in the action, and his body found among the dead. He is supposed to have been treacherously slain; either through the intrigues of the Cardinal de Richelieu, or by the hand of Lawenburg, one of his generals. He fell, it is said, "with his sword in his hand, the word of command upon his lips, and victory in his imagination."

Thus perished, in his 38th year, Gustavus Adolphus, the most accomplished man of his time, and the most formidable enemy of the house of Austria. Gustavus may be placed at the head of the great generals of the seventeenth century. He is with much propriety regarded as the founder of the modern school. His disciples, Wrangel, Tortenson, Weimar, Horn, Banner, have long supported the glory of his name. He gave to Sweden a new military constitution, and established a permanent

militia, which not only maintained internal quiet, but furnished him with excellent troops. He preserved in his armies the severest discipline, and a mode of instruction almost unknown. To him is Europe indebted for that precision, that simultaneous action, order, and rapidity of manœuvres, upon which the success of all movements depends, when in the face of an enemy.—But his warlike occupations did not divert him from the important cares of the state. Aided by the counsel of his celebrated chancellor, Oxenstiern, he corrected many abuses in his government, augmented his finances, endowed universities, and extended commerce. Nothing was too trifling for his indefatigable activity. Talents and exalted merit ever found in him a protector. He cultivated the study of history, tactics, and those sciences which related to the art of war. Grotius's treatise, *De Pace et Bello*, was his favourite book. His religion was fervent, but pure, and he carried it into his camp.—“A good Christian,” he observed, “must necessarily be a good soldier.” Contrary to the practice of modern generals, he never engaged in any battle without praying at the head of the troops he was about to lead against the enemy. This done, he used to thunder out, in a strong and energetic manner, some German hymn or psalm, in which he was followed by his whole army. Immediately before the battle of Lutzen, so fatal to himself, but so honourable to his army, he vociferated the translation of the forty-sixth psalm, beginning—“God is our strong castle,” made by Luther, when he was a prisoner in the fortress of Coburg. The trumpets and drums immediately struck up, and were accompanied by the ministers and the soldiers. To this succeeded an hymn, made by Gustavus himself, which began—“My dear little army fear nothing, though thy numerous enemies have sworn thy ruin.” Previous to this memorable action, he wrote

a letter to his minister, Oxenstiern, containing these prophetic words: "If any accident should happen to me, my family are objects of compassion, for my own sake, as well as for other reasons: they are females: a mother without advice, a daughter extremely young—nearly in the nurse's arms: wretched if they govern themselves, and in danger if others govern them. Natural affection and tenderness force these lines from my pen, which I address to you, who are an instrument that God in his mercy has given me, not only to assist me in the very momentous affairs in which I have been concerned, but also to manage them against any accident that may happen, and to support me in every thing that I hold most dear in the world. I trust, however, entirely to His holy will my life, and every thing that He has given me; relying upon His blessing in this life, and hoping after this life, peace, comfort, and eternal joy."

His bravery at times bordered upon rashness; for he considered it not only his duty to direct the movements of his troops, but to share in all their danger and fatigue. Previous to the battle of Lutzen, he had received fourteen wounds. Though a zealous Lutheran, he respected the tenets of others, and often prayed to God to unite men by charity, since it was impossible to reconcile them by faith.





Engraved by Bostlin.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published by Verner, Hood & Sharpe, Rastrey; 1807.

GUSTAVUS III.

GUSTAVUS III. king of Sweden, the son of Adolphus Frederic and Louisa Ulrica, sister of Frederic king of Prussia, was born on the 24th of January, 1746. He was educated under Count Tessin, whose letters to his pupil have been much extolled. Thus qualified, and thus instructed, Gustavus began his illustrious career with great advantages. In 1771 he succeeded his father, and on his accession to the throne, resolved to liberate himself from the yoke to which his predecessors had submitted, and which had been alternately imposed on them by the Court of Russia, and the Senate of Stockholm. He confided his project to the Count de Vergennes, then minister of France—directed the Counts Schiffer and de Salza to obtain the consent of the military—assembled his guards, and took possession of all the posts—summoned the Diet, whom he reproached for their usurpation and tyranny, and read to them his plan of a constitution, to which they were compelled to submit. He then hastened to apprize the Empress of the revolution he had effected in his states, which at the time, she appeared to approve.

Gustavus having thus, without bloodshed, produced a change so consonant with his desires, promoted the officers who had seconded him, and distributed medals among the citizens. In 1783 he made a tour into France and Italy: but scarcely was he returned to his dominions, when he discovered that some Russian emissaries were

preparing an insurrection in Finland. He hastened to put himself in a posture of defence, and obtaining subsidies from Prussia and Turkey, stormed the fortress of Fredericsham, where he captured and destroyed a number of vessels. He then made an attack on Revel ; but notwithstanding the assistance which he received from the talents and bravery of some British officers, who were then in his service and the heroic valour he himself displayed, his fleet was defeated on the 17th of July, 1788. Discouraged by other unfortunate battles, and menaced on every side, he succeeded, at length, in raising the siege of Gottenburg ; and the treaty of Varila delivered him from a war, the consequences of which could not but be fatal to him.

At this period he consented to command the combined armies, assembled for the purpose of reducing France, which gave rise to considerable discontent among his people. The Swedes beheld in this project a probable waste of blood and treasure, in a cause in which they were not interested. They considered the king as acting under the influence of an insidious court, and beheld, with abhorrence, his standard raised in defence of despotism, and to crush the rising liberties of a foreign state.

But long previous to that period, much disaffection prevailed in Sweden. In the diet of 1778 the king attempted to re-establish the ancient classes among the nobles,—such as, the high nobility—the equestrian order and the gentry—conceiving that, by securing the majority of votes, he would be enabled to carry all his measures. In this design, however, he met, from all ranks of persons, the most decided opposition ; and provoked a motion, by M. Humelkein, to ascertain and limit the royal prerogative, which terminated the Diet.

The Diet which assembled in 1786 was equally inimical to the views of Gustavus. His propositions were in general rejected ; and to obtain one point, the establishment of granaries, he was compelled to relinquish a prerogative which had been for many years attached to the crown—that of deciding on any question when the orders of the Senate should be divided. This Diet also broke up with unequivocal marks of dissention between the members and the king.

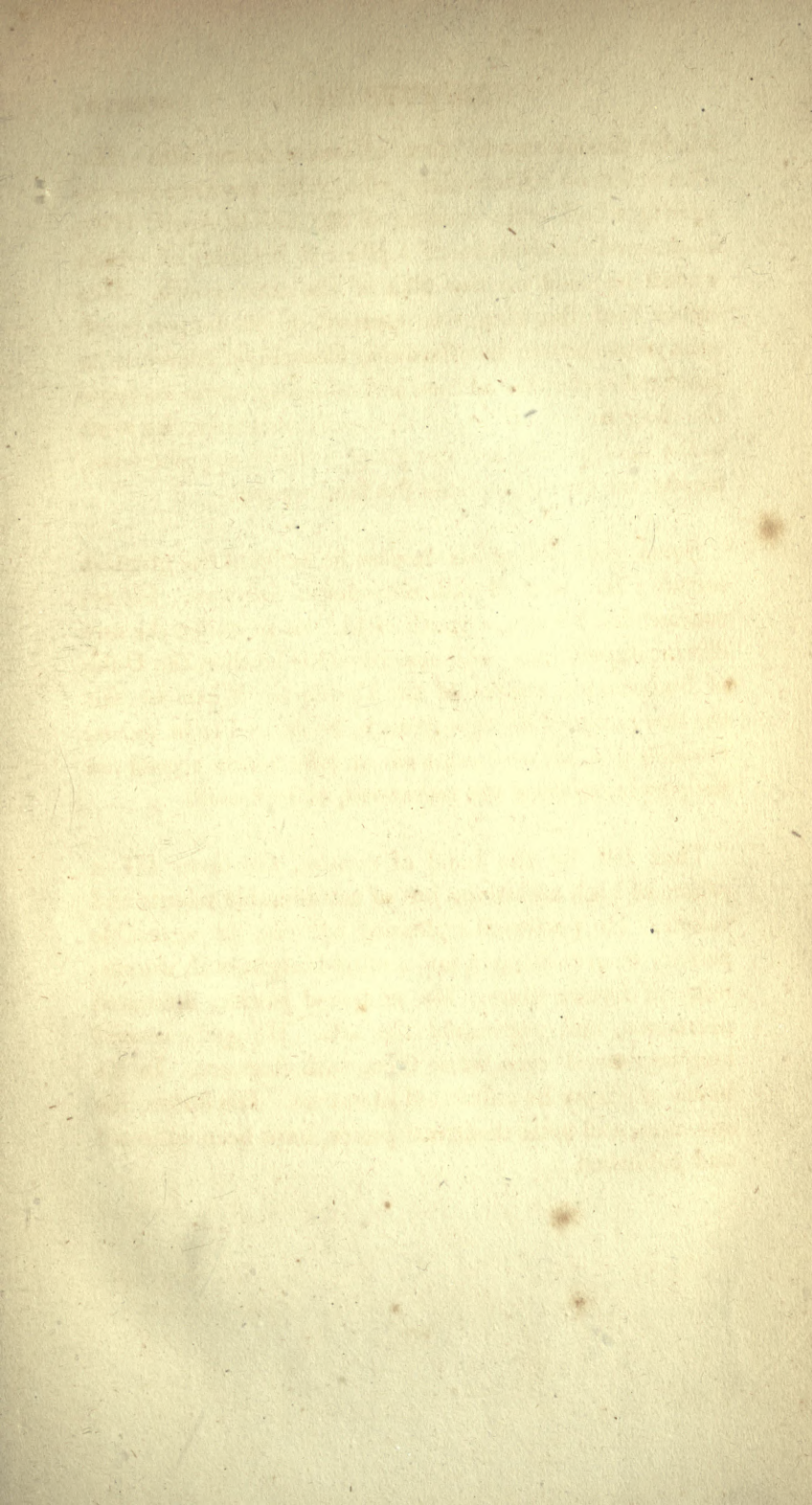
The refractory conduct of those who swayed the highest offices in the kingdom, rendered the king averse to the assembling of the states. But the revolt of the army at Frederickstadt, and the want of supplies, made it necessary, in the year 1789. to convoke the diet. In this the malcontents seemed to increase: but some popular laws being passed, the inferior orders of the citizens supported the king against the nobles, many of whom he imprisoned: and though, on carrying his supplies, he consented to their release, his arbitrary conduct was extremely obnoxious to the majority of the people.

Convinced now of his unpopularity, and apprehensive of some explosion, the king had the policy, in the year 1792, to order the states to meet at Gefle, a solitary situation on the gulph of Bothnia, instead of the capital. This prevented the dissatisfaction which his conduct had excited from bursting into a flame, but the sword of faction impended over his head. The populace, as well as the nobles, reprobated the crusade against France. The country was not only exhausted in its population, but its finances were greatly deranged ; and private animosities co-operating with public grievances, matured a formidable conspiracy, planned by the nobles, whose privileges he had restrained ; and three of them proposed to draw

lots for the barbarous office of assassinating him. The chance fell on Ankarstroem, who, while the king was attending a ball in the evening of the 15th of April, 1792, discharged the contents of a pistol in his side, of which wound he died on the 29th of the same month. It is stated that the king was apprised of his danger by an anonymous letter; but flattering himself, on his return to Stockholm, that his address and affability would dissipate the chagrin he had caused at the diet at Gefle, he went to the masquerade, and mingling, without apprehension, among the crowd, received the fatal wound.

Some days before his decease he suffered the greatest torture; but bore it with uncommon firmness. He recommended his son, a youth of 14, not to undertake any distant expeditions; and appointed his brother, the Duke of Sudermania, regent of the kingdom. When he felt the last pangs of death approach, he desired to be moved towards a window—bestowed an affectionate regard on his people, received the sacrament, and expired.

Thus fell, by the hand of treason, Gustavus III. a prince of high ambition, but of considerable talents and valour. He possessed a pleasing address, an agreeable person, an even temper, and a mind fraught with the chivalry of former times. He protected justice, animated commerce, and patronized the arts. He spoke several languages, and even wrote them with elegance. In his hours of leisure he cultivated literature. His letters, his speeches, and some theatrical pieces, have been collected and published.





Painted by Duplessis.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published by Verner, Hood & Sharpe, Booksellers.

GLUCK.

SIR CHRISTOPHER GLUCK was born in 1712, in the Upper Palatinate, on the frontiers of Bohemia. He acquired, in his youth, the first principles of music, at Prague; where he distinguished himself by his ability in playing several instruments. He afterwards went into Italy, and having fixed himself at Milan, studied composition under J. B. St. Martini, *Maestro de Capella*, where he produced his first opera. Being at Venice in 1742, he brought out his *Demetrius*. From Italy, in 1745, he embarked for England, where he composed his Opera of the Fall of the Giants, which was favourably received. This was followed by other works. He then returned to Vienna, where he resided many years in perfect tranquillity.

During his stay in London he abandoned the *Italian* style of composition, and, either in compliment to the English, or to gratify his particular taste, adopted, with some modification, the simple manner of Dr. Arne; who was then deservedly celebrated as a composer. This mode, in direct opposition to the Italian, consists in the abolition of those artificial graces, perpetually introduced to shew the talents of the singer, and to give a momentary pleasure to the ear of the auditor, but which has the constant effect of diminishing the action,—of destroying the interest of the drama,—and creating disgust. In the style, however, which he had acquired, Gluck, in 1764, composed his best pieces; such as his operas of

Orpheus, Alceste, Helen and Paris, and the famous drama, which, in 1765, was performed to celebrate the marriage of the Emperor Joseph II. To give particular eclat to this last production, the Arch-duchess Amelia, played the part of Apollo; the Arch-duchessess Elizabeth, Josephine, and Charlotte, the Graces; and the Archduke Leopold, presided at the harpsichord.

Du Rollet, the judge, having formed an acquaintance with Gluck, during his residence at Vienna, engaged him, in 1772, to write for the Theatre at Paris; this he assented to do; and, in 1774, at the age of sixty-two, arrived in that city, where, under the protection of the lamented Maria Antoinette, he composed his *Iphigenia en Aulide*, and bearing down all opposition, procured its representation on the 19th of April. 1776. It excited a degree of enthusiasm which in no respect subsided during the performance of his *Orpheus*, *Alceste*, *Armide*, and *Iphigenie en Tauride*.

The success of this work operated as a decisive blow to the ancient style of music employed on the tragic stage, already excluded from the comic opera, by the compositions of Dini, Philidor, and Gretry; but, if Gluck obtained an easy triumph over Lully and Rousseau, he met with two formidable rivals in Sacchini and Piccini. His rivalry with the latter, who, arrived in France a few years after himself, gave rise to the most animated discussion; the capital and the provinces were divided in their opinion of these celebrated musicians; their partisans formed a sect. They published against each other innumerable epigrams, till at length, as if incapable of deciding on their respective merits, the public resolved to terminate all dissention, by dividing the palm among the three competitors.

Towards the end of his life, Gluck returned to Vienna, where he was visited, in 1782, by the Emperor Paul Petrowitz, of Russia, and the Empress; and on the 15th of November, 1787, he died of an apoplexy, leaving behind him a fortune of nearly 30,000l.

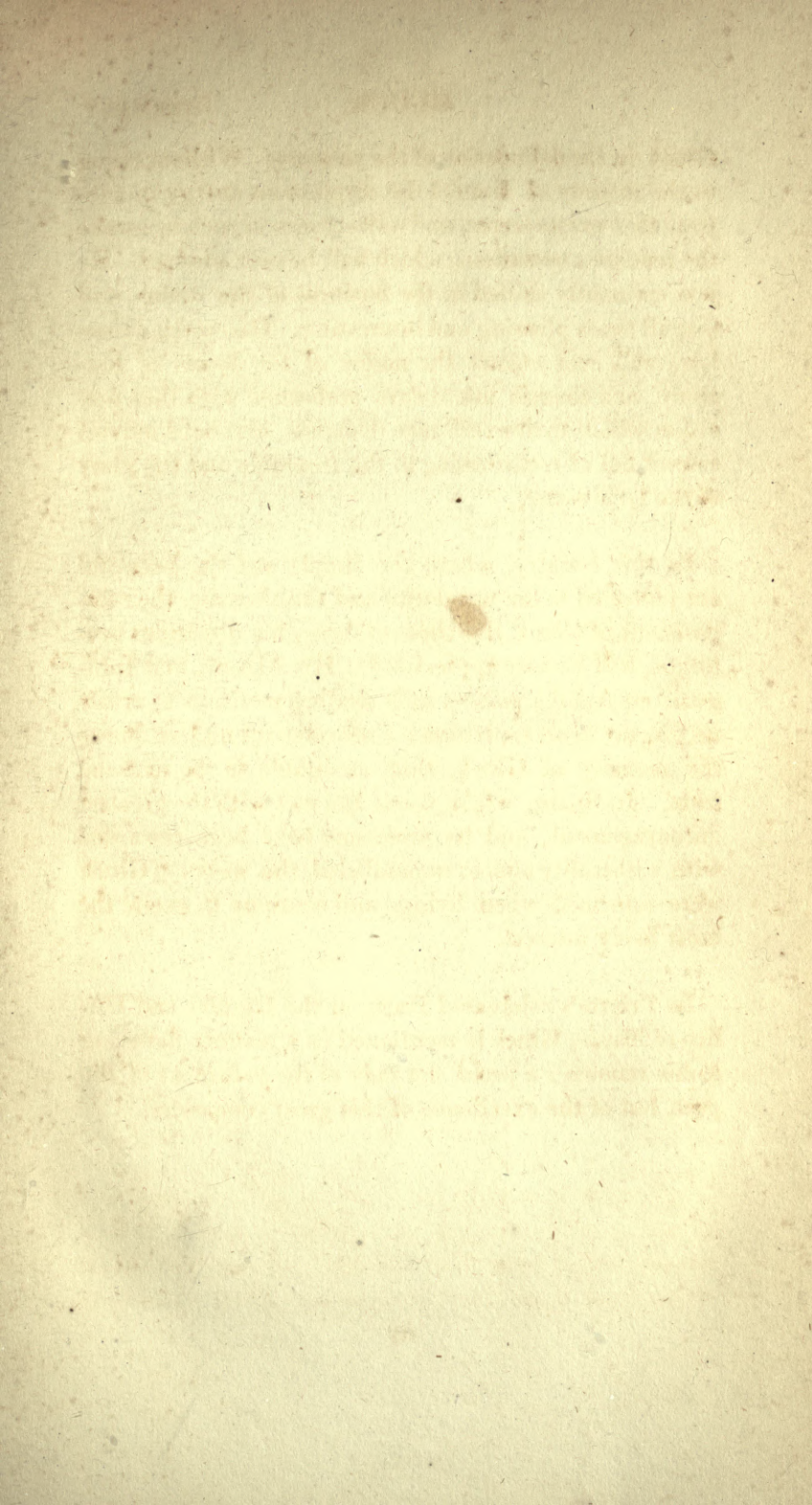
Although the same enthusiasm which his opera excited in France, was not prevalent either in Italy or Germany, Gluck, in those countries, obtained no inconsiderable portion of renown. He had, however, his detractors; among whom was the immortal Handel, who, from a conviction, no doubt, of his deficiency in certain parts of his art, rather than jealousy of his reputation, often spoke of him with disrespect. Many German masters have likewise refused him the title of a classical composer, and have reproached him, unnecessarily, of being deficient in those resources which taste and musical science present,—of not having sufficiently sacrificed to the graces,—of being ever in quest of originality,—at times, inflated and harsh,—and at others, trivial and unmeaning. “Gluck,” says Marmontel, “has neither the melody, the unity, nor the charm of Pergolesi, of Galuppi, or Jomelli; his airs are wanting in those costumes,—in that pure and easy outline which, in music, as in painting, distinguished the Correggios and the Raphaels. He deservedly has been well received in France. He gave to musical declamation a force, energy, and rapidity which it never before possessed; and produced, by harmony, uncommon effect, though by means by which melody was often destroyed.”

But without examining whether these observations be well or ill-founded, or having regard to the motives by which they may be dictated, it is a point universally acknowledged, that no composer has been superior to

Gluck, in the delineation of the passions. Without rising to the majesty of Handel he displays an energy in subjects that excite terror, and a sweetness in such as awake the tenderest sensations, which will be ever admired. He was eminently skilled in the business of the drama, and is at all times pleasing and interesting. His works, therefore, will ever attract the notice of the lovers of harmony, and though not always performed with that precision which their excellence demands, his *chef d'œuvres* cannot fail of contributing to the treasures and the glory of the lyric scene.

In this country, where the simple and the beautiful are preferred to the wonderful and the abstruse, the compositions of Gluck, like those of Arne, his illustrious prototype, will be ever appreciated. His *Alceste*, and *Iphigénie en Aulide*, possess such sterling merit, as to create no disgust upon repetition; a compliment no less due to the memory of Gluck, than creditable to the national taste. In Spain, where music has met with the greatest encouragement, and its professors have been rewarded with a liberality almost unparalleled, the works of Gluck were esteemed when living, and continue to excite the most lively interest.

In Yriarte's celebrated Poem on the Dignity and Utility of Music, Gluck is mentioned in a manner flattering to his renown; a proof, not only of the judgment of the poet, but of the excellence of this great composer.





Painted by Sander.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London: Published by Vomer, Hood & Sharpe, Roulery, 1807.

HALLER.

ALBERT DE HALLER, Member of the Sovereign Council of Berne, President of the Œconomic Society of that city, and of the University of Gottingen, Foreign Associate of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, and of almost all the learned societies of Europe, was born at Berne on the 18th day of October, 1708. His father was Nicholas de Haller, advocate and chancellor of the county of Baden, descended from an ancient patrician family of Berne; and his mother, Anne-Mary Enguel, daughter of one of the members of the sovereign council of that republic. In his very early infancy he manifested an uncommon genius, activity of mind, and facility for labour, together with that strength of memory which is so necessary to those who are desirous of comprehending many sciences and pursuing their great operations; and that taste for forming collections, which contributed so essentially to the many valuable works which he afterwards published.

His premature talents were not the effect of education ---the mode of which was very unfavourable to their improvement. Young Haller's father was apprehensive that his son's eagerness to learn every thing would be productive only of superficial knowledge---nor would these fears have been ill-founded if he had not possessed an uncommon capacity. Urged, perhaps, by these motives, the advocate placed him under the tuition of a preceptor named Abraham Billodz, who, though he pos-

sessed a sufficient knowledge of the languages, derived his principal credit from the persecution to which he had been exposed for his religious opinions. This man's behaviour to his pupil was stern and severe, though his feeble constitution and ardour for study required only indulgence and proper direction. This rigorous and pedantic education might have nipped M. de Haller's genius in the bud. The harshness of such a preceptor would have given another child a disgust for study; but it only inspired him with a desire of revenging himself. This he did in a satire against his tutor, written in Latin verse, which he composed at the age of ten years; though so strong was the impression on his mind, that he could never see him afterwards without feeling a kind of involuntary terror. A similar circumstance has been related of M. de la Condamine. These facts prove that children are more susceptible than one could imagine of strong and durable passions---so that frequently the character has taken a bias; and therefore the most important object of education is either fulfilled or frustrated before we have an opportunity of entering fully on it.

The time arrived when our young student was to chuse his situation: he wished to investigate nature, and he made choice of the only profession which would allow him to devote himself to that study without reserve---that of physic. It was not, indeed, the profession which most infallibly led to fortune and preferment in the state, neither did it exclude him from them. Though the government of Berne confined their offices to a certain number of families, yet it did not prohibit the learned and useful sciences from aspiring to them. It was even probable that the respect which is generally acquired by enlarged knowledge and superior talents might prevent the necessity of his forming intrigues, to which others, who pursue

the usual routine of acquiring honours, are obliged to submit. Attracted by the distinguished reputation of Boerhaave, he proceeded to Leyden in 1725, where he met with every thing that could please a mind intent on the acquisition of science. Boerhaave, who divided his time between his academical lectures and medical consultations, shewed him all the regard that was due to such rare abilities and such eminent merit. Here he found an anatomical theatre well supplied with subjects—cabinets of natural history—a very extensive library, and, in short, every thing which could encourage and invite to study. M. de Haller availed himself of all these advantages: but his health being impaired, he was obliged to take a journey into Lower Germany, accompanied by two of his friends. On his return to Leyden he took the degree of doctor in physic. The Thesis which he composed on this occasion displayed the knowledge he had acquired in anatomy, and proclaimed him as an observer capable of enriching that science with many important discoveries. The subject of it was a pretended discovery of a salivary duct by Cowitz, the falsity of which M. Duvernoi and Haller exposed, both by dissections of brutes and human bodies. In the year 1727 he went to England, where he was particularly connected with Sir Hans Sloane, who had at that time formed a very considerable collection of natural curiosities. Having visited Oxford, from England he passed over into France, where he remained but a short time. A body which he was dissecting at Paris became offensive to one of his neighbours, who informed against him—knowing the severity of the laws against those who take up dead bodies, he erroneously imagined that they equally extended to the anatomist who dissected those bodies. He determined, therefore, to quit a country where the research after truth appeared to expose the in-

quirer to so much danger. He returned to his native Land in 1730.

That taste for poetry, which he had indulged in his early youth, now returned—or rather, he became a poet a second time; but such as a philosopher ought to be, who had been long occupied in profound studies. His poems contained descriptions of nature, not such as the poets have so frequently and uniformly painted her, such as formerly described by Homer, and disfigured by his imitators; but nature in the dress in which Haller himself had observed her, when climbing up the rocks and traversing the eternal ice of the Alps, he endeavoured to discover her secret operations. Poems in which he investigated the depth of the most abstract and insoluble questions in mathematics and in morals—epistles in which he paints the sweets of friendship and pastoral life, the pleasures which await simplicity of manners, the soft and tranquil charms of virtue, and the happiness derived from the sacrifices which the more imperious and austere virtues demand from us. While he ridicules and reprobates the corruption of morals, he places hypocrisy in the most odious point of view—he sings the benefits of religion, which teaches us to love and to bear with each other—and he exclaims against intolerance, with that horror which must be always felt by every virtuous mind, however sincerely attached to particular modes of religion. We might almost suppose that we at once heard Fenelon celebrating the delights of divine love, and Voltaire thundering against fanaticism. The literary world learnt with surprise that the author of these delightful and amiable poems was a physician, who passed his life in the midst of dissections, employed in searching the most secret sources of organization and life; and the learned saw with pleasure, that in the few moments that M. de

Haller could dedicate to the Muses, he had by his merit acquired a place among the first poets of his nation.

His distinguished abilities, joined with his many amiable virtues, procured him general esteem and regard, and raised him protectors and friends, whose affection was highly useful to his future fortune. In 1734, the republic of Berne established a public amphitheatre, where he taught anatomy; but he was soon after induced to quit his country. George II. king of Great-Britain, and elector of Hanover, being desirous of promoting the prosperity of the university of Gottingen, established for him an anatomical, botanical and surgical professorship. He accepted this invitation at the expense of abandoning his native country, of renouncing the title, or rather the enjoyment of the rights of a free citizen, and of tearing from her family a young wife, whose personal qualities had captivated his heart, who had borne him three children, and who by the sweetness of manners with which she adopted his taste and pursuits, formed the principal happiness of his life. M. de Haller entered on his new employment in a very dejected state of mind. The infirm state of his health, and the difficulty of conveying his family in a strange and remote country, had rendered their travelling very troublesome and fatiguing; and it had terminated in what most sensibly affected his heart the loss of his wife, who died at the instant of their arrival, of the consequence of some injury she had received by the overturning of the carriage.

The task of teaching a science in all its parts to a class of scholars at an university, would seem sufficient to employ the whole time that society has a right to expect the most laborious man to sacrifice. The objects of medicine include the dearest interests of man, his health and exis-

ence. In this science uncertainty is never indifferent, and error always dangerous in its consequence. The art is founded on an intimate knowledge of the organization of the human body---a structure the harmony and properties of which, though most wisely and accurately formed, are liable to be deranged by innumerable accidents. The means of restoring health are exceedingly multiplied, and the selection of remedies as delicate as important. To this science a variety of other knowledge is requisite, and each species opens an extensive field of inquiry. Every day produces new discoveries, which it is necessary a professor should not only be acquainted with, but examine and explain. Besides public lectures private instructions are to be given to his pupils. The idle are to be stimulated, the diligent encouraged---those who are slow of understanding to be more particularly and patiently informed, and those of brilliant and quick parts to be restrained from deviating from the plain and simple paths of nature, and wandering too far into the labyrinths of speculative hypothesis. Notwithstanding these important avocations, the seventeen years which M. de Haller passed at Gottingen were those in which he executed his great undertakings; and during this period his superior literary reputation was acquired. The detail of all his researches, nay the mere list of his works, would much exceed our present bounds. We shall only add, that among his other attainments, he was so intimately acquainted with the constitution and government of Great-Britain, its history and laws, that few of its inhabitants possessed a more accurate knowledge of those subjects. His loyalty to the king and attachment to the royal family, and indeed his partiality in favour of the British nation in general, were frequently evinced in his strictures on modern historians.

The numerous services he had rendered to the city and university of Gottingen merited the rewards of his sovereign. His Britannic Majesty procured for M. de Haller the rank of a noble of the empire, from the imperial chancellor; but though he was created a baron, and has been generally distinguished by that title, he always declined it. Such an honour might have been an advantage to his family, if it had remained at Gottingen, but would have been despised as a badge of vanity, and considered as an odious distinction in Switzerland, where instead of such nobility as is to be met with in monarchical governments, the powerful families have acquired hereditary prerogatives of more intrinsic value. Few men of learning have received so many marks of consideration from their cotemporaries as M. de Haller. He was invited to Oxford after the death of the famous Dillenius, who had expressed a wish that Haller might succeed him. When Albinus was nominated one of the deputies to the States-general, his place at Utrecht was offered to Haller; and the king of Prussia also proposed to him an establishment at Berlin on his own conditions.

But he resisted all these temptations, and returned home in 1753. He was elected a member of the sovereign council, and filled several places in the government. The administration of the salt works was entrusted to him, and brought to the utmost perfection. He had also a seat in the supreme consistory, and in the chamber of appeals. He was invited to take a part in these important concerns, from the high opinion his fellow-citizens entertained of his zeal; and he fully justified their confidence by the most spirited exertion of his abilities. His attention, however, to his duties as a magistrate, did not entirely take him off from his physical pursuits. He continued to make frequent experiments---sent memoirs

to most of the learned societies of which he was a member---furnished the supplements to the Encyclopedie, and made several botanical excursions in the neighbouring mountains.

He was born with a delicate constitution, which he had strengthened by exercise and temperance; but in the last years of his life he was afflicted with a disease which proved fatal to him, after a long series of excruciating pains. He looked forward to his dissolution without dismay or impatience. He desired his friend and physician, M. Rosselet, not to conceal from him his real situation; and this gentleman ventured to tell him that the autumn of 1777 would probably be the period of his existence. Haller exhibited no signs of fear at the information---continued his usual modes of life, and in his last moments employed himself in marking the decay of his organs. He felt his pulse from time to time, till he at length said to M. Rosselet, "my friend the artery no longer beats," and immediately expired, at the age of 69 years, on the 12th of December, 1777.

M. de Haller was agreeable in conversation---his elocution was free, strong, and concise---and his knowledge wonderfully diversified. His great reading, fertile and faithful memory, and sound judgment, gave satisfaction to men of all dispositions. He was superior to the affectation of wit, and disdained to make a parade of the knowledge he possessed. His soul was gentle, and his heart replete with sensibility. Pure in his own morality, and persuaded of the truth of religion, he thought it his duty to enter the lists as the avowed champion and defender of both.



Painted by Rubens.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published 2^d Edition, by Vernor, Hood, & Sharpe, Printers.

HENRY IV.

WITH the exception of the long and glorious reign of Louis XIV. and that memorable æra, when, by the mere force of genius, Charlemagne acquired the supremacy over all his cotemporaries, the history of the French monarchy presents nothing so interesting as the life and reign of Henry IV.

He was born in the castle of Pau, the capital of Bearn, on the 13th Dec. 1553, of Anthony de Bourbon, a weak, imprudent prince; and of Jane d'Albret, daughter and heiress of Henry, King of Navarre. Jane possessed all the qualities necessary to form a hero—the education she gave her son was useful but severe. She seemed to anticipate the necessity of early instructing him to brave every peril, and to suffer every change of fortune. While yet a youth, he was proclaimed chief of the Protestant party, and signalized himself at the battle of Moncontour, under the command of the Admiral de Coligni. A perfidious peace produced the bloody catastrophe of St. Bartholomew. Henry had just espoused Margaret de Valois, the sister of Charles IX., and if, in that horrible proscription, his life was saved by the interested policy of Catherine de Medici, it was only to make him feel the mortification of captivity. After some years of constraint, however, he escaped, and gained the battle of Coutras, in which his opponent, the Duke de Joyeuse, was killed. In the meantime, the weak, infatuated Henry III. despised by his subjects, awed by the tyranny of the family

of Guise, excommunicated by Pope Sixtus V. and driven from his capital, sought a refuge under the banners of Henry, then King of Navarre. The two kings had commenced the siege of Paris, when the King of France fell a victim at St. Cloud, to the fanaticism of James Clement. Henry, who was the next in succession, now saw himself abandoned by a part of the army, and disowned by the League. They all refused to acknowledge an *Heretic* as their sovereign. His situation was critical and singular in the extreme. At the head of a comparatively small number of troops, justly suspecting the faith and loyalty of many of his officers, and often destitute of money, he yet found resources in his courage, his indefatigable activity, and the absolute devotion of a few brave men, whose names are consecrated in history, and who proved themselves worthy of such a master, and of such a friend. The battle of Arques preserved Henry from destruction; the victory at Ivry, in its turn, spread confusion and dismay among his enemies. Master of the suburbs of Paris, he could easily have possessed himself of a city, in which discord and famine presided. He preferred a slower but surer triumph over a fanatical mob, and permitted his soldiers to supply them with provisions, which they received with murmurs. At length Henry perceived the period of his troubles. The Spaniards, those dangerous allies of the League, were universally detested—the moderate men felt the necessity of a calm; and the Duke de Mayenne himself, renouncing the chimerical project of ascending the throne, made his peace with the King. But a pacification so much desired, and so much wanted, could not be rendered secure, unless Henry embraced the Catholic Religion. The ceremony took place at St. Denis. In the following year Paris opened its gates; but, as Henry said, the city was rather sold than surrendered to him. The same might be said of the other parts of

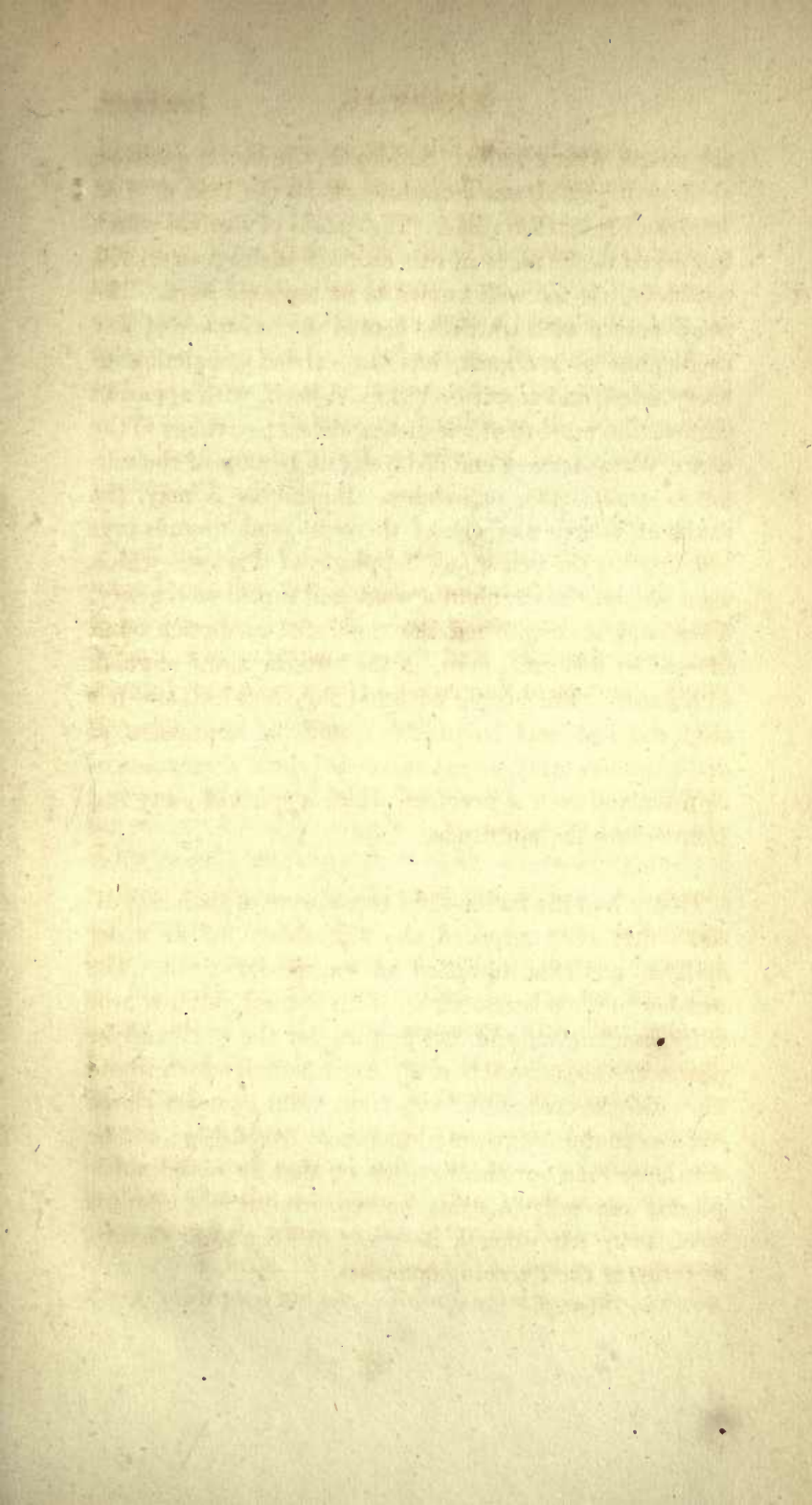
France. If the governors of the different provinces, successively submitted to his authority, it was often under hard conditions. Henry was compelled to solicit absolution from Pope Clement VIII. The spirit of that monstrous association, the League, had survived its actual existence; and the king, though a conqueror, was yet compelled to yield to its influence. But he did not neglect to confirm what he considered as the real foundation of his power. The edict of Nantes, in the favour of the Protestants, was a proof, at once, of his gratitude and his equity.

The war with Spain was soon closed. Beaten at Fontaine Françoise, and expelled from Amiens, by the king in person, the Spaniards consented to treat with a prince against whose power, every where acknowledged, and strengthened, they were no longer able to contend. Peace was signed at Vervins, in 1598.

From that period, Henry was happily employed in healing the wounds of his kingdom, by conciliating the minds of his people, the reformation of abuses, and the gradual restoration of France to its former prosperity. A temporary dispute with the Duke of Savoy, did not interrupt so beneficent a purpose. But this amiable prince bestowed on his subjects, blessings which he was far from enjoying himself. His first marriage with Margaret of Valois had been declared void, and he espoused Mary de Medici, an union often disturbed by domestic vexations. The Duke of Biron, who owed his life to the king, conspired against him. It is a melancholy reflection, that the existence of this good king was so often menaced, while so many tyrants have died peaceably in their beds. No less than five assassins, at different times, attempted his life. John Châtel wounded him in

the mouth with a knife. At length, the horrid purpose, so often disguised, was consummated on the 14th of May, 1610, by Francis Ravallac. The details of a crime which has given to the name of this monster such an execrable notoriety, are too well known to be repeated here. The perseverance with which he denied the existence of any accomplice to his guilt, has not carried conviction to every mind, and suspicion has fixed itself, with apparent justness, on more than one distinguished personage of the court, whose treason and disloyalty no bounty of the monarch could stifle, or subdue. Be this as it may, the death of Henry was one of the most fatal wounds ever inflicted on the peace and happiness of France—which then became the victim of a weak and turbulent regency. Then was accomplished the mournful prediction often uttered by this great man, in the bitterness and anguish of his soul. The people felt what they had lost, and felt that the loss was irreparable; and an impression of deep, but too tardy, regret succeeded those sentiments of distrust, and even of aversion, which a spirit of party had infused into the multitude.

Henry had his faults—and these were of such magnitude, that they required the assemblage of so many amiable qualities, to afford an excuse for them. The number of his mistresses, and of his natural children, was truly scandalous; and his passion for the sex, and for play, often occasioned him to commit actions which would have dishonoured an ordinary man. But he never closed his ears to the language of reason or friendship; and he was more than once heard to assert, that he would rather possess one Sully (a name become inseparable from his own) than ten women, however striking their beauty, or brilliant their accomplishments.





Painted by Vandyck.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1807.

INIGO JONES.

INIGO JONES, a famous architect, was born in London, in 1572, and rendered himself as celebrated in England as Palladio in Italy. Between the talents of these great men there was much similarity. His style of architecture being after the Italian model, they were often compared to each other. For this reason he was called the Palladio of England: an eulogium which does not appear exaggerated.

He was brought up a carpenter; but having attracted the notice of the Earl of Pembroke, he was sent by the liberality of that nobleman into Italy, where he acquired his knowledge of architecture. Having travelled from thence through France, Flanders, and Germany, both as a painter and an amateur, he obtained such reputation that Christian IV. King of Denmark, was desirous of employing him as his architect: but the local attachment so inherent in all minds, fixed him in England. He was patronized by James I. who gave him an appointment, and shortly after he was chosen to repair St. Paul's cathedral. He was also appointed manager of the masques and interludes at court; in which situation, having excited the anger of Jonson, he was ridiculed by that satirical writer in one of his comedies, under the name of Lantern Leatherhead. He made a second journey into Italy, and brought from thence that refined taste in decoration, modelled after the productions of Palladio, and had the advantage of executing projects of a greater extent than the Casinos, with which the Italian architect had enriched the borders of the Brenta, and all the adjacent country.

Such was the disinterestedness of Inigo Jones, that he relinquished the emoluments of his place as the king's architect by way of contribution on his part towards the extinction of the national debt; which noble example, originating in an artist of distinction, having been followed by the greater number of the nobility, the finances were soon re-established on a good footing. Attached from sentiment to Charles I. and desirous of sharing his misfortunes and his disgrace, Inigo Jones suffered considerably during the rebellion. His grief for the calamities of his beloved master greatly injured his health; and though, on the restoration of Charles II. he was replaced in all his functions, he no longer found in his genius those resources which had rendered him for many reasons so illustrious.

The banqueting-house at Whitehall formed but part of the immense plan that he had designed, as is manifest in his works: this grand conception is alone sufficient to place him in the first rank of his profession. The late elegant church of St. Paul, Covent Garden, was also the work of Inigo Jones. Among his other works may be enumerated the door and the staircase of York House, and the noble house of the Earl of Pembroke at Wilton, executed after his designs by Webb.

This learned architect led his countrymen to the study of design, too much neglected at that time in England, gave the inhabitants of London a knowledge of the decoration and machinery of the theatre, and contributed to the creation of successors in architecture, by the remarks and intelligent notes with which he enriched the edition of Palladio, published in England by James Leoni.

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George Cooke fecit.

London, Published by Vernon, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1807.

JULIAN.

THERE are few princes whose character has occasioned a greater diversity of opinion than the Emperor Julian, surnamed the Apostate. By some he is admired to excess; by others, severely censured; and our modern writers, as well as those of his own time, seem actuated by the same spirit, and have spoken of him with similar prejudice. But, after an attentive perusal of the Life of this Prince, endowed with the most extraordinary and opposite qualities, and whose disposition seems to have combined an assemblage of the most contradictory elements, we are not surprised that it should have furnished those who had so many reasons either to love or hate him, such abundant cause for censure or for praise.

He was the younger son of Constantius, the brother of Constantine the great. His mother was Basilina, who died a few months after his birth, at Constantinople, in the year 331. At the age of seven, he, with his half-brother Gallus, escaped the slaughter of his family and friends, which followed the death of his uncle. Placed under the care of a virtuous governor, whose only object was to inculcate the most generous sentiments, and the utmost severity of manners; they were afterwards surrounded by pedants, who soon vitiated the happy nature

of Julian. Astonished at his rapid progress in science, they spoke with ecstasy of his promising talents, and would say, *we can teach him nothing more*. By this flattery they sowed the seeds of that excessive vanity and obstinacy which were his peculiar defects. They were increased by the more delicate praises of the learned men and philosophers, whom he frequented at Athens and Constantinople, and who encouraged in him a spirit of inquiry which invaded every thing hitherto held most sacred among mankind. Submitting, however, to the orders of Constantius, he ostensibly practised Christianity; but in secret he studied the absurd tenets of the Magi. As a disciple of Gregory Naziensis, and Basil, under whom he had studied eloquence at Athens, he affected to venerate the religion which they professed, and which he intended one day to destroy. An enthusiast of Homer, and an admirer of Plato, affecting the utmost negligence in his dress, he was little desirous of exterior consideration.

On a sudden he was elevated to the dignity of Cæsar, by Constans, who had recently deposed and murdered Gallus, and was sent into Gaul, as into a sort of honourable banishment. Though nominally invested with the supreme authority, he found himself without troops, and without money, surrounded by spies, and with only the shadow of command; but his active genius surmounted every obstacle—he formed an army, inspected its discipline, and acquired its confidence. He passed the Rhine and repulsed the Germans. To the military talents of Cæsar, he united the virtues of Titus and Marcus Aurelius. He encouraged agriculture and commerce: under his government population increased, the arts flourished, the laws were restored, and the people eased of the taxes which had been imposed on them.

He divided his time between the duties of a general and the studies of philosophy, oratory, and poetry. He was sober, just, and temperate; he slept on a skin; never assisted at any games or spectacles; displayed the utmost austerity of manners, and soon acquired the love and esteem of the inhabitants, and the most absolute devotion on the part of the army. Constans, in the mean time, was experiencing repeated defeats, in the east, from the Persians. Uneasy, and jealous of the success of Julian, he wished to withdraw from him the best part of his troops, but they revolted and proclaimed Julian emperor. This great event took place in the vicinity of Paris. Julian had shewn great partiality to that city, and erected a palace, of which some traces may yet be seen. Having now divested himself of every remaining scruple, he marched against Constans who was hastening to meet him, when death interrupted the career of Constans, and compelled him to resign the empire to his more fortunate competitor, A. D. 361. Julian then disclosed his religious sentiments, and offered solemn sacrifices to all the gods of ancient Rome. This change of religious principles was attributed to the austerity with which he received the precepts of Christianity; or, according to others, to the literary conversation and persuasive eloquence of some of the Athenian philosophers. From this circumstance, therefore, Julian has been called the *Apostate*. The supreme authority once obtained, proved to be the rock upon which all the virtues of Julian split. His conduct, from that period of his elevation, was a mixture of wisdom and folly—of sublimity and extravagance—and evidently shewed that philosophy in him was rather a pretext than a real inclination; that he was attached to it more from system than sentiment, and that the simplicity he affected, was confined to outward appearance, and formed no part of his character.

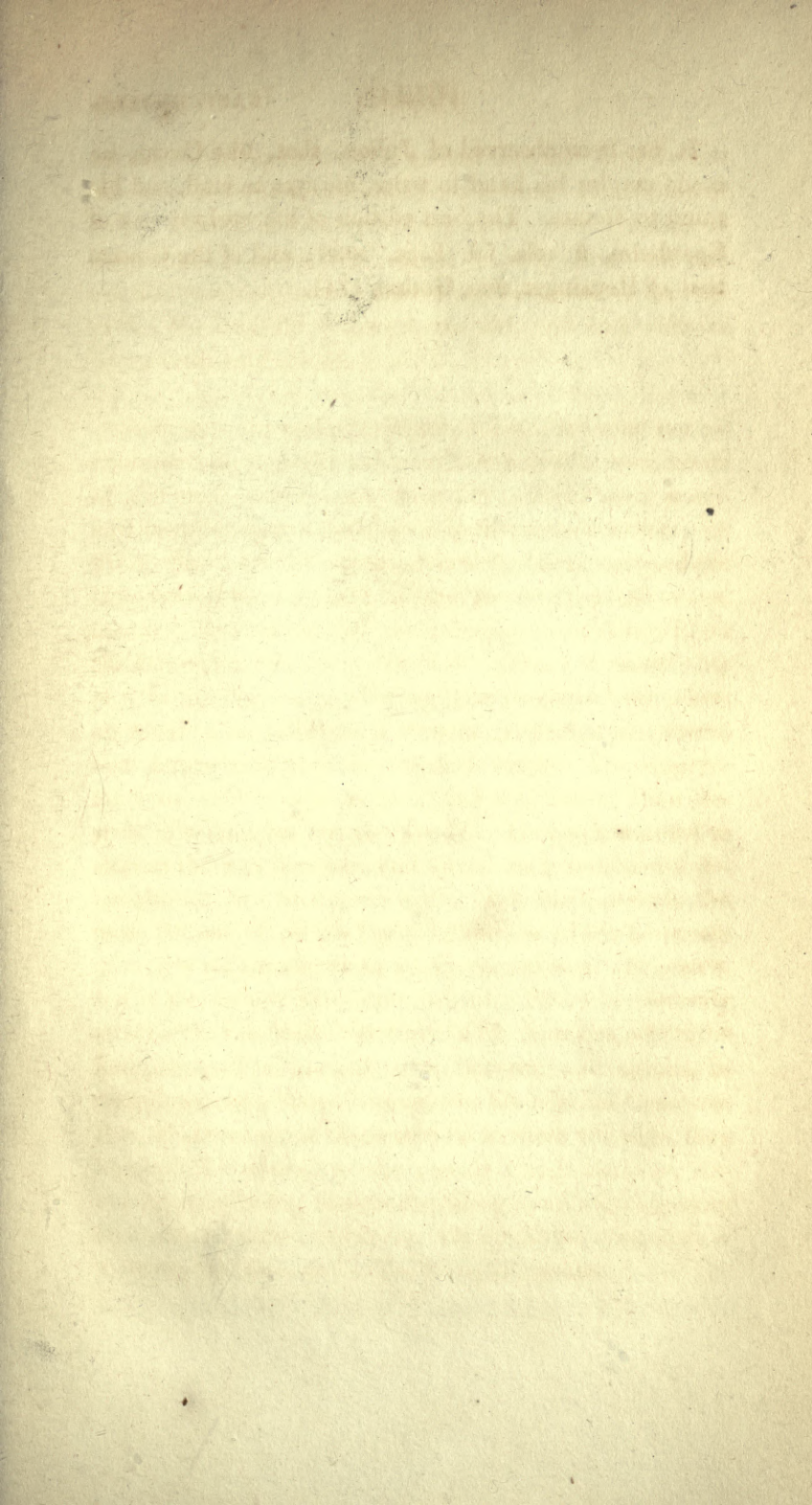
He began by the formation of a chamber of justice, under the pretence of punishing the guilty ministers of Constantius ; but, in reality, to avenge the insults he had received from them. He indiscriminately confounded the innocent with the real offenders. He established a severe reform among the officers of the court, reduced the taxes, and materially diminished the public expenditure ; but he destroyed all the good effects of these wise operations, by assembling at his palace, at an enormous charge, a crowd of sophists, astrologers, and sooth-sayers, with whom he chiefly passed his time in celebrating sacrifices, at an immense expense to the state. He at first rendered himself worthy of the highest praise, by his impartiality and his liberal toleration of every sect, but he soon displayed the most inveterate hatred against the Christians. He affected to consign them to contempt, under the denomination of *Galileans*, and yet he so much admired them, that he imitated them in many instances, and proposed them as examples to the heathen pontiffs. He professed to employ against them only the arms of ridicule and the superior ascendancy of philosophy, and abandoned them to the vexatious impositions of his governors ; he prevented their aspiring to any public station, and even forbade them either to study themselves, or instruct others in the sciences.

We have not room to detail the many instances of his imprudent conduct. Having aspired to the title of a philosopher, he was desirous of the reputation of a conqueror. At the head of a numerous army, he attacked the Persians, with whom the empire was at peace ; but in affecting the style of Alexander, he seemed guided only by a blind and infatuated fury. After dragging his legions through countries where they were exposed to the greatest dangers, he was at length struck by an

arrow, which occasioned a mortal wound. In his last moments his courage did not forsake him. He addressed to his friends a discourse, such as the most virtuous of men, and of sovereigns, might have pronounced, and expired without having named any successor to the empire. He was thirty-two years old, and had reigned seven years and a half.

Such was the end of a prince, who, if he were not already sufficiently remarkable in the annals of history, as one of the most extraordinary men that ever existed, would still have been considered as a distinguished writer. Of his works, there are extant several that have engaged the attention of the learned ; among the rest the *Misopogon*, a satire, directed against the inhabitants of Antioch, on the following account. When he passed through that city in his Persian expedition, the people of the place, offended at his religious sentiments, ridiculed his person, and lampooned him in satirical verses. The emperor made use of the same arms of defence, rather than destroy his enemies by the sword. He condescended to expose them to derision, and unveil their follies and debaucheries in a humorous work. But his *Cæsars* is the most famous of all his compositions, in which he passes in review all the emperors who preceded him. It is written in the form of a dialogue, in which the author severely attacks the venerable character of M. Aurelius, whom he had proposed to himself as a pattern, and speaks, in scurrilous and abusive language of his relation Constans. But, whatever merit there may be in these writings, they have all the defects of the age in which he lived, unmeaning quibbles, useless antitheses, and a declamatory style, often carried to excess ; the infallible symptoms of a corrupted taste, and of declining literature.

It has been observed of Julian, that, like Cæsar, he could employ his hand to write, his eyes to read, and his mind to dictate. The best edition of his works is that of Spanheim, 2 vols. fol. Lips, 1696; and of the Cæsars that of Heusinger, 8vo. Gothæ, 1741.





Painted by Raphael.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published 1788, by Wm. Wood & Sharpe, Printers.

LEO X.

JOHN DE MEDICI, the second son of Lorenzo, was a Cardinal at thirteen, and Pope at the early age of thirty-six. He assumed the name of Leo X, and died in 1521, when only forty-four. In the short space of eight years, he had the glory, like Augustus, of giving his name to the age in which he lived, by the splendid encouragement which he bestowed on Letters and the Arts.

In his character as a Pontiff, he was not remarkable for the strictness of his piety, or the severity of his morals; but his liberal and enlightened taste gave lustre to his name, his reign, and to Italy itself.

His predecessor, Julius II. was of a character still less apostolical; but the worldly qualities of Leo are certainly less reprehensible than the military enthusiasm, and ridiculous pretensions of a man, who, born the son of a miller, disputed the palm of ambition with Charles V, Louis XII, and the Republic of Venice; who either contended with, or made war in person, against those high powers, for the conquest of provinces and cities; and who, at the age of seventy, exchanged the Tiara for the helmet, and ostentatiously marched into towns, the siege of which he had himself directed.

A young man of the house of Medici, ascending the pontifical throne with all the elegant pursuits of his family, and those habits of magnificence and luxury in

which he had been educated, does not certainly appear, at first sight, a worthy successor to the chair of St. Peter. But that luxury and splendour in which he indulged, might be considered as only temporal qualifications in a pope, and as not injuring his spiritual character, and we have seen, that in Leo, they admit of some palliation. Before we reproach him with inconsistency of conduct, we cannot but be struck with the conviction, that to him, Europe was indebted for its deliverance from barbarism and darkness. In this respect, posterity has admired and respected him. In this point of view Leo X. may be considered as a benefactor to the human race, and as a model that has not been surpassed by the greatest monarchs, in that splendid career which he himself began.

But the pontificate of Leo presents another, and a more interesting feature in the page of history:—He created, or rather he only witnessed, the first dawn of Lutheranism; of that stupendous revolution in the christian world, the commencement of which bore so little proportion to its important result. The monstrous depravity of Alexander VI. his sons, and his court, their crimes and debaucheries, most assuredly had greater influence in the formation of that tremendous schism, of which Luther was only the tool, and the sale of indulgences merely the pretext, than any imprudence that can be ascribed to Leo. The ambition of the two preceding Popes, their encroachments on the neighbouring sovereigns, and that fatal degeneracy, or rather absolute want of morals, which their example encouraged in every rank of the clergy, gave the greatest offence to the people, and were alone sufficient to place the church in one of those critical positions, where the slightest circumstance will often produce the most serious consequences. —A young pope immersed in luxury, and engaged only

in the voluptuous pursuits of arts little consistent with the primitive severity of the Christian system, was not calculated to restore to the church its influence or its power. Though by nature mild and humane, he had been compelled to deliver up to justice two cardinals, convicted of having formed a conspiracy against his life. They had been put to the torture, condemned to death, and one of them hanged in prison. To repair this breach in the sacred college, which consisted, at that time, of only twenty-four cardinals, Leo nominated thirty-one at one creation; most of them men of soft and amiable manners, and, like him, possessing greater attachment to Letters, the Arts and to their pleasures, than zeal for religion. Whatever, therefore, they added to the brilliancy of his court, they contributed little to the strengthening of his apostolical authority.

The papal treasury was unequal to the expenditure—100,000 golden crowns had been wasted in the ceremony of the coronation alone. Leo besides evinced a lively interest in the construction of the church of St. Peter, which had been begun by Julius II. In the completion of this magnificent pile, he permitted the sale of indulgences for the remission of sins. For this purpose, offices were established in all catholic countries, and the revenues arising from this traffic, were subjected to the same regulations as the customs. The Dominicans received, or probably purchased, the privilege of opening this mine of wealth, and of enforcing its operation by their sermons. But the monks of St. Augustine, who originally possessed it, were incensed at having lost it, and Luther, a monk of that order, was chosen by his superiors, to attack the Dominicans of Saxony.

The war commenced with these monastic champions—

the field of battle was the pulpit. From personal invectives and arguments which only applied to the two orders, they proceeded to examine the thing itself; a subject which afforded more ample matter for observation. The disorders of the church, its very dogmas and institutes, were scrutinized, and became an object of serious doubt and mistrust. Leo X. excommunicated Luther, and his doctrines; the Elector, whose subject he was, received him under his protection; but his protector and his proselyte were anathematized, and thus a trifling contention between two religious orders grew into a flame, which involved Europe in its havoc, destroyed a great part of the papal jurisdiction, and, perhaps, left embers within its bosom which yet threaten its very existence.

The indulgences began to be preached and sold in 1517, and in the following year, Leo first launched the thunders of the church against Luther, and his tenets. He died Dec. 1st, 1521, of joy, as related by some, at the disasters experienced by the French: or, according to others, of poison, in some wine, presented to him by the Marquis de Malespina, his chamberlain.

No motive whatever has been alleged that could authorize this crime. The first attempt against the life of Leo, by the two cardinals, was in revenge for his having seized the Dutchy of Urbino, possessed by La Rovera, the nephew of Julius II. in order to give it to Lorenzo, de Medici, his own relation. Julius had, in like manner, possessed himself of it to the prejudice of Cæsar Borgia, the son of Alexander VI. who, by the same system of violence, had conquered it, by force of arms, from its original and lawful owners.



N. pinx.

G. Cooke sc.

London, Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1807.

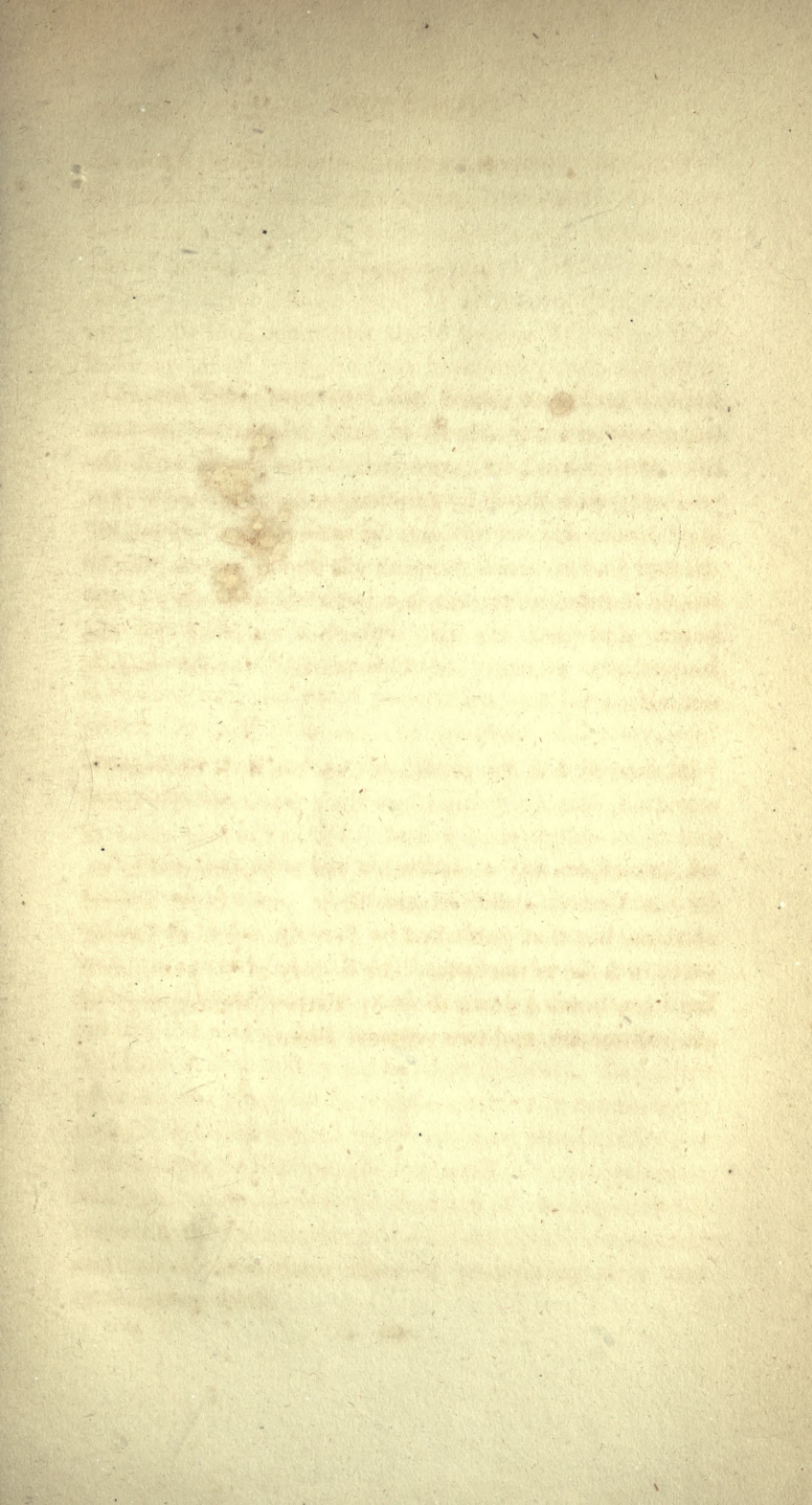
SAINT LEO.

SAINT LEO, surnamed the Great, according to some authors, received his birth in Rome, while others maintain that he was born in Tuscany. Of the occurrences of his youth, we have no particulars. He was employed by the popes St. Celestinus I. and Sixtus III. when only deacon, in matters of the greatest intricacy and importance; and, upon the demise of the latter, exalted to the pontificate the 1st Sept. 440. His election was approved of, and celebrated by the Romans, whom he never ceased to inspire with the most profound admiration. He repelled, by his firmness, the progress of heresy, and brought over many to his faith, by his impassioned exhortations.

A little time after his accession to the popedom, he discovered the secret infamy of the Manichees, and consigned to the secular arm such as he could not convert. He destroyed in Italy the remainder of the Pelagians and Priscellianites, and displayed the same zeal against the sect of Eutychians; whose principles in 449, had been sanctioned by a council at Ephesus. Two years after this, the Emperor Marcian assembled an oecumenical council at Caledonia, to which St. Leo sent four legates with a letter to Flavian, the Patriarch of Constantinople, which, as it developed the doctrine of the church with respect to the Incarnation, met with considerable applause, and had the immediate effect of proscribing error and establishing truth.

While this business was passing in the East, Attila ravaged the West, with uncontrollable fury, and advanced towards the walls of Rome, which he had sworn to reduce to ashes. Being commissioned by the Emperor Valentinian to propose terms of peace to this terrific warrior, St. Leo, by the majesty of his demeanor, and the power of his eloquence, produced such an effect on the mind of Attila, that he abstained from his meditated conquest, impressed with sentiments of great respect for the pontiff. But in his conference with Genseric, who, in the year 455, took Rome by surprise, and abandoned it during fourteen days to pillage, he was not so successful. All that St. Leo could obtain of this barbarian was, that he should neither fire the city nor put the inhabitants to the sword, and that the two churches enriched by the magnificent presents of Constantine should remain untouched.

St. Leo died in the month of October, 461, universally regretted, leaving behind him the reputation of a saint, and of an enlightened pontiff. He is the first pope of whom we have any considerable works transmitted to us. Of his Letters and Sermons there have been several editions, but that published by Pere Quensel, at Lyons, 1700, in folio, is the best. The history of his pontificate has been handed down to us by Father Maimbourg, in one volume 4to. and two volumes 12mo.





N. pinx.

G. Cooke sc.

London, Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 287

MACHIAVELLI.

THERE are some men, whose character and exploits have been consecrated by the blind and undistinguishing enthusiasm of ages ;—there are others, whose memories have been pursued with the same ridiculous and unmeaning prejudice. Few names have been more generally consigned to public abhorrence than that of Machiavelli. Sejanus and Tigellinus, of old, appear only the temporary agents of that tyranny of which he was the perpetual adviser and defender. But on what is this prejudice founded?—on the misapprehension and misinterpretation of his works. Bacon, so capable of appreciating them, considered him as the friend of mankind :—and Rousseau, who saw in Grotius only the stipendiary of Louis XIII. the man by whom truth was sacrificed for a pension, has described Machiavelli as the generous assertor of freedom and independence. His commentaries on the first Decade of Livy discover great powers of imagination and judgment—the train of events supplies him with reflections which had escaped the historian of Rome, who is, in general, more elegant and descriptive than judicious or profound ; and in his enthusiastic admiration of the grandeur of his country, considers it more as the work of the gods than of the prudence and wisdom of men. But the attention of Machiavelli, in this work, is not exclusively engaged by the Roman Republic ; in frequent philosophical excursions to the Republics of Greece, he comments on their history with admirable sagacity. His views, as a politician, are always subservient to those of

his patriotism and zeal; and he is incessantly occupied in directing the attention, and inviting the concurrence of his countrymen, to a form of government more permanent and stable, than that enjoyed by the Florentines. It is true, that he seldom omits an opportunity of censuring or exposing the modern sovereigns of Rome. It was surely pardonable in a citizen of Florence to dislike those haughty and ambitious priests, whose insidious policy was the fertile source of all the calamities which had oppressed, and threatened to overwhelm, his native city. To his daring observations and bitter sarcasms on the court of Rome, he was, no doubt, indebted for that sanguinary and mysterious veil by which his reputation and his name have been so long obscured, and which the steady penetration and more enlightened observation of philosophy alone have been able to remove.

His History of Florence is a master-piece, when we consider the regularity of its plan, the correct delineation of its characters, and the energy and beauty of its numerous harangues. We see no reason why the historian of a free state, and to whom nature has imparted the gift of eloquence, should deprive himself of the great effect produced by these speeches. We take delight in hearing those whose exploits are represented to us; and a great character is never so interesting as when the skilful historian, by a happy deception, gives the sentiments of his hero with a probability and truth which make us forget the interference of the writer. Machiavelli, in some of his harangues, has all the energy of Sallust: and the violent seditious speech of Michael Londo is not inferior to those of Catiline or Marius.

Patriotism, the moving principle of all his works, also made him undertake his 'Art of War.' In this, he re-

minded his countrymen, that the ancient Romans had acquired all their grandeur and glory by the excellent discipline and formation of their armies; and endeavoured to convince them, that modern Italy owed all its calamities to those mercenary bands, to whom it confided its protection—to those stipendiary troops, who, having neither a sense of honour, nor the love of country to animate them, were the most destructive foes of the people they were hired to defend. He was desirous that his native air, once the classic ground of valour and military virtue, should again produce legions of brave and active citizens, who, warmed by the recollection of former ages, and glowing with the sentiments of liberty and glory, should alone assume the task of delivering their country from its foreign and domestic usurpers.

But it is the book, entitled *the Prince*, which has most exposed Machiavelli to the censure and obloquy of his cotemporaries and posterity. If considered chiefly in its literal sense, it is certainly not easy to justify this singular production. The most abominable maxims of tyranny are openly avowed and recommended: but by displaying all the possible engines of tyranny, he probably intended to deprive it of many of its resources. The horrible picture drawn of Cæsar Borgia, so far from being useful to those who might wish to imitate that monster of perfidy and depravity, was more likely to deter them, by the exposure of the odious means by which absolute sovereignty is attained, and thus instructing the people how to resist every attempt to enslave them. Do we accuse the officers of an ingenious and well-conducted police of being in league with robbers, when they are compelled to have recourse to the same means for their detection which the robbers themselves have used in the spoliation of others? Vice is seldom dangerous, when

drawn in all its native grossness and deformity; it is when disguised under the appearance of decency, that it undermines the morals, and circulates the venom of corruption in the veins of unsuspecting youth. Frederic of Prussia who, to the military talents of Alexander, wished to add the philosophical fame of Plato, composed a refutation of Machiavelli's work; a refutation which the philosophers of his time publicly praised as a master-piece, but which they tacitly condemned as a composition, in which candour and good faith are alike disregarded. But the refutation is forgotten, while the work it professed to refute, will exist for ever.

It must be confessed, that the bent of Machiavelli's genius led him to a deep admiration of aspiring characters, and of extraordinary personages. A man of talent, however criminal or depraved, had greater claims to his esteem than the most honourable, if destitute of abilities. This is an opinion, which may be collected from a perusal of his works, and which we are far from attempting to justify. It was probably this mode of thinking which induced him to write the life of the adventurer Castruccio Castracani, who, in the fourteenth century, had made himself master of Lucca, Pistoia, and Pisa; and would probably have subdued Florence itself, had he not died in the midst of his career. Machiavelli has described him as a hero, and as an enlightened man, in whose mouth he has placed sentences and apothegms worthy the sages of Plutarch. The great worth of Castruccio, in the eyes of Machiavelli, was his having been the enemy of the Popes, and meriting the honour of being excommunicated by John XXII.

Machiavelli, as a relaxation from severer study, cultivated poetry and the drama. He composed several tales,

epigrams, and comedies. They discover imagination, facility of composition, and a pleasing style; but the eye of modesty is too frequently offended. The *Golden Ass* is an imitation from Lucian and Apuleius: his *Belphegor* has been imitated and excelled by La Fontaine. His comedies are, the *Mandragora* and *Clitia*, taken from the *Casina* of Plautus. They were considered the best comedies of the age; not from the regularity of their plots, but the uncommon elegance of the style. He also excelled in representing the principal characters of these pieces, being possessed, according to Varillas, of great mimic powers.

We shall add a few details of his life. He was born of a good family, at Florence, in 1469, and died in extreme poverty, in June, 1527. He was, during many years, secretary to the Republic; a delicate function in so unsettled a government, and among people whose confidence was easily gained, and as speedily lost. He appears to have possessed considerable talents for negociation, by the important embassies in which he was engaged in Germany, France, Switzerland, and the different states of Italy. By the return of the Medici from their exile, he lost his situation and his credit. He was accused of having conspired against that Sovereign House, and was put to the torture; but nothing could be extorted from him; a proof, however, rather of his firmness than of his innocence. But he escaped any further prosecution, and passed the remainder of his life in study and obscurity. He had been desired by his physician to take a certain quantity of opium, but having unfortunately swallowed too large a dose, he accelerated his death. He died just before the terrible explosion occasioned by the revolt of the Florentines against the authority of Clement VII. and was happy in escaping the disasters of his

native city—in which, as an enemy of the Medici, he would probably have been implicated. He had some partizans at Florence, but a far greater number of enemies, whom he offended by too great a display of his mental superiority, and the sarcastic severity of his character, which he never attempted to moderate.

Machiavelli enjoyed but little glory in his lifetime, and was, in this instance, less happy than the other great writers of his age. It was long before his merit was appreciated, or even known, in other parts of Europe. It is true, that from the nature of most of his works, he could not obtain so many readers as Ariosto and Tasso. We may remark, as somewhat singular, that though the celebrated Montesquieu, in his grandeur and decline of the Romans, went over the same ground already trodden by the illustrious Florentine, he does not once quote him. This could not be attributed to jealousy. Montesquieu was superior to such a petty artifice; and has proved it by the praises bestowed on Machiavelli in the *Spirit of Laws*. Diderot notices an absurd assertion, attributed to Machiavelli without sufficient authority,—*that he would rather be in hell with Socrates, Brutus, and Cæsar, than in heaven with the founders of christianity*. It was not likely that Machiavelli should wish to be in company with Cæsar, whom, in his writings, he appears so little to esteem: nor would any man of his undoubted sense and discrimination, abstracted from any principle of religion, have affected to despise a worship founded on the broad and inestimable basis of virtue and purity. But atheism, as well as religion, has its fanatics, and Diderot was one, notwithstanding his genius and his talents.



Engraved by Bertini.

Engraved by E. Gode.

London: Published by Wm. Wood, 10, St. George, Alley; 1807.

MAHOMET II.

MAHOMET THE SECOND, the eleventh Emperor of the Turks, surnamed the Great, was born at Adrianople, the 24th March, 1430, and succeeded his father Amurath II. in 1451. It was under his reign that the Turkish Empire, in Europe, raised itself upon the ruin of the Greek.

Scarcely more than 150 years had elapsed, when Ottoman, or Othman, who, from the rank of a common soldier, became general of a Sultan of Iconium, and laid the foundation of the grandeur of his house. He possessed himself of a part of Bithynia, and of Cappadocia. His son Orchan added to these acquisitions, Mysia, Caria, and all the provinces that extend towards the Hellespont. Amurath I. afterwards subdued the whole of Asia Minor, passed the Bosphorus, in 1355, with some Genoese vessels, and took Adrianople, the second city in the empire, where he fixed his residence. Bajazet I. surnamed the *Thunderbolt*, overran Thessalonica, Macedonia and Bulgaria; and commenced the siege of Constantinople, in 1393. The empire of the latter, at this epoch, would have disappeared, if Bajazet, who was compelled to fly into Asia to repel the arms of Tamerlane, had not been beaten on the plains of Angora. By this reverse of fortune, the Ottomans were unable to resist the power of the conqueror. In 1429, Amurath II. the grandson of Bajazet, resumed the projects of his ancestor, and having been successful in Asia, crossed the Hellespont, pos-

sessed himself of Thessalonia, poured his troops into every part of the Grecian empire; destroyed, in 1444, the Christian army in Hungary; gave an emperor to Constantinople in 1448; and seated himself in his new dominions, no less by his virtues than his talents. From this race of warriors, so memorable for their exploits, sprang Mahomet II. who, in conquests and in bravery, surpassed his predecessors.

Mahomet, during the reign of his father, was twice called to the throne, but he resigned it without opposition in favour of the person from whom he received it. This is a remarkable occurrence in the life of a man, whose ambition and desire of conquest were extreme. In 1451, he a third time resumed the sceptre, which he resolved to maintain during life.—His first object was to possess himself of Constantinople. Amurath, faithful to his promises, had, with much magnanimity, disdained or deferred this easy conquest; his successor was more daring and less scrupulous. In the month of April, 1453, Constantinople having been invested by Mahomet with 300,000 men, and by a considerable fleet, was carried by assault on the 29th of May following. Constantine Dragaces, the last Greek emperor, contended against his unhappy destiny with the courage of a hero. Betrayed by his subjects, abandoned by Europe, he perished sword in hand, on that memorable day which eclipsed at once the liberty of the Greeks, the name of the Cæsars, and the glory of an empire, which had subsisted for fifteen centuries. During the pillage of the city and all its attendant horrors, a Bacha conducted to Mahomet a young princess, named Irene, whom her innocence and beauty had saved from the general carnage. On seeing the destroyer of her country, she burst into tears, and fell at his feet. Her youth, her an-

guish, and her tears augmented her attractions. Mahomet, for a moment, contemplated her beauty, dragged the victim to his palace, and for three days delivered himself to the gratification of his brutal passion. His jannissaries, indignant at his conduct, began to murmur; a vizier ventured even to reproach his sensuality. Mahomet immediately ordered his captive to be brought before him, and, in the presence of his officers, severed her head from her body, saying—"It is thus that Mahomet releases himself from love." Three days afterwards he made his triumphal entry into the city, distributed rewards to the conquerors, and his treasure among the vanquished.

Mahomet had the policy to leave his new subjects in the free exercise of their religion, and installed himself a patriarch. Constantinople now became the capital of his empire, was the central point from which he carried his victorious arms into neighbouring countries. Epirus for a time resisted his efforts, but, in the end was overcome; and after the death of Huniades, he established himself on the borders of the Danube. He then subdued Greece and the Peloponesus; finished the destruction of the Grecian empire by seizing upon Trebezonde, and its dependencies; and rendered himself master of Caffa, the ancient Theodoria. Venice having defied his power, he made a vow to exterminate the Christians; and having heard of the marriage ceremony of the Doge of Venice with the Adriatic, he exclaimed—"He would soon send him to the bottom of that sea to consummate the marriage." He immediately attacked Negroponte, reduced Zante, Cephalonia and almost all the Islands in the Archipelago: hastened to Trieste;—possessed himself of Venice, took and devastated Otranto, and

established the Ottoman empire in the heart of Calabria, from whence he menaced the rest of Italy.

During thirty-one years, the course of his reign, Mahomet II. marched from conquest to conquest. He subdued two empires, twelve kingdoms, and two hundred cities, experiencing no resistance from the Christian princes, who did not unite to oppose so formidable an enemy. The history of this great prince still exhibits a striking instance of the folly of an attempt to invade and gain possession of a country, however small, when the inhabitants of it are true to themselves, are well united, and have good generals. Scanderbeg, the hero of Epirus, defended his country for many years, against the whole force of the Ottoman empire, and compelled Mahomet to make a peace with him, which took place in 1461, after a war of several years. On its conclusion, the Turkish emperor requested him, as a favour, to send him his scymetar; with this desire, Scanderbeg, who was a man of great strength, and had mowed down whole legions with the weapon, instantly complied. Mahomet soon returned the instrument, which had done so much execution in the hands of the Albanian hero, adding, "That though he had sent him his scymetar, he had not sent him the arm which wielded it*." The celebrated Huniades, governor of Hungary, had also, for some time the glory of stemming this destructive torrent. The Venetians, then a powerful nation, made some imbecile efforts for their security; but the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, headed by the brave Peter d' Aubus-

* When Mahomet heard of the death of Scanderbeg, he exclaimed, in a transport of joy.—"What can now prevent me from completing the destruction of the Christians?—They have lost their sword and their shield."

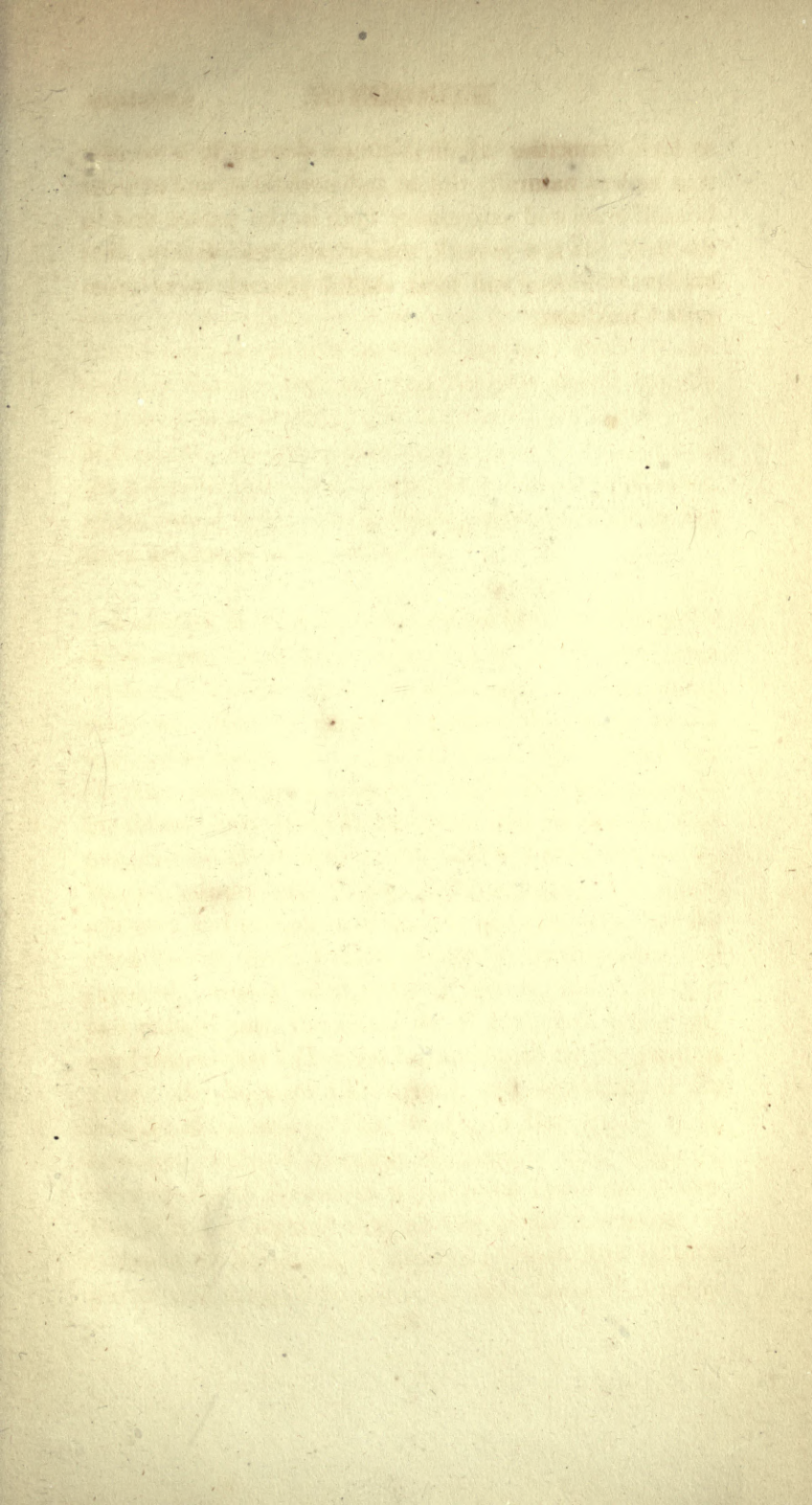
son, their grand master, covered themselves with glory by the defence of Rhodes.

From this siege the infidels were compelled to retire with the loss of 10,000 men. Mahomet, irritated at this defeat, put his troops in preparation to repair their losses. He threatened, at this moment, not only the east and south of Europe, but Asia and Africa:—Death happily stopped him in his career, at Nicomedia, on the third of May, 1481. He ordered these words to be engraved on his tomb:—"I proposed to myself the conquest of Rhodes, and of Proud Italy."—with a view, probably, of indicating these conquests to his successors.

Mahomet II. was far from approaching to Alexander or to Cæsar; but however distant he might be from these celebrated men, he occupies a distinguished place among those who have rendered themselves illustrious by ravaging the earth. He possessed remarkable talents for his time, and more information than the major part of his cotemporary princes; he spoke several modern languages with great facility; understood Greek and Latin; was acquainted with History and Geography; cultivated Letters; and protected artists and learned men. He invited Bellini, from Venice, whom he recompensed and caressed. Gifted with military talents, brave, liberal, and enlightened, the character of Mahomet might attract admiration had it not been debased by the greatest vices. He despised all religions, and denominated the founder of his own—"The chief of a Banditti." It is, however, doubted whether his ferocity and barbarity were carried to the extent which some historians assert. But, if it be disputed that he ripped up the bodies of fourteen of his pages, to ascertain which had eaten a melon, and decapitated Irene, to shew himself superior

to love, (atrocities which Voltaire denies) it is certain that he was naturally violent and perfidious, and evinced himself cruel and sanguinary both in the palace and in the field. It is a remark, somewhat extraordinary, that his best ministers and most skilful generals were renegade Christians.

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Painted by Göttert.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published by Verner, Hood & Sharpe, Roultry; 1807.

MADAME DE MAINTENON.

FRANCES D'AUBIGNE, Marchioness Maintenon, was the daughter of Constantius d'Aubigne, and of Anne de Cardillac; and grand-daughter of the celebrated Theodore-Agrippa d'Aubigne. This illustrious woman, whose life was a series of the most singular vicissitudes of fortune, began it under very unfavourable auspices. She was born on the 27th of Nov. 1635, in a prison at Niort, where her father was confined for debt. When only three years old, she accompanied him to America, where she had nearly been destroyed by a serpent, in consequence of the neglect of a servant, who left her a considerable time exposed on the sea shore. At twelve years of age she returned an orphan to France, and was received into the house of M. de Neuillant, her relation, who treated her with so much harshness and severity, that, to escape from her tyranny, she gladly accepted the offer of marriage made to her by the abbé Scarron. That eccentric poet, who lodged near her in the Rue d'Enfer, and was a witness to the ill-treatment she daily experienced, proposed either to defray the expenses of a convent, if she chose to embrace a religious life; or, if disposed to marry, made a tender of his hand. M.^{lle} d'Aubigne, who was then only sixteen, and extremely beautiful and accomplished, consented to this singular and disproportioned union.

Scarron was a man of small fortune, and, at that time, in the last stage of infirmity. But his family was

ancient, and dignified by many honourable alliances. His house was the rendezvous of all the amiable and distinguished personages both of the court and city. All were happy to see and converse with a man, who, as a poet and a burlesque writer, enjoyed the utmost celebrity, and whose conversation, though he seldom obtained a respite from disease and pain, was always lively, pleasing, and witty. M.^e d'Aubigne was his friend and his confidant. Her talents for conversation, her cultivated mind, and, above all, her modesty and virtue, soon acquired her the love and esteem of a numerous society of friends and admirers. By her own confession, she was happier in this comparatively humble state, than in the splendid but irksome station which she afterwards filled. But the death of Scarron, in 1660, again plunged her into the misery from which his generous humanity had relieved her. The pension which her husband had long enjoyed, under the whimsical title of *Malade de la Reine*, was no longer paid. Notwithstanding her distress, she refused to marry a nobleman who solicited her hand—but whose rank and fortune were not sufficient, in her opinion, to counterbalance the vices of his character and the perverseness of his temper. This refusal was censured by some of her friends; but the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos, who knew and respected her excellent character declared, she was worth all the Marquesses of France. The friends of M. Scarron then presented memorials to the King and Cardinal Mazarin—but in vain. Disconcerted at this ill success, she had determined to leave France—but a fortunate occurrence prevented the execution of this design. A Princess of Portugal, who had received her education in Paris, had written from Lisbon to the Portuguese Ambassador, to seek a lady of respectability and talent to superintend the education of her children. M.^e Scarron was mentioned to him, and she accepted the

proposal; but, previous to her departure, she waited on Madame de Montespan, then the all-powerful mistress of Louis XIV. who, flattered by this mark of respect, and pleased with her conversation, persuaded her not to leave France; and, the more effectually to render it unnecessary, promised herself to present a petition to the king in her favour. The monarch, who had been frequently urged to the same effect by others, exclaimed, "What! the widow Scarron again! shall I never hear of any thing else?" But Louis was not accustomed to refuse the requests of so charming a mediatrix—the pension was therefore granted, and the journey to Portugal prevented. When M.^e Scarron went to court, as was usually the case upon every favour bestowed by the king, he is reported to have said to her, "Madame, I have kept you long in suspense—but you have so many friends, that I was determined to have, myself, all the merit of this grant."

The fortune of M.^e Scarron now assumed a more favourable aspect; but, from that moment, her peace and her independence were destroyed. Madame de Montespan, in the first years of her connection with the king, was anxious to conceal from the public eye the children she had by him. She considered M.^e Scarron as the person on whose discretion she could rely, and requested her to undertake the care of their instruction. Madame Scarron accepted the charge, and for many years led a retired life upon her pension, which did not exceed 2000 livres a year, (80*l*.) and with the additional mortification of finding herself disliked by the king. For it is not the least singular circumstance of her life, that Louis had at first indulged a degree of aversion to her. He considered her as a prude—as one who pretended to be a *bel-esprit*; for, though possessed of wit,

MADAME DE MAINTENON. [FRANCE.

himself, he disliked the affection of it in others, and particularly in women. But he esteemed her character, and, when it was found necessary to send the young Duke du Maine to the waters of Baréges, he appointed her to accompany him. The letters which she wrote from that place, and which were addressed immediately to the king, contributed still more to efface these unfavourable impressions. He was, at length, so pleased with the rapid improvement of his children, and with the many opportunities he had of admiring the worth and amiable temper of their governess, that he presented her with a considerable sum of money, with which she was enabled in 1679, to purchase the estate of Maintenon, worth 250,000 livres, of which she then assumed the name.

The king, who was before impatient and irritated at the very sound of her name, now experienced a quick transition from aversion to confidence, and from confidence to love. No longer attached to Madame de Montespan, whose haughty, violent and unequal temper wearied and disgusted him, he willingly resorted to the mild, discreet, and soothing conversation of Madame de Maintenon. In proportion as he advanced in life, his sentiments of devotion increased; and a woman, whom twenty years before he would not have noticed, now, by the novelty of a rational and sentimental intercourse, occupied all his attention. She accepted the place of Lady of the Bed Chamber to the dauphiness. But Louis XIV. soon determined to raise her to a higher rank. He had lost his queen, and had attained the age when men usually feel the want of a woman in whose breast they can repose their pleasures and their pains. To the necessary occupations of government, and the fatigue of his public duties, he wished to associate the innocent amusements of domestic life. The mild and conciliating

FRANCE.] MADAME DE MAINTENON.

manners of Madame de Maintenon, to whom the vicissitudes of her life had given a pliancy of character which could accommodate itself to every station, appeared to promise him, at once, an agreeable companion, and a discreet confidant. His confessor, Father De la Chaise, advised him to sanction his affection for her, by the indissoluble ties of a secret marriage—but invested with all the formalites of the church. The nuptial benediction was accordingly given by Harlai, Archbishop of Paris, towards the end of the year 1685, in the presence of the confessor and of two other witnesses. Louis was then in his 48th year, and the person whom he thus married, in her 50th.

This marriage was always considered problematical at court during the life of Louis XIV. though from the homage paid to Madame de Maintenon, it seemed impossible to mistake the rank she held there. The king uniformly treated her with a distinction which he had never shewn to his mistresses—nor even to the queen. She heard mass in the tribune appropriated to the royal family. Her name was seldom mentioned—the simple title of *Madame* being usually given to her. The princes and princesses of the blood never entered her apartment but at appointed times, and when she thought proper to send for them. In the interior of the palace, the honours paid to her were still more distinctly marked, and could proceed only from a conviction on the part of the domestics, that she was the king's wife. But, whatever were the ceremonies used with respect to her in private, she had too much sense and moderation to exact in public any other distinction than those we have mentioned.

The satisfaction, however, which Madame de Maintenon might feel, at this consummation of all her earthly

MADAME DE MAINTENON. [FRANCE.]

wishes, was of short duration. In one of her letters she thus expresses herself—"I was born ambitious—but I checked the dangerous propensity; when the desires which I had formerly indulged, and which prudence had discarded, were, at length, fulfilled, I thought myself happy—but, alas! the illusion lasted only three days! Her elevation was to her a continued restraint. Confined entirely to her apartment, she was visited only by a few ladies of a disposition equally retired, and even those she saw but seldom. The king usually transacted business with his ministers, in her chamber. On those occasions, Madame de Maintenon was occupied either at her needle or in reading, and appeared to take little interest in public affairs. When appealed to by the king, or the ministers, she always gave her opinions with a modesty and reserve which excited neither jealousy nor suspicion. She is supposed to have, occasionally, influenced the king in his choice of ministers and generals; and the people, anxious to find some one on whom to affix its censure and dislike, often attributed to that influence the calamities which marked the latter end of that monarch's reign. But, in general, submitting in every thing to the will of Louis XIV. she was solely occupied in her endeavours to please him.

This perpetual slavery, which became more irksome in proportion as they both advanced in years, rendered her infinitely more unhappy than she had been in all the adverse fortunes of her youth. "I can bear it no longer," she once exclaimed to her brother, the Count d'Aubigne, "I would I were dead!"—"What," answered the Count, "are you under a promise to marry God Almighty?"—"Why cannot I" says she, in one of her letters to a friend, "give you all my experience of the world? I have been young and handsome, have tasted of

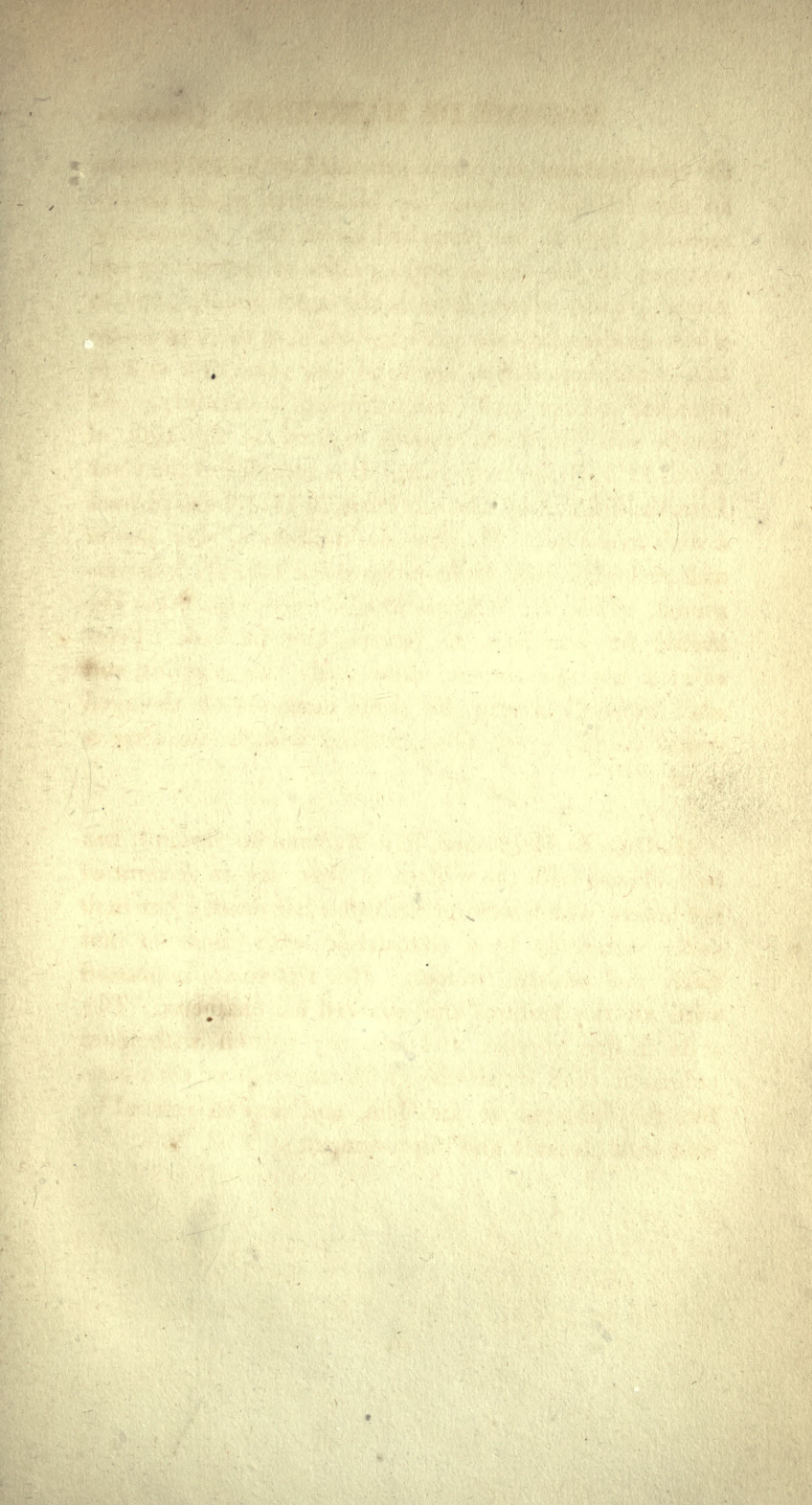
every pleasure, and have been every where beloved. In a more advanced age, my time was occupied in mental employments; I have now reached the summit of human glory; but I protest to you that in every state there is a dreadful chasm. I now feel all the uneasiness by which grandeur is surrounded, and how difficult it is in such a rank to fill up the day; I perish with languor and indifference in a situation which once I should have thought it impossible to attain." The studied respect and undeviating tenderness of Louis, were often insufficient to compensate for the sorrows she felt, or was a witness to, in the family of that monarch. The very moderation which she had prescribed to herself, increased the difficulties of her situation. Ever alarmed lest any event should draw down on her the gaze of public observation, she sought neither to enrich herself nor her family. Her estate at Maintenon, and a pension of 48,000 livres, (2000*l.*) were all she possessed. She exacted from others the same distinguished conduct, which she herself displayed. The king would often say, in reply to her frequent petitions in favour of others, "but, Madam, you yourself have nothing."—"Sire," she would answer, "in the situation in which you have placed me, it neither becomes you to bestow, nor me to receive any thing." She considered the high favour she enjoyed as a burthen which could be lightened only by acts of benevolence and humanity.

On the death of Louis XIV. which happened Sept. 2d 1715, she retired to the abbey of Saint-Cyr, a community which the king had founded at her request. It had been instituted for the instruction of 300 young ladies of noble birth, whose parents were unable to bestow on them an adequate education. They were received at the age of seven, and remained till twenty-one, when, on leaving

MADAME DE MAINTENON. [FRANCE.]

the establishment, they were presented with 1000 crowns. In this solitude Madame de Maintenon passed the remaining days of her pious and useful life. Alternately occupied in the condescending office of instructing her young pupils, whose labours she superintended, and in whose amusements she participated, or in the solemnization of religious duties, she lived four years in a state of dignified repose and uninterrupted tranquility. At length this illustrious woman expired on the 15th of April, 1719, in her 84th year. It is recorded of the Czar Peter the Great, that when at Paris, in 1717, he expressed a wish to see her. Madame de Maintenon, then infirm and recluse, would have declined the honour, but consented, at length, to admit him, on condition, that she should be permitted to receive him in bed. Peter entered her apartment, drew aside the curtains, and after earnestly gazing for some moments on the aged widow of the great Louis, retired without uttering a word.

Madame de Maintenon, like Madame de Sevigné, has been classed with the writers of that age on account of her letters, which were printed after her death; but they suffer materially by a comparison with those of that lively and amiable woman. Her letters are impressed with all the features that marked her character. The style is dry, precise, and austere; written with more judgment than sensibility, with more labour than ease. But they abound in anecdote, and may in general be read with pleasure and improvement.





F.D. pinx^t

G.C. sculp^t

London, Published by Verner, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1807.

MASSANIELLO.

THE city of Naples having long manifested considerable discontent at the taxes which had been levied by the Duke d'Arcos, acting as Vice-Roy, by order of the King of Spain; some turbulent spirits, excited by the voice of Thomas Aniello, or Massaniello, a young fisherman, born at Amalfi, in 1623, assembled on the 7th of July, 1647, the anniversary of the fête of St. Marie des Graces, and occasioned much alarm. "Have pity," said this demagogue, as he passed through the streets, preceded by a standard composed solely of shreds of linen tied to the end of a cane, "have pity on certain souls in purgatory, who being incapable of bearing a burthen already too ponderous, are desirous of procuring some alleviation—Brothers, co-operate with us—Sisters, aid our endeavours in an enterprize no less just than beneficial."

These words operated as a signal for revolt,—and were succeeded by a general outcry of disaffection. The Vice-Roy, greatly terrified, concealed himself in the castle of St. Elmo, while the insurgents disarmed the Spaniards who guarded the palace, destroyed the furniture, and pillaged the ships containing arms and ammunition, of which they were in want. A tradesman having had the imprudence to shut up his house, Massaniello set it on fire; the flames communicated immediately to a barrel of gunpowder, the explosion of which killed 100 people. This circumstance in no wise retarded the operation of a fac-

tion, amounting, at least, to 50,000 men, which was hourly augmented by the arrival of peasants from the neighbouring villages, armed with knives, shovels, and other weapons. The women even, joining the rebellion, formed themselves into regiments, at the head of which marched a female, holding a sword in the right hand and a dagger in the left. These were followed by boys bearing bludgeons across their shoulders.

Every instant was distinguished by murders or conflagrations, which were only, for a time, suspended, while the rabble went to oppose 500 German troops, who had arrived to support the government. Of these the major part were killed, and the remainder put to flight—two companies of Italian soldiers were also overpowered.

Fortunately for the inhabitants, and for the city, the day after these excesses, Massaniello was betrayed by Dupercone, one of his lieutenants, commissioned to second a troop of *banditti*, which the Duke de Montanelo had collected, under the pretext of their being useful to the inhabitants. This project Massaniello discovered—pursued the duke, who escaped his fury—and meeting with his brother, caused him to be beheaded upon the spot, with thirty of his followers. Their heads, dripping with blood, were carried round the city, and arranged on a scaffold which Massaniello erected in the market-place, from whence he issued his decrees.

The next day, the nobles received an order to lay aside their swords; and to deprive their partizans of the means of concealing them under their clothes, he prohibited the custom of wearing cloaks, cassocks and great coats.

In the mean time, Massaniello was in negotiation with the Archbishop of Naples, who, in the name of the Duke d'Arcos, promised not only the abolition of all taxes, but a general amnesty for what had passed ;—and the Duke was permitted to return to his palace. Massaniello repaired thither, attired in a very splendid dress, and his demands being ratified, he exclaimed, tearing his coat,—“ My task is now finished. I will return to my former occupation.” This is the only moment in which the conduct of Massaniello could possibly excite admiration: he had no other talent than audacity, which was perceived by the Duke, who conducted himself with much policy and address, and named him captain-general. This appointment Massaniello accepted, and it proved his ruin.

While his wife and sisters exhibited themselves in a coach, superbly attired, he traversed the streets of Naples on horseback, and threatened to decapitate those who did not prostrate themselves before him. In one of his sallies he entered the house of a Neapolitan nobleman, and highly incensed at his being in the country, he said to the servants, “ Desire your master to come to-morrow and kiss my feet, or his house shall be demolished.”

This last occurrence proves that Massaniello was actuated more by folly than pride, but his cruelty in many instances was apparent. The multitude, at length, being weary of his excesses, he became the victim of his own imprudence, and was fired at, nearly at the same instant, by four men, armed with arquebuses, in the year 1648. The balls penetrated his heart, and he expired on the spot, pronouncing only these two words, *traditori ! ingrati !* He was then but twenty-four.

His eyes were scarcely closed when a butcher cut off his head, and, holding it by the hair, carried it to the Vice-Roy. It was afterwards thrown into a ditch in the city. Others seized his body, and treating it with the utmost indignity, dragged it about the streets, crying,—“Long live the King of Spain! Massaniello is dead.”

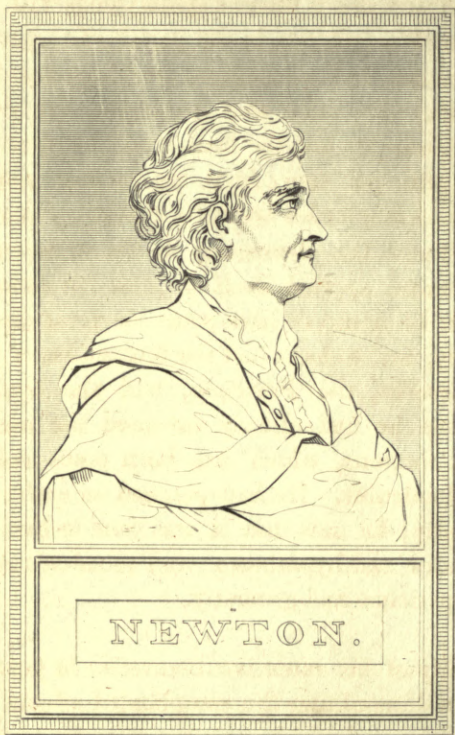
Those, of whom he was the idol, joined at the time in the exultation of his murderers, but repenting of their conduct, they collected his remains, placed his corpse on a litter, covered it with a royal mantle—put a crown of laurel upon his head—the sceptre in the right hand, and a naked sword in the left.

The tolling of bells announced the moment of his funeral, which was attended by eight pages of the Vice-Roy, the clergy of the different parishes, the monks of all the convents, and by 80,000 persons of various classes. His body was then carried to the Carmelites, and according to some historians, deposited in the royal vault.

The American Medical Association is a non-profit corporation organized for the purpose of promoting the interests of the medical profession and the public. It was organized in 1847 and has since that time been the leading organization of the medical profession in the United States. Its principal objects are to advance the science and practice of medicine, to protect the public interest, and to promote the welfare of the community. It does this by publishing a journal, holding annual meetings, and by other means.

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Drawn by Boccioni.

Engraved by G. Doole.

London. Published by Vomer, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1807.

NEWTON.

ISAAC NEWTON, one of the greatest men that ever existed, whose name is become synonymous with genius, was born at Woolsthorpe, in the parish of Coltersworth, near Grantham, in Lincolnshire, on Christmas day, old style, 1642,—the same that witnessed the death of Galileo. Geometry and the mathematics appear to have been his principal study from his earliest youth, and Descartes and Kepler his favourite authors. After having rapidly perused the elementary books of science, his capacious mind applied itself to new inventions. At twenty-four he is said to have made his great discoveries in geometry, and to have laid the foundation of his two immortal works, the *Principia*, and the *Optics*. At twenty-seven he had already invented the method of series and fluxions, which has been since called the differential calculus. He had planned an entire change in philosophy; he saw that it was time to banish from it conjectures and hypotheses, and to submit it to the laws of experience and geometry.

The utility of his extensive discoveries in geometry is evident, in determining the complicated effects observable in nature, and which seem executed by a sort of infinite progression. The experiments and observations of Kepler, on gravitation, furnished Newton with many fortunate hints on the force by which planets are restrained in their orbits. He endeavoured to ascertain the cause of their motions, and to calculate them with exactness. It was in 1687, that he imparted his thoughts on that important subject, and published his *Principia*

Mathematica Philosophiæ Naturalis. Jealous of his own repose, and unwilling to enter into literary disputes, he hesitated long before he revealed his discoveries ; he was at length persuaded by Dr. Barrow, his preceptor and friend, who perceiving at once the extent of his genius, requested him not to withhold its conceptions from the world. In this admirable work Geometry became the foundation of a new species of physics ; it fixed the laws of universal gravity ; settled the motions of planets, comets, and satellites ; and laid open the causes of the precession of the equinoxes ; motion of the moon ; and of the flux and reflux of the sea. In 1704, appeared his *Optics, or Theory of Light and Colour*. Before his time very confused ideas were entertained of light ; he endeavoured to explain it by decomposing it, and analyzing its beams. In this work he suggested a number of new and profound ideas, which the then state of the physical sciences did not permit him to verify or pursue, but which have, most of them, been since experimentally confirmed. Among others, he proved the existence of a combustible principle in water and in diamonds. Newton had drawn this conclusion from the action of these two substances upon light, by observing that their refringent force was analogous to that of oil and other substances in which there is no such combustible principle. Some have denied him the invention of the differential calculus, and have assigned the honour to Leibnitz. It would be difficult to ascertain precisely the proportion of merit due to these celebrated men in that important discovery, ---but it is not unreasonable to suppose that they may both have been led to it by the impulse of genius, and the progress of science at the period in which they lived. This opinion, which has been sometimes advanced, has never yet been refuted, and it is indeed the only one that can be entertained with due regard to their memory.

Newton was one of the few men whose merit and genius met with equal applause and remuneration from his countrymen. The University, of which he was a member, chose him in 1688 for its representative. In 1696, he was made warden, and in 1699, master and worker of the Mint; and rendered the greatest service to government when a new and extensive coinage took place. In 1703, he was elected President of the Royal Society, which distinguished situation he held till his death, and on April 16th, 1705, he was knighted by Queen Anne, at Trinity College, Cambridge.

The life of Newton was calm and happy. In the full enjoyment of prosperity and fame, he desired nothing so ardently as the addition of tranquility and peace of mind, which he considered the greatest of human blessings—*rem prorsus substantialem*.—During eighty years of his life his health suffered but little depression, and he experienced few of the infirmities of age; but in his latter years he was cruelly tormented with the stone, the pain of which he endured with the utmost patience and resignation. The drops that distilled from his face were the only marks he evinced of the agony he suffered. It at length proved fatal, and this great philosopher expired on the 20th of March, 1727, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He was honoured by a public funeral at the national expense, and buried in Westminster Abbey with great magnificence.

Newton, in his youth, was handsome; his features were mild and expressive; his air noble; his eye quick and lively. It is said that he never used glasses, and that he had lost but one tooth in the course of his long life—a proof of his remarkable temperance. His temper was even and placid; seldom disturbed by political dissen-

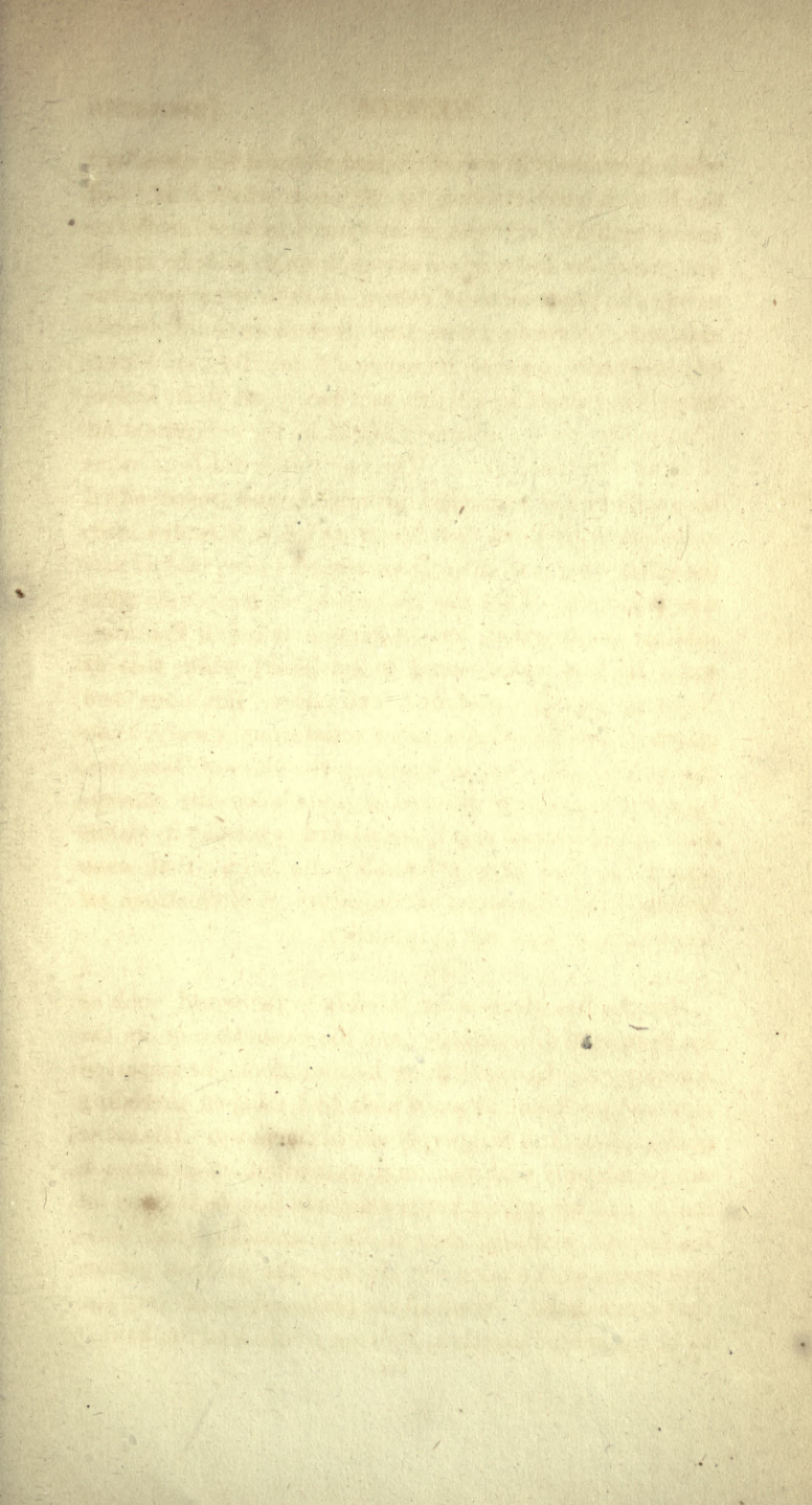
tions, and never soured by literary disputes :—he would rather have remained unknown than have his mind harrassed by those vexations which often accompany a too eager desire of fame. “I will not,” he would say, “deprive myself of a real benefit to run after a shadow.” He rarely appeared at Court, and was little anxious for the society of the Great. On the day that he gave a dinner to a company of learned men and philosophers, some were desirous, according to custom, of proposing the health of princes and statesmen :—“Let us rather,” said Sir Isaac, “drink to the health of all honest men of whatever country. They are always at peace with each other, because they are actuated by the only pursuit worthy of men—the knowledge of truth.” He was a scrupulous observer of all the ordinary duties of society, and when occasion required, could adapt his manner and his language to the meanest understanding. The ample income he enjoyed afforded him the greater opportunity of exercising his benevolence. He was of opinion that there was little merit in remote testamentary benefactions, and bestowed his donations in his life-time. When particularemergencies required unusual magnificence and expense, he complied without either hesitation or regret; but, in general, he was plain in his diet, and frugal in his expenditure; every superfluous pomp was avoided, and the savings devoted to the relief of others. It was a principal and most admirable feature in the character of this eminent man, that his greatest discoveries in natural philosophy, and his boldest speculations in astronomy, at no time lessened his devotion, or weakened his faith; he never heard the name of God pronounced without a solemn inclination of the body, that marked his respect and his admiration of the works of our Creator: his belief in a revealed religion was sincere, and his abhorrence of infidelity unequivocal. Dr. Halley,

who was somewhat sceptically inclined, was occasionally guilty of sporting with the Scriptures : On one of these occasions Sir Isaac said to him—"Dr. Halley, I am always glad to hear you, when you speak of astronomy and other parts of mathematics, because that is a subject which you have studied, and well understood ; but you should not talk of Christianity, because you have *not* studied it---I *have*, and know that you know nothing of the matter."

The discoveries of Newton attest that his genius was at once extensive and profound. By enriching philosophy with so many real improvements, he has laid the most powerful claims to the respect and admiration of every age; still more, by containing it within those bounds which a spirit of audacious inquiry has so often exceeded in others. His System of the Universe is now so generally known and understood, that some have been inclined to deprive him of the honour of its invention, and have asserted; that it was known to the Greeks; but what, among the ancient philosophers, was only a vague and romantic idea, was rendered, by Newton, an almost demonstrated fact. It may, however, be added, that if he rendered essential service to physics, by uniting them with geometry, this alliance has been since carried too far. The science of nature is now reduced to a mere combination of measures and numbers, and presents a rugged and unpleasing aspect. The prevailing influence of algebraical studies has not been favourable to letters. By curbing the efforts of the imagination, the resources of genius are diminished and weakened. Painful and abstruse reasoning, dry and forbidding calculations, have repressed that ardour and enthusiasm which constitute genius, and can alone excite it. That Newton did not intend or foresee this consequence of his system, is probable. The bold and extravagant theory of Descartes,

while it excited his curiosity, had alarmed his timidity; the French geometrician, by taking a wider field, and assuming a higher flight, endeavoured to raise himself to first principles and original causes, from whence he might survey the phenomena of nature, as their necessary consequence. Newton, more cautious or more timid, founded his doctrine on the phenomena themselves, and pursuing his reasoning till he reached a probable cause, admitted its result, whatever might be the concatenation of ideas which led to it. The one proceeded from what he considered fundamental principles, and endeavoured to deduce from them the objects which surrounded him; the other sought to infer, from what he saw, its originating principle. Thus the philosophy of Descartes, often sublime and original, has in general failed in the inferences he has endeavoured to establish; while that of Newton, equally profound and clear, luminous and guarded, has afforded a more satisfactory theory, than that of his rival. But, in opposing the ideas of Descartes, he never intended to depress or undervalue the conceptions of the human mind: he wished to confine it within reasonable and proper bounds; he knew, that once launched into the ocean of conjecture, it often struck on scepticism, or was lost in infidelity.

Newton has given other labours to the world, such as his *System of Chronology*, and his *Commentary on the Apocalypse*. In every thing he undertook, he imparted new and profound ideas, which had escaped preceding philosophers, and will perpetuate his memory. His name can perish only with the total extinction of civilization itself; and we cannot better conclude this short essay on his life and writings, than in the enthusiastic and decisive words of Voltaire:—"He was the greatest genius that ever existed. Were all the philosophers of every age to be assembled together, Newton would lead the band."





N. pinx.

G. C. sculp.

London, Published 2^d Edition, by Vornar, Hood & Sharpe: Poultry.

PETRARCH.

FRANCIS PETRARCH, who has reflected the greatest honour on Italy, and whom Europe reckons as one of the restorers of literature, was born at Arezzo, on the 20th of July, 1304. Being from his infancy, included in the proscription which drove his father from France, for having joined the Ghibelline faction, he may be said to have known misfortunes from his birth. He was only seven years old when he had nearly perished in the Arno—and shortly after on the coast of Marseilles, when his family, less fortunate than himself, experienced all the horrors of shipwreck. Early in life he discovered very extraordinary talents, and gave a presage of that fame which he honourably attained. He was intended for the law, and studied at Montpellier and Bologna; but the charms of Virgil, of Cicero, and of Livy, diverted his studies from that elaborate pursuit. On the death of his father he returned to Avignon, where he became smitten with the beauty of his beloved Laura, whom he first saw on the morning of Good Friday, in 1327. The suavity of his manners, and the comeliness of his form, attracted her attention, and conciliated her esteem; but, though sensible of his merit, she was ever cautious of manifesting her regard. Convinced, after a time, that neither by his verses or his passion he could obtain an ascendancy over her mind, he betook himself to travel, and having visited France, Germany, and Italy, secluded himself in his favourite retreat at Vacluse. There he found all that his heart desired—books, solitude and repose: but his passion for Laura was unabated.

He then celebrated, with all the energy of his muse, the virtues and the charms of his mistress, and the tranquility of his retirement; but, while he gave immortality to Vacluse and to Laura, he no less immortalized himself. His name became generally known. Sensible of his worth, Rome, Naples and Paris, invited him on the same day to receive the laurel; but preferring the former city, he repaired thither in the year 1341, first visiting the court of King Robert at Naples, to undergo a public examination as to his learning and talents, when that honour was conferred on him with every flattering mark of distinction. Clothed in a magnificent robe, the gift of the King of Naples, he appeared in the Capitol, surrounded by the most respectable citizens. His friend Orco, Count of Anguillara, who was then a senator of Rome, came to receive him; and, after an appropriate harangue, placed the crown upon his head. His coronation was announced by trumpets, and every testimony of undissembled joy: he was declared a citizen of Rome, and invested with all its privileges; but this renown was far from augmenting his felicity, while it tended to excite the envy of his cotemporaries.

The pain, however, which their malignancy inflicted, was soothed by the admiration of others. From all ranks and descriptions of persons, he received the most distinguished praise: and, if the homage of royalty, or the plaudits of the learned, could confer felicity, Petrarch might have conceived himself blest indeed. But his mind was ever in a perturbed state. The affection which he bore to Laura, joined to her reserve, obtruded itself constantly upon his mind; and, to give it an inexpressible pang, while in the zenith of his glory he received an account of her decease. He then returned to Vacluse, and wept and mourned in solitude; and, in the year 1352,

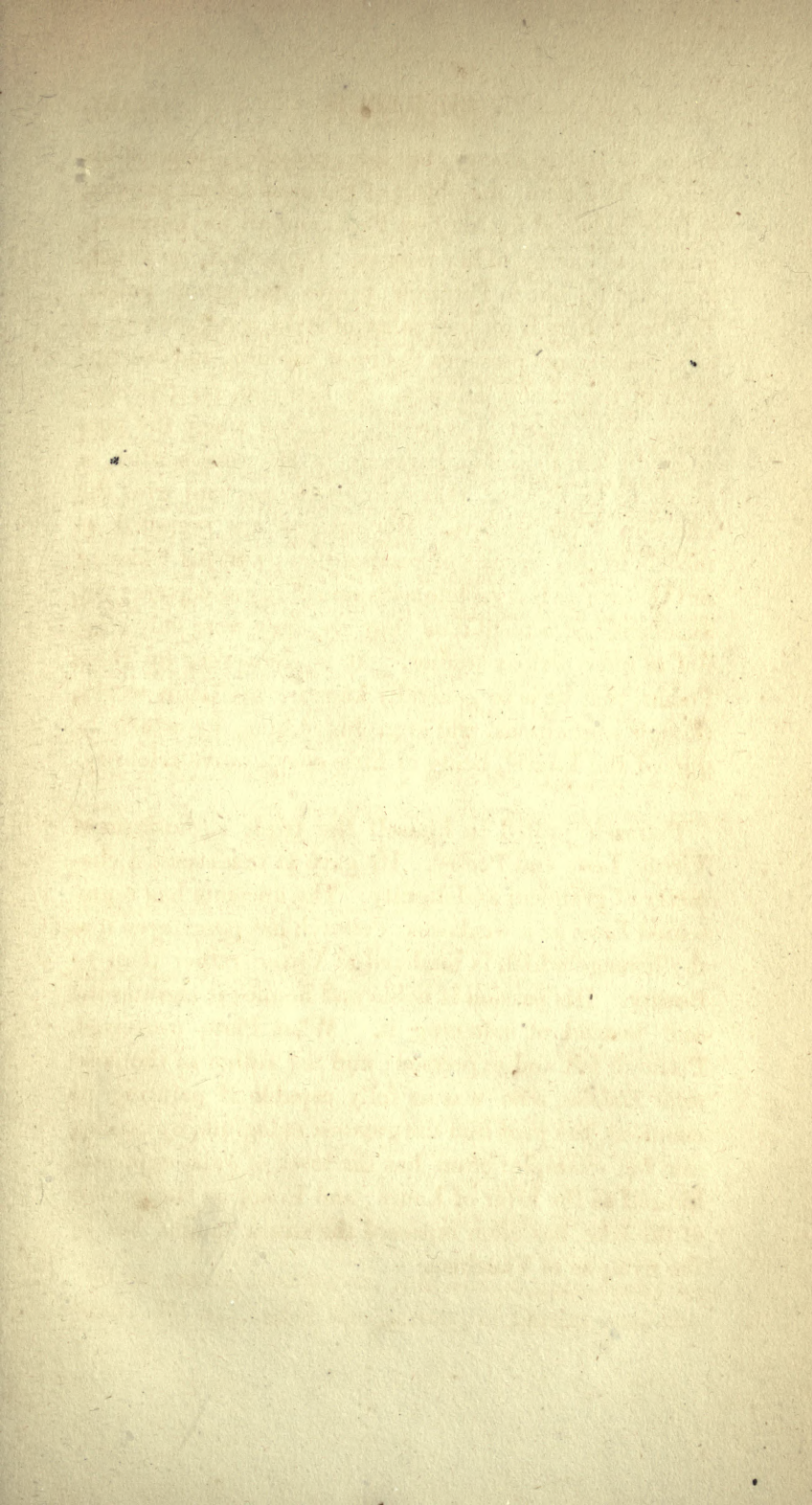
to dissipate his grief, travelled up to Milan, and was employed by John Visconti, the Archbishop and Sovereign of that city, in several embassies. He remained sometime at Verona, Parma, Venice and Padua, devoting himself almost wholly to poetical pursuits, and the pleasures of social intercourse. At Padua a most fortunate occurrence befel him. During the dissention of the Guelphs and the Ghibellins, his family had been banished from Tuscany, and deprived of its property. The Florentines deputed Bocaccio to intreat that he would honour his native country with his presence, and enjoy the restitution of his patrimony : but in vain. Petrarch, though highly sensible of this unparalleled testimony of the respect shewn to his talents, could not be prevailed on to quit his retreat : and, in the morning of July 19, 1374, he was found dead in his library, with one arm leaning on a book. His death caused a very general concern. The most distinguished characters came from all parts to assist at his obsequies, and to pay their last duty to the memory of a man who had been the greatest ornament of the age and country in which he lived. After the funeral oration, his body was interred, as he had directed, in the church at Arquà, near Padua, which was decorated in a manner suitable to this mournful ceremony, and a marble tomb raised to perpetuate his fame.

Petrarch, to superlative talents, joined the most amiable qualities. He was firm in his friendships; and actuated by the strictest probity, amid all the artifice of a court. He neither desired nor despised riches—but thirsted for glory to excess. Though he, at times, abandoned himself to the passion of love, his religious principles were never shaken.

Of his merits, as a writer, it is almost unnecessary to speak. He was called the Restorer of Letters, and the

Father of Italian Poetry: but love, not glory, inspired his muse. To Laura, the object of his most ardent passion, is Italy indebted for her first Poet, and all the harmony, grace, and energy of her tongue. Dante had, no doubt, improved it; but to Petrarch it owes its highest polish. In Dante there is an inequality of style, a ruggedness of expression, amid passages the most sublime, and descriptions of the utmost delicacy. In Petrarch, on the contrary, every thing is correct; and even where the poet seems to fail, there is a harmony in his versification, a purity in his diction, that delights the ear and wins the affection of his readers. His sonnets are regarded as models in this species of composition; and his Canzoni or Odes are no less replete with sensibility and grace; yet, excellent and beautiful as they are, they were only a relief to more serious studies. It is, however, by these Poems, that he is so generally known: his Latin works, though voluminous, and even his *Africa*, by which he gained the Laurel, being of little comparative celebrity.

Petrarch united in himself the triple enthusiasm of Virtue, Love and Poetry. He gave to tenderness a character of grandeur and dignity. The ancients had represented Love as a weakness: Petrarch has portrayed it as the homage which is rendered to Virtue rather than to Beauty. His passion is noble and heroic; it elevates the soul instead of softening it. What Plato conceived, Petrarch felt and expressed; and the author of the *Nouvelle Heloise*, who was so fully capable of painting its emotions, has paid him the greatest eulogium, by making him his example: often has the lover of Julia expressed himself as the lover of Laura; and Echo, on the borders of the lake, has often repeated the strain taught her by the nymphs of Vauchuse.





Painted by Houbraken.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Boultry, 1807.

PETER THE GREAT.

PETER ALEXIOWITZ I. called the *Great*, the son of Alexis Michaelowitz, Czar of Muscovy, by his second wife, although but ten years of age, was placed on the throne after the death of his elder brother, Theodore, to the prejudice of his brother Iwan, who was weak both in body and mind; but the Strelitzes who were the established guard of the Czars, having revolted in favour of Iwan, it was resolved that the princes should reign in conjunction. The enterprising spirit of Peter very early displayed itself. Desirous of re-establishing a proper discipline in the army, and to know the duties of the several military gradations, he acted in the subordinate station of drummer in the company of his friend *Le Fort*, from whom he derived considerable assistance. He then turned his attention to his finances; and to obtain a barrier against the incursions of the Tartars, made himself master of Azoph, which he put in a state of defence. In 1696 the Czar John died, and Peter became sole master of the empire. He had long meditated a journey into several parts of Europe, to acquire a knowledge of its customs and arts so necessary to his countrymen; and in the year 1697, having travelled through Germany, and visited Amsterdam, he proceeded to the village of Haerlem. There, assuming a disguise, he mixed with the people of the dock-yard, followed implicitly the instructions he received, and was remarkable for his zeal and assiduity. He enrolled himself in the company of shipwrights, under the name of *Baas Peter* (*Master Peter*) and in the end not only became a good workman, but an excellent pilot.

In the year 1698, he left Holland and went to England. He there paid great attention to commerce, and engaged some English engineers to carry into effect a design he had formed of a junction between the Don and the Wolga. From England he went to Vienna, and intended to pass into Italy, but was compelled to return home to quell a revolt that had been excited by the princess Sophia. In 1699 he instituted the order of St. Andrew. The following year, at the solicitation of Augustus, King of Poland, he declared war against Charles XII. King of Sweden, with no favourable prospect, but his defeats did not discourage him. "The Swedes (he used to say) will be long successful, but in time they will teach us to conquer." His expectations were shortly realized by the battle of Pultowa, in which he gained a complete victory. In this action he displayed considerable talent, and was sensible of the improvement of his troops. The greater part of the Swedish army were made prisoners, and the king compelled to fly to the confines of Turkey. After this battle the Czar thought himself worthy of the rank of lieutenant-general.

Peter then possessed himself of Ingria, Livonia, Finland and part of Swedish Pomerania. The Turks, in the meantime, at the instigation of Charles, having violated their treaty, he marched immediately against them, and found himself surrounded on the banks of the river Pruth. Neither stratagem nor valour were of any avail; the utmost consternation prevailed in his army, and but for the presence of mind of the Czarina Catherine, who well knew the cupidity of the Ottoman general, Bulgate Mahomet, and who conceived it possible to corrupt him by magnificent presents, the Russians had been destroyed. This expedient fortunately succeeded; a negociation with

the Vizier was opened, who consented to the proposals of the Czar, and settled a peace.

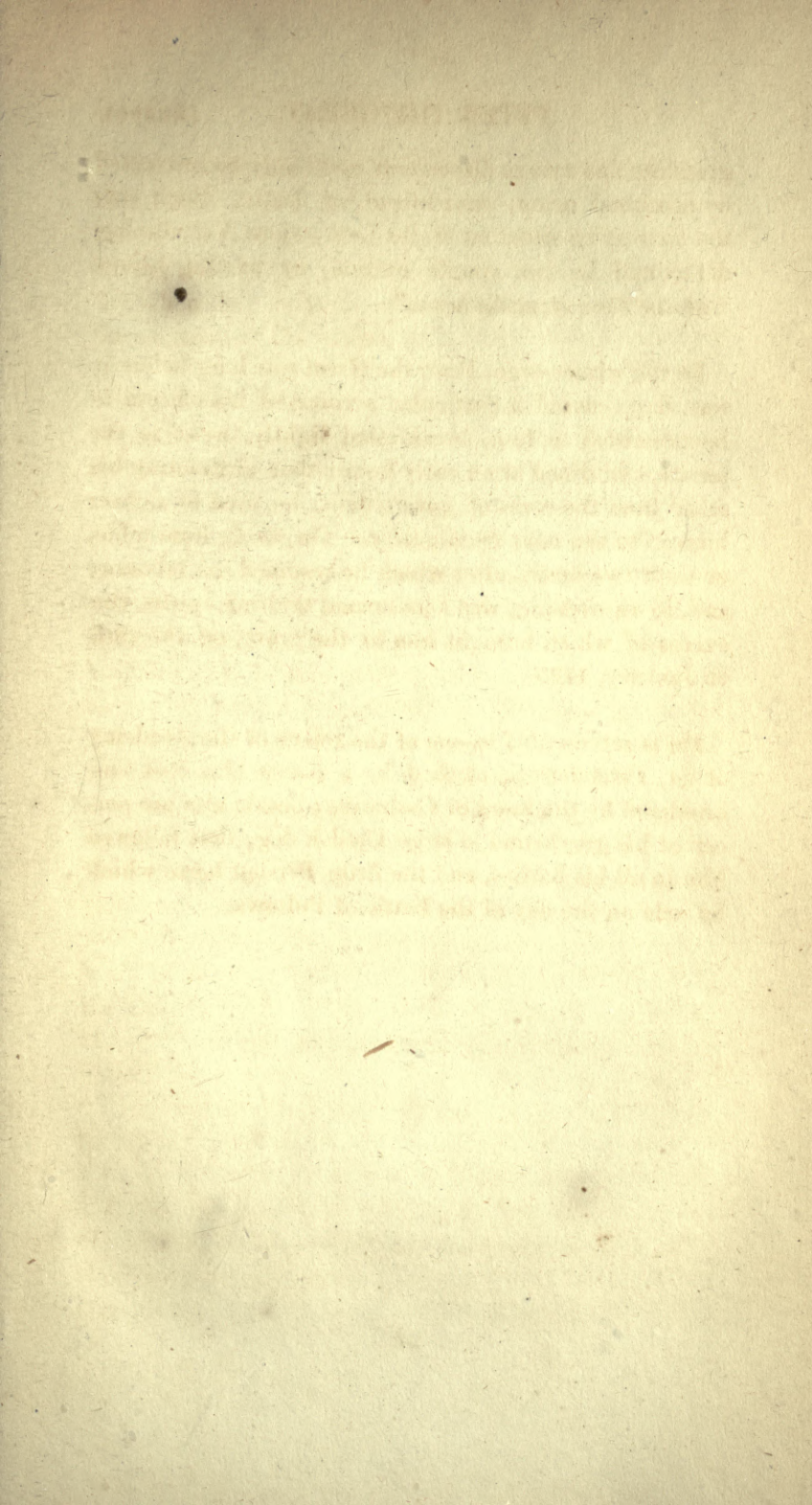
To commemorate this event he caused the Czarina to institute the order of St. Catherine, of which he appointed her the head. Having restored tranquility in his kingdom, he made another journey into Denmark, Holland and Germany, and in 1717, arrived in Paris, where his reputation had preceded him. Loaded with presents, and every testimony of regard, he minutely inspected every thing that was curious in art and science, in order to obtain hints for the aggrandizement and prosperity of his empire.—This, in fact, seemed the aim of all his travels. On visiting the tomb of the Cardinal de Richlieu, at the Sorbonne, and perceiving the beautiful statue of that minister, the Czar with much enthusiasm, exclaimed, “Great minister, why were you not born in my time? I should have freely given you one half of my empire, to be instructed how to govern the other.”

It was at this time that he proposed a treaty of alliance to the Duke of Orleans, conceiving it would be equally useful to France and Russia. In this treaty he developed the most chimerical projects, affecting the interests of the principal European states, but this the Duke of Orleans declined. During his residence at Paris, the doctors of the Sorbonne proposed to him a plan of uniting the Russian with the Roman church; but, on his return, says Levesque, he made the Pope the subject of a farce, in which he acted himself the principal character. But, though his manners became more polished, and his understanding enlarged by his travels in foreign countries, he still retained, when in Russia, all his native severity. Prince Alexis, his son, having excited his resentment by joining a party of malcontents, he caused

gratitude and savage disposition could only be restrained by continual terror, punishment, or death. Such was the distressing situation of the Czar, whom Voltaire has depicted in one simple outline, by naming him—*“Moitié tigre et moitié heros.”*

In the winter even, Peter the Great rose long before it was day, caused a particular account of his officers to be submitted to him, breakfasted lightly, went to the senate, and dined at an early hour : then abstracting his mind from the cares of government, he used to deliver himself to the most open gaiety. On rising from table, he slept two hours, after which he resumed his labours ; and, in an evening, was accustomed to drink spirits, the excess of which brought him to the grave, on the 28th of January, 1725.

He is represented in one of the rooms of the Academy of St. Petersburg, clothed in a *coarse* blue coat embroidered by the hand of Catherine ; beside him are perceived his greyhound, a large Danish dog, that followed him in all his battles, and the little Persian horse which he rode on the day of the battle of Pultowa.





Drawn by Cochin.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1807.

RAYNAL.

WILLIAM THOMAS RAYNAL was one of those writers of the last century, who obtained the highest reputation during his life; who was the most read, and exercised the greatest influence over the minds of his contemporaries. But there are in his works, in his character, in the public and private circumstances of his life, certain ambiguities, and yet unexplained events, which have embarrassed the public opinion respecting Raynal. We do not so much propose to reconcile this difficulty, as to enable the reader to form his own judgment: for this purpose we shall assign some degree of length to this article.

Raynal was born at Saint-Genies, in the Roveregue, and entered the society of the Jesuits from their college at Toulouse. He dissolved his connection with the Jesuits in 1748, before their society was dispersed, without having done any thing to distinguish himself as a Jesuit. It was late in life when he began to write. His first works were, the "History of the Parliament of England," and "the History of the Stadtholders." The first appeared in 1748, the other in 1750, and together, form three small volumes in 12mo.

Such a commencement did not indicate a writer likely to obtain very extensive reputation. He was accordingly severely handled by the critics. They justly reproached him with affectation, a taste for declamation, a dryness of style, and a total absence of that strength of reasoning, and of liberal sentiment, which give life to history in a polished age. Raynal professed the tenets of des-

potism and slavery. They formed a singular contrast to "the Philosophical and Political History of the Commerce of Europeans in the two Indies." We may perceive, however, some talent in the portraits which he draws, and occasionally those spirited touches, which convey, in a few words, considerable information on historical facts, or the characters of personages.

In 1754 Raynal presented to the public two other small volumes, under the title of "Literary, Historical, Military, and Political Anecdotes of Europe, from the elevation of Charles V. to the imperial throne, to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle." By his own account this was only the commencement of a considerable work, which was to be speedily completed, "if (as he said) the public should consider it free from the defects which had been attributed to the histories of the Stadtholders and of the Parliament of England." What prevented the continuation of this work we have not discovered. If he were again stopped by the same censure which had decried the preceding histories, we think that it was, in this instance, unjust, for he could not be accused either of the same inflation, or stiffness of style. There is even one piece, "the History of the Divorce between Henry VIII. king of England, and Catherine of Arragon," which may be compared, without any disadvantage, either to the Conspiracy of Venice, by St. Real, or the revolution of Portugal, by Vertot.

But it should seem that criticism had dispirited Raynal, as more than twenty years elapsed before any thing appeared under his name. In this interval, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert, Helvetius and Condillac had effected a revolution in the public sentiments. The name of Raynal was not connected with

these illustrious persons, but he lived among them; he was animated by their genius, and participated in their designs. The plan of the "Philosophical and Political History of the two Indies" at once placed him in the same rank with these masters in literature. It was, indeed, a great and beautiful idea, to comprise in one work the knowledge of all the commercial relations in the world, the extent of its population, and a faithful picture of its religious and political systems, with all their important consequences. Such a work had no precedent—the materials were no where collected—they were dispersed in the custom-houses of nations, or in the cabinets of princes. They were surrounded by labyrinths, or enveloped in mystery. It was difficult to procure, still more to verify them, and not easy to adapt them to general principles. But this was what Raynal attempted, and what incessantly occupied his attention.

The first edition of the Philosophical and Political History appeared in 1770, in 7 vols. 8vo. From the nature of its subject, the merit of its execution, the anxiety with which it was expected, and the great support of the philosophers of the day, it could not fail of success. But it was considered as not sufficiently rich in matter, and as devoid of dignity in point of form.

On the other hand, though this edition was infinitely more moderate than that which followed it, the author was soon menaced by the clergy. He thought to allay the tumult by promises of amendment. He was, indeed, soon engaged in a second edition, in which he endeavoured to comprise greater richness, variety, and dignity of style. But, instead of pacifying the clergy, he no longer kept any bounds, either with respect to the throne, or the altar. Never had there appeared so direct and

violent an attack, or one so attractive to general readers;—never were the minds of men more open to its influence, and consequently no work ever experienced equal success. It appeared in 1780, in 10 vols. 8vo. with an atlas. The Parliament and the Sorbonne directed against it, in 1781, their most terrible anathemas;—the Sorbonne declared the book abominable, and described it as the “ravings of a wicked mind, which could not be sufficiently condemned, detested, and execrated: *Hæc scelestæ, si unquam fuerit, mentis deliria, nunquam sat damnanda, detestanda, execranda.* The thunders of the Parliament were more formidable—they sentenced the book to be burnt by the common hangman, the author to be arrested, and ordered a criminal prosecution against him. The second edition was burnt, and Raynal effected his escape. He was received with the greatest distinction in Prussia, Germany, England and Switzerland. Frederic II. treated him with utmost urbanity and kindness. The Abbé also received a very unusual mark of respect from a British house of Commons. It was once intimated to the speaker, that Raynal was a spectator in the Gallery. The business was immediately suspended, and the stranger conducted to a more convenient and honourable situation.

In 1787 Mr. Malonet, superintendant of the marine, obtained permission for him to return to France. He was only desired not to reside within the jurisdiction of the Parliament of Paris. He lived for some time with this generous friend, who afterwards, in the Constituent Assembly, secured an honourable decree in his favour. It was after this decree, which annulled the sentence of his banishment, that Raynal went to Paris. The whole kingdom was at that time in a ferment, and divided by different sentiments, in the revolution which had just ex-

ploded. Its most ardent partizans congratulated themselves on the arrival of Raynal. A writer, who had attacked with the greatest energy every species of despotism, appeared to them a certain and zealous co-operator; but they were deceived. Whether he really foresaw the fatal consequences of a political disorganization, so abrupt and so extensive,—or whether it was, that his imagination, easily exalted, was fired with indignation at the enormities he had witnessed in the southern provinces, and in the county of Avignon,—or that, actuated by the sentiments of his friend and benefactor, and of the circle which surrounded him, and which attempted to stem this revolutionary torrent—it is certain, that Raynal adopted and enforced their opinions. He addressed to the President of the Constituent Assembly a letter, in which he abjured the principles of his Philosophical History, with all their consequences. The effect of so unexpected a recantation, in times of such effervescence, may be easily imagined. Some considered Raynal as an apostate, others as a wise man;—the first, comparing his works with this celebrated letter, asserted that he had never been consistent—that he was indebted for his reputation to the philosophical society which he had frequented—that his warmth of style proceeded, not from any ardent attachment to humanity, but from a fictitious sensibility, which was always at command:—the others reasoned from their own principles and opinions. This is not the place to discuss how far reason and justice were on the side of Raynal, it is too evident that experience has decided in his favour.

But he possessed a merit which every one must allow him—that of great and cultivated benevolence. He furnished the necessary funds for three prizes, (of 1200 livres each, about 50l. sterling) to be distributed by the

principal Academies of Rome, and the Royal Agricultural Society:—the questions which he proposed as the subjects of these prizes, were all directed to the good of humanity, and the prosperity of the nation. To the academy of Lyons he gave another sum of 1200 livres, to be adjudged to the author who should present a work the most useful to mankind. A similar sum was to be distributed among those farmers of his native province, who had best cultivated their lands: at the same time he proposed to establish a perpetual rent-charge of 600 livres, (25l. sterling) for the purchase of tools for workmen and labourers; and had also provided medicines and broths for the sick of the parish in which he was born. This, undoubtedly, forms the best commentary on the writings of Raynal.

He escaped the general danger during the reign of Robespierre, but was stripped of his property and died in poverty, on the 6th of March, 1796, at Chaillot, near Paris, at the great age of 85 years.

He had written a History of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and seemed to give it the preference over his other works. He probably altered his sentiments, for he destroyed the MS. without assigning a reason.

To his last moments he employed himself on a new edition of his Philosophical and Political History of the Commerce of the Europeans in the two Indies. He was particularly anxious to connect the detached parts, to expunge all the declamatory passages, and to give a greater degree of correctness to his style. He had completed his labours, and, by every account, has produced almost a new work.



Painted by Houdon.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published by Vennor, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1807.

ROUSSEAU.

THERE are few persons who have excited a more general interest, [and about whom the public opinion has been more divided,] than John James Rousseau. The tendency of his political principles, the morality of his writings, and his private character, have been equally objects of dispute; and as it generally happens in controversies of this sort, he has been praised and blamed without due discrimination. So unlike was he to himself, so very different according to the circumstances in which he was placed at different times, that it is almost impossible to speak of his writings, or his character, in general terms, without doing injustice to some part of either. The sentence passed on him by La Harpe, the friend and pupil of Voltaire, seems to have more truth, and meaning than is usually found in pointed expressions.—He observed “that Rousseau engrossed to himself the inconstancy of man.” There is, however, one point which seems sufficiently well ascertained in the character of this extraordinary person. He appears to have been altogether free from that malignity which both the writings and actions of his antagonist, Voltaire, so frequently discover. The impulse of the moment was ever with him the ruling principle; he was virtuous and vicious successively, but equally without premeditation; he was utterly incapable of resisting the object immediately presented to his feelings, whether it was to lead him to the sublimest virtue, or to the depths of profligacy. His philosophy and his virtuous impressions were, in

fact, of little use, as they were utterly incapable of resisting the temptations to vice,—yet it does not appear that he ever acted viciously from a contempt of morality, or wrote with an intention to mislead.

It is of extreme importance that the character of such a man as Rousseau should be completely developed to the world. It is not, indeed, that any doubt has been entertained of his original genius and extraordinary power of writing. It is his personal character which has given rise to so many, and such contradictory opinions. No author, perhaps, ever occasioned such a diversity of sentiments, nor raised such a host of inveterate enemies on the one hand, and of enthusiastic admirers on the other. Among many valuable qualities which he undoubtedly possessed, we know not what to think of certain actions which he avows in his confessions, repugnant to every elevated mind ;—of those imaginary injuries of which he perpetually complains ;—of the singular propensity to fancy himself surrounded by a crowd of enemies conspiring to ruin him in the public opinion, and that public eager to adopt the most unfavourable impressions against him. It is sufficient to read Rousseau on this point, to withhold from him our belief, or rather to be convinced, that these exaggerations proceeded from a mind disturbed. Fortunately for the exculpation of his cotemporaries; and of the age in which he lived, they were not founded on facts ; they must be attributed to the dispensations of nature, which, as if unwilling to be over bounteous to Rousseau, mingled with mental infirmities the genius, the exalted talents, and the exquisite sensibility with which she endowed him.

Rousseau was born at Geneva, on the 28th of June, 1711. "His birth," he says, "was the first of his mis-

fortunes," as his mother died in bringing him into the world. His father, Isaac Rousseau, by trade a watch-maker, had a taste for literature; and among the implements of his business, had generally some excellent books before him, particularly Tacitus and Plutarch. which latter soon became the favourite reading of young Rousseau. From his earliest youth he soon began to indulge a love of solitary meditation; a habit which, carried to excess, perhaps, contributed to that derangement of intellect, which, it is now evident, embittered the last days of this eminent man. A feeble constitution, which debarred him from the usual amusements of his age, confined him to the resources of his own mind. Placed under M. Massiron, a notary, and registrar of the city, and an engraver, he soon abandoned the first in disgust, and and though he remained longer with the other, acquired as little taste for that employment. The severity of his master displeased him, and roused that spirit of independence which already formed a part of his character: he soon had an opportunity of exerting it.—Having, once on a Sunday evening, with some of his companions, walked too far into the country, they discovered, on their return to Geneva, that the city gates were shut. His companions slept quietly on the rampart, and at break of day returned to their homes; but Rousseau had taken his determination, during the night, and declared that he would not re-enter Geneva, as he foresaw the ill-treatment he was likely to experience from the engraver. Alone, without a guide, and without money, he wandered several days in the environs of the city, and at length reached the village of Consignon, on the territory of Savoy, two leagues from Geneva. Having made an application to the Curé of that place, the priest, in his pious endeavour to rescue the young truant from the errors of Calvinism, instead of advising him to return to his mas-

ter, recommended him to pursue his journey, and gave him a letter of introduction to Madame de Warens. This was a young Lady of quality, a native of Pays-de-Vaud, who having separated herself from a husband much older than herself, with whom she was unhappy, had taken refuge in the dominions of the king of Sardinia, where she embraced the Catholic religion, and procured a pension of 2000 livres (80l.) She received Rousseau with the utmost tenderness and humanity, and became his mother, his friend, and even his mistress ; but his residence with her, this time, was short. His patrons were eager to effect his reformation, and sent their young proselyte to Turin, where he formally abjured the religion of his parents. At Turin he was compelled to enter into one or two families as servant; but while the Count de Gouvon, with whom he was last placed, was preparing to patronize and advance him, he abruptly left him, and returned to Madame de Warens. He then went to Paris with some recommendatory letters, in the hope of procuring employment, but not succeeding, his wandering fate led him once more to his amiable and persevering benefactress, with whom he resided eight or nine years, in a state of the most unreserved intimacy and friendship. During this period he resumed his education, which had been hitherto neglected :—he read much ; his talent for music was discovered and cultivated ; his mind stored with useful information, and the sensibility of his character in full exercise. He has depicted, in glowing colours, the studies and the amusements which occupied him in this happy period of his life. It was in this interval, however, that most of his peculiarities either sprung up, or became more deeply rooted. An indolence of temper, that forbade any active exertion, completely mastered him ; his health too, declined ; a weakness of body, that appeared likely to end in a consumption, permitted him only the

simple enjoyments of reading, music and botany. "I so accustomed myself," he says, "to this state of langour, as to be unwilling to shake it off. I denied myself the hours usually allotted to sleep. Meditation, and a habit of intense thinking, absorbed every faculty of my soul."

But the shame of having been so long a burthen to his generous benefactress, whose benevolence was greater than her power of exercising it, at length roused him from this inactive state. He went to Lyons to superintend the education of the two sons of M. de Malby, grand provost of that city, and brother to the illustrious Abbé of that name. Whatever might be the literary qualifications of Rousseau for such a post, his uncertain temper and love of independence, peculiarly rendered him unfit for it; he therefore renounced it after a trial of about a year. He had, in the mean time, lost his usual resource, when any of his projects failed, that of deriving consolation and support from the society of Madame de Warens. A material change had taken place in the sentiments of that singular woman. This change, for which he fully accounts in his Memoirs, determined him to make a final struggle for independence. In his happier days he had imagined a new method of noting music by figures instead of the usual way: he now revised it, and still conceiving his project not only feasible but infallible, he resolved to hasten to Paris, and make his discovery known to the Academy of Sciences, not doubting but that it would create a revolution in the musical world, and materially contribute to his fortune. He sold his books, parted from his friend, and with his new system in his head, and fifteen louis d'ors in his pocket, he arrived in that great capital, in the autumn of the year 1741.

His success, however, was not equal to his expectation. By the favour of Fontenelle and the Count de Caylus, to whom he had letters of recommendation, he was admitted to a sitting of the Academy, where he read his new plan of notation, but derived no other advantage than that of extending his acquaintance among the literati of the day; in other respects, he lived in obscurity and indigence. Two years after, he procured the appointment of secretary to M. de Montaignu, ambassador from France to Venice; but as he himself acknowledges, his character had acquired a proud misanthropy, and a sort of angry contempt for the rich and the powerful. Such a disposition soon occasioned a quarrel between the ambassador and his secretary, and the latter, after eighteen months residence at Venice, returned to Paris, to his old lodgings at the hotel St. Quentin, near the Sorbonne. It was here that he became acquainted with Theresa Le Vasseur, with whom he constantly cohabited, and whom, in 1769, he condescended to marry. He then obtained the situation of clerk in the counting-house of M. Dupin, a farmer general. This employment, though trifling, he yet considered as a source of income, and it enabled him to cultivate an intimacy with several well-known characters, such as Diderot, Grimm, and others, whom he was accustomed to meet at the house of Baron d'Holbach. But it was, in the year 1750, that he at length suddenly emerged from the comparative state of obscurity to which he had till then been consigned. The Academy of Dijon had proposed, as the subject of a prize, the question, "Whether the establishment of the sciences, had contributed to the purity of morals?" Rousseau was at first disposed to maintain the affirmative, but was dissuaded by Diderot, who telling him it was a sort of *pons asinorum*, advised him to take the negative side of the question, and "I promise

you" said he, "the greatest success." His prediction was verified. The discourse of Rousseau appeared to be best written of those which had contended for the prize; to be that in which the subject was most profoundly treated; and it was finally crowned by the academy. Never was a greater paradox supported by greater eloquence. It is true, this paradox was not new: Cornelius Agrippa had long before declaimed on the vanity of science; but the splendour of Rousseau's style, his genius, and his acuteness, gave it all the appearance of novelty. The opinion he adopted was too singular not to occasion controversy. Several refutations of his doctrine appeared one of which was written by Stanislaus King of Poland. To some of these Rousseau replied, and thus he found himself deeply engaged in that career, which of all others, he affected to shun and despise. He was, indeed, but ill calculated for literary warfare. His temper, naturally peevish and petulant, was inflamed by contradiction; what he gained, therefore, in celebrity and renown, was more than counterbalanced by the loss of his peace of mind, which he never after recovered.

The success of his first essay in authorship, induced him to quit his financial employment, which, though his salary had been increased, and the situation, in other respects, was not destitute of comfort and advantage, had become intolerable to his high spirit, from the degree of servitude which it implied. He rather chose to seek a more precarious but less dependent subsistence, by copying music at a moderate price for each sheet. That delightful art had always excited his attention, and occupied his leisure hours; he had lately attended more to its principles as a science, and had acquired considerable facility in composition. The result of his labours was that beautiful opera, the *Devin du Village*,

or the *Village Conjuror*; which displays a naïveté and simplicity truly characteristic. He wrote the words as well as composed the music. This little piece met with considerable success, and procured Rousseau great distinction at court and in the city. From these pleasing pursuits, he once more engaged in controversy, and published his *Essay on the Causes of Inequality among Mankind, and on the Origin of Society*; in answer to a question from the same academy of Dijon. This Essay which contains the boldest maxims, and the most singular paradoxes, seems to have been written with a view to prove that all men are equal; that they were born for solitude and not for society, and that by mixing together the intention of nature is perverted. But if his system be manifestly erroneous, it must be confessed, that he has adorned it with the most brilliant colours. The Essay, and the Dedication of it to the Republic of Geneva, abound with specimens of eloquence, of which the ancients only have given us similar instances; but he did not gain the prize for which he contended, though, as a composition, it may be deemed superior to his first production. He now justly conceived that the reputation he had acquired, had rendered him not unworthy of the notice and sanction of his native country; he therefore hastened to Geneva, and presented his Essay to the council, who received it with marks of esteem, and re-instated him in all the rights of a citizen. To render his return the more conspicuous and grateful to his fellow citizens, he abjured the Catholic religion to which he had so long conformed, and once more embraced the Protestant persuasion; but with the usual inconsistency that marked his character, he had no sooner renounced the Roman faith, than he returned to live in a country where it was alone tolerated. After residing some time at Paris, he accepted the offer of a country-house,

belonging to Madame d'Epinaÿ, near the village of Montmorency. This was probably the most happy, as it certainly was the most fertile æra of his life. During the five years, (from 1756 to 1761,) that he lived at the Hermitage, in a delightful solitude, and at peace, with all the world, he produced the celebrated works upon which his reputation is founded. It was here too that he formed a romantic attachment to Madame d'Houdetot, which, though it could not receive any encouragement from a woman of her virtuous sentiments, he pursued with a constitutional ardour that often amounted to frenzy, and to which we are, no doubt, indebted for many of the passionate scenes of the *Eloisa*.

His *Letter to M. D' Alembert*, which he published in 1758, was the first fruit of the calm he enjoyed at Montmorency. It was intended to prevent the establishment of a theatre, which had been projected at Geneva. Among the usual paradoxes inseparable from his writings there are interspersed many important truths, admirably developed, and which, serviceable to the cause of morality in general, were more peculiarly interesting to his native city. It occasioned that deep-rooted animosity, which Voltaire, who had settled in its neighbourhood, never failed afterwards to indulge against him, and exposed him to the malignant satire and incessant abuse of that sarcastic and irritable poet. Rousseau affected to be little sensible to his repeated attacks, but in truth, he wished not to be at variance with the first writer of the age, with a man, whose censure or approbation was then alone sufficient to establish or depress the rising fame of others. But, in attacking theatres, he had attacked the darling passion of Voltaire, the source of all his greatness, and the scene of his literary triumphs. This opposition was, therefore, not to be endured, and the breach

between them remained irreconcilable. It was considered, however, not a little singular, that Rousseau, who thus powerfully declaimed against theatrical establishments and dramatic pieces, had himself been the author, not only of the opera which we have already mentioned, but also of a comedy, which he had published, in 1752. His next production was his celebrated novel of the *New Eloisa*, which appeared in 1761, and augmented his reputation in a very high degree. Like most works of genius, it abounds equally with beauties and defects; the plan is ill-constructed, the characters devoid of truth and discrimination. An unpleasing uniformity is observable in all the personages, as well as in their style, which is generally inflated and stiff. Many of the letters are admirable for their high colouring, their force of expression, their ardour of sentiment, and the confusion of ideas which characterize inordinate passion. But it must be confessed that an affecting letter is often followed by a cold digression, by an insipid criticism, or by some revolting paradox. The work contains in it no character particularly interesting: that of Saint-Preux is feeble, often forced, and sometimes less occupied with his love than actuated by the desire of discussing points of morality. Julia is a singular mixture of tenderness and piety, of masculine understanding and female coquetry, of natural grace, and affected pedantry. Wolmar is a character entirely out of nature. Whenever Rousseau attempts to vary his style, and adapt it to the situation and prevailing taste of his personages, we perceive that it is an effort by which he is soon exhausted; and the reader is soon wearied with the appearance of restraint which so evidently fatigues the author. It was in the *Eloisa* that he first exercised the unhappy talent of rendering every thing problematical. To this relaxed and unsettled state of mind we must attribute his opposite

reasoning in favour of and against duelling; the apology of suicide, and his arguments against it; the attempt to palliate the crime of adultery, and the most convincing and irrefragable proofs of its criminal tendency. Hence so much declamation against man in a state of society, and such effusions of virtuous feelings for humanity; the most violent philippics against philosophers, and an eagerness to adopt and favour their tenets. Hence so much specious sophistry against the existence of a supreme Being, and so many invincible arguments against atheism; the most futile and irrelevant objections to Christianity, and the most eloquent passages in praise of religion. But whatever were the sentiments of literary men respecting this singular production, it was read with the utmost avidity in the fashionable world, and, with its author, became the object of enthusiastic admiration. What particularly recommended it to the sex, was the intimate persuasion that Rousseau had written his own history, and was himself the hero of his novel. As the real events of his early life were then unknown, they could not be aware of the little resemblance which existed between the tender, but mistaken Julia, and M^e. de Warens, who, with philosophic indifference, had surrendered her matronly charms to his youthful, but unwilling possession. He, however, favoured the prevailing idea; and this species of deceit has been deservedly condemned.

The *Emilius*, which appeared in 1762, excited still greater clamour, but of a different kind. It is well known that this moral romance turns chiefly on the principles of education. Prescribing the adherence to Nature, as the best and surest guide, his system, where it does not too much militate against the commonly received opinions, has been in many instances successfully reduced to practice. His precepts are conveyed in forcible language,

and flow from a heart evidently impressed with the sublime truths of morality. If Rousseau was not always virtuous, no one better felt than himself, nor more eloquently portrayed the great advantages of virtue. His remarks on the vices and follies of the age are expressed with the dignified severity of Plato, and the collected force of Tacitus. His style is his own, though he occasionally affects the abrupt and singular diction of Montaign, of whom he was a great admirer, and many of whose expressions and sentiments may be traced, disguised in a more modern dress. It is to be lamented, in a work which might otherwise have been so generally useful, that professing to educate his hero as a Christian, he should have filled his third volume with so many objections to Christianity. He speaks of the gospel with reverence as a system, and draws a most affecting picture of its divine author. But the miracles and prophecies by which his mission was foretold and accomplished, are either insidiously attacked, or flatly denied. Admitting only the tenets of natural religion, and affecting to weigh all things in the balance of reason, that reason, often erroneous, threw him into paradoxes, which impaired the usefulness of his labours, and embittered his latter days. He inserted in the *Emilius* many opinions, which, in the then state of society and government, were considered highly dangerous. The Parliament of Paris accordingly condemned the book as soon as it appeared, and commenced a criminal prosecution against him, which made it necessary for him to leave France immediately. He directed his wandering steps to Geneva; but by a fatality which he did not expect, his native city refused him an asylum, and he could only find it in the principality of Neuchâtel. From his retreat at Motiers-Travers, he published his *Letter to the Archbishop of Paris*, in answer to that prelate's charge, which had anathematized his book. Then followed his

celebrated *Letters from the Mountain*, which he seems to have intended as a general reply to all his antagonists. But these elaborate productions, in which there is much less eloquence than in his former works, filled with tedious animadversions on the magistrates and parties of Geneva, had the unfortunate effect of irritating the Protestant clergy, without reconciling him to those of the Catholic church. He had solemnly abjured the Roman faith in 1753; but with singular inconsistency had continued to reside in France. Of a proselyte, therefore, who, while he embraced the Protestant religion, refused to remain among his Protestant brethren, they could not be very proud; and the protection of the king of Prussia, to whom the country of Neufchatel belonged, was not able to protect him from the insults to which his residence there exposed him. In the night of the 6th of September, 1765, some fanatics, heated by wine and by the persuasion of their ministers, threw stones at his windows, and compelled him, in order to avoid a similar outrage, to seek a refuge in the Canton of Berne. But the people of Berne, in strict alliance with those of Geneva, would not admit the presence of a man whom the latter had proscribed. His declining health, and the rigours of approaching winter, could not soften the severity of those austere republicans. It was in vain that, to render them the more secure against the contagion of his principles, he offered to confine himself within the walls of a prison, where, unprovided with the means of propagating his tenets, he might await the return of a milder season—even this extraordinary request was refused him. In the depth of an uncommonly severe winter, he set out on his melancholy journey, and reached Strasburgh in the most miserable condition. The influence and humanity of the Mareschal de Contades, who commanded in that frontier:

city, procured him every necessary comfort, and enabled him to proceed to Paris. Having remained there only a short time, he again left it to accompany the celebrated David Hume to England, where he arrived in the spring of 1766. In the midst of the outcry which the publication of his *Emilius* had excited, Hume had already offered him an asylum in this land of civil and religious freedom, which Rousseau, little suspecting the prejudices which his own countrymen had conceived against him, had declined. But, convinced by sad experience of his mistake, he accepted the invitation of his friend, and every thing at first seemed to justify this preference. He was received with the utmost kindness and distinction: the newspapers teemed with his praises, and England appeared to pride itself in this publicly protecting a man equally conspicuous for his genius and his misfortunes. After enjoying for sometime the literary societies of the capital, he retired, with his *gouvernante*, to a house at Wootton, in Derbyshire, which had been offered to him by Mr. Davenport, a gentleman of fortune. Here he amused himself with botanical researches, but principally occupied his time in the composition of his *Confessions*, or the memoirs of his own life. He has truly said that this was an undertaking that no man had executed before, and one that probably never will be imitated. His sincerity in delineating his own character is indeed remarkable. His failings and his virtues are exhibited with equal candour. Whatever was the ruling impulse at any time of his life, whether good or evil, he has committed to paper without reserve; and from the variety of situations, in which he was placed, and the great diversity of characters, with whom he was at different times connected, we have almost every trait of mind drawn forth and laid open before us; a severe scrutiny, which few characters would bear, and few indeed have undergone. It is to be lamented that

this sincerity had not been confined to the delineation of his own portrait, and that he made use of it as a pretext to draw others with still greater freedom. It is painful to see the memory of his generous benefactress dishonoured by the unnecessary disclosure of the events of his early youth. There are also many unpleasant details of men, some obscure and others celebrated, which should have been either altogether suppressed, or, at least, partially noticed. It was observed, at the time, by an ingenious lady, that Rousseau would have had a greater reputation for virtue, *had he died without Confession*. If there be some few characters faithfully drawn, there are too many which he has seen only through the mist of his own clouded and suspicious mind. He no doubt never suspected any deviation from truth, and conceived that he exercised the most impartial justice both with respect to himself and others. But the slightest occurrence, a recollection of the most trifling thing that opposed any of his peculiar prejudices, was immediately discoloured by his ardent and distempered imagination. It is principally against his literary cotemporaries, that he directs his most frequent and bitter complaints, though among these there were many who loved him, and some who had rendered him essential services. But his seducing eloquence, the glowing colours in which the principal events are described the sublime sentiments of virtue which are occasionally interspersed, concur in rendering this one of the most fascinating works ever presented to the human mind.

The comfort and security which his residence in England appeared so likely to afford him, were soon disturbed by the usual effects of his own eccentricity. In his quarrel with Hume, the leading features of his character more particularly unfold themselves. From early habit he had acquired that distempered sensibility which never fails to

prove the bane of all happiness. In this state of mind every impression became tenfold magnified by the force of imagination; and as he was exquisitely alive to injuries, the most trifling incident was sufficient to put his feelings to the torture. The persecutions of his countrymen, equally foolish and unjust, combining with this situation of his mind, led him to fancy that all mankind were up in arms against him; that enemies were besetting him in every quarter; and that whatever kindness he experienced, was only a veil to cover some latent conspiracy. The perpetual suspicions which in consequence haunted him during the latter part of his life, prevented him from reposing with confidence in the most zealous and tried friendship. His intimacy with Hume was interrupted by the following incident. At the time when the public mind was most occupied with his writings and his misfortunes, Horace Walpole, then at Paris, had amused himself and his friends in the composition of a letter, purporting to be written by the king of Prussia, in which he gave him an invitation to Berlin, but at the same time ironically reflected on his character and his works. This pretended letter having been long forgotten, unexpectedly made its appearance in the *St. James's Chronicle*, and came to the knowledge of Rousseau. Unapprized of the extreme freedom of the English press, he conceived that the letter owed its publication to the superior influence of his enemies, who, not satisfied with his expulsion from France and Switzerland, were determined to molest him even among the hills of Derbyshire. Nor was this all; but giving loose to all the suggestions of his distempered mind, his imagination represented to him his numerous enemies at Paris extending their influence even to England; Hume, as their agent, actively employed in his ruin—as the man who had insidiously drawn him into a strange country, the better to effect it. After maintaining a sullen silence for some

time, he wrote a long expostulatory letter to Hume, filled with the foulest accusations. It is certainly not easy to justify this conduct towards one who had uniformly acted as his real friend and adviser, who, in the universal desertion in which the unfortunate Genevese was placed, had pitied, admired, and assisted him; who, indulging his eccentricities, and giving way to every caprice, had behaved towards him with peculiar delicacy and feeling. Rousseau, in the frenzy of his suspicion, no longer remembered these repeated acts of kindness, or rather, they only served to confirm the singular opinion he had formed; and he would deserve to be held in abhorrence as a monster of baseness and ingratitude, were it not well ascertained that the inconsistencies of his character proceeded more from the defects of his temper, than from any vice of his heart. Unfortunately Hume also forgot this, and in his resentment at such conduct, did not exercise that forbearance which might have been expected from so consummate a philosopher. Instead of compassionating a man whom the wild suggestion of a disturbed imagination had rendered desperate, instead of entering into an explanation, as Rousseau, with the most pathetic eloquence conjured him to do, he returned a cold and resentful answer. This dispute, which, it must be confessed, does little honour to either party, having completely destroyed the intimacy that had subsisted between them, Rousseau escaped from England in a state of mind bordering on absolute alienation. For two years he resided in the remote province of Dauphiny, where, in 1769, he married Therese le Vasseur, a woman who had for twenty-five years been his constant companion, had accompanied him in all his expeditions, and had been his faithful attendant and tender nurse in sickness and affliction. But she has been strongly suspected of having strengthened, rather than softened the eccentricities of his character, by encourag-

ing his propensity to solitude, and resolutely refusing all access to him. It is said the most unjustifiable step ever taken by Rousseau, that of sending his children to the Foundling-Hospital, was not effected without her privity and concurrence. Many have supposed that some equivocal features in her character at length discovered to Rousseau how much his wife was unworthy of him, and contributed to that profound melancholy which overpowered his reason, and made him seek a premature death. This, however, is only supposition; and it is admitted that there were no certain proofs of infidelity in his lifetime, whatever was her subsequent conduct.

In 1770, Rousseau again made his appearance at Paris, in the common dress, for till then he had affected the costume of an Armenian. It was another singular proof of inconsistency in this extraordinary man, that he should select as a favourite residence, the place of all others that should have been the most obnoxious to him, where his supposed enemies most abounded, and where they exercised the greatest influence. But some powerful protectors obtained that he should reside there in peace and safety, on condition that he no longer wrote any thing against religion or the government. In this he kept his word. The writings that were found at his decease, and formed so many supplemental volumes to his works, consist only of detached treatises on different subjects; an account of his *reveries* during the solitary walks he frequently made in and about the metropolis; *Remarks on the Government of Poland*; the *Adventures of Lord Edward*, a sort of sequel to his *Eloise*; *Emilius and Sophia*; *Letters to Sarah*; translations from *Tacitus* and *Tasso*; and *Rousseau juge de Jean Jaques*. This is one of the most singular rhapsodies that ever fell from the pen of an author; and with the attempts he used to make it

public, incontestibly proves how deeply his mind was disturbed. He asserts *that for the last fifteen years, France, Europe, nay, the whole earth itself, were in league against him; that there was an universal conspiracy, a mysterious and inexplicable plot entered into by the common assent of mankind, from the government down to the lowest of the people.* He seriously tells us, that if he asked the most simple question, he received no answer; that if he desired to purchase a book, he was certain not to find it; and that if he wished to cross the river, the boatmen had orders not to let him pass. So sunk was the man from whose eloquent pen, amid many brilliant, but impracticable theories, nations have received so many principles of civil government and social order; at whose powerful call mothers had consented to obey the first dictates of nature in the nourishment of their own offspring; and by whose lofty independence of character and strenuous exertions in favour of liberty, the French were first taught to resist the despotic power of their monarch, and the oppression of their nobles.

But even in these, his latest productions, the pathetic power of Rousseau is undiminished; and they contain passages so irresistibly affecting, that the reader is happy to find himself relieved by the consideration that his complaints were most of them imaginary, and his misery self-created. After residing some years at Paris, he accepted the offer made him by the Marquis de Girardin, to reside on his estate at Ermenonville, about thirty miles from the capital. There, on the 2d of July, 1778, he is said to have expired in an apoplectic fit; but from other accounts, unfortunately not destitute of probability, there is reason to presume that this truly wretched man voluntarily terminated his existence by swallowing poison in a cup of coffee.

This article has been drawn to an unusual length, from the peculiar interest excited by its subject. It is unnecessary to extend it further by additional remarks on his character and writings, sufficiently exemplified, we trust, in the foregoing narrative. We shall close it with an extract from M^o. de Stael, who, of his numerous admirers, appears to have best appreciated this extraordinary man. She attempts to draw an imaginary portrait of him in the following words. "Rousseau's figure had in it nothing remarkable, but was seldom forgotten, when once he was engaged in conversation. His eyes were small; but they could express the emotions by which he was successively agitated. His brow, prominent and thick, seemed formed by nature to protect him from the malignant gaze of others. He carried his head low, not from flattery or fear—meditation and habitual melancholy had depressed it, as the flower bends to the fury of the storm. When silent, his physiognomy had no expression whatever; from conversation alone it derived its peculiar force and meaning. At other times his thoughts seemed to retire to the inmost recesses of his soul, and betrayed no exterior symptom of their nature. His features were common; but when he spoke, they brightened in proportion to the subject by which he was interested; like the gods, whom Ovid describes as quitting, by degrees, this terrestrial disguise, and denoting, by the lightning of their eyes, their celestial origin."



Printed by Vandoeck.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published by Vennor, Hood & Sharpe, Bowdrie, 1807.

RUBENS.

SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS the illustrious head of the Flemish School of painting, was the son of John Rubens and Mary his wife whose maiden name was Pipelings ; both of whom were descended from distinguished families in Antwerp, of which city his father was one of the principal magistrates. During the troubles which agitated the low countries, in the latter portion of the sixteenth century his parents removed to Cologne for security against the calamities of civil war, where he was born in 1577.

From his earliest years his mind was cultivated by his excellent parents with the utmost care, and he displayed quick and lively faculties. He was early initiated in the principles of classical and polite learning, which were completed on their return to their native city, where his youthful elegance and polite accomplishments, acquired him the situation of page to the Countess de Lalain, with whom however he remained but a short time. On the death of his father, as he evinced a strong desire to study the arts of design, his mother gave him permission to pursue the bent of his inclination, and he was placed with Adam Van-Oort, a painter of considerable reputation for history, portrait and landscape, but whose greatest honour, arose from having been the first instructor of Rubens, who (although he left him from his disagreeable temper, ways and manners,) used to say that Van-Oort would have surpassed all his cotemporaries if he

had seen Rome, and formed his taste by studying the best models. Van-Oort was also the first instructor of Rubens, best pupil Jourdalus, who condescended to bear his master's morose temper from affection to his daughter whom he afterwards married.

On leaving the school of Van-Oort, Rubens placed himself under the tuition of Octavius Van Veen, better known by the name of Otto Venius, an eminent scholar, and a good painter, who had studied at Rome, and imbued his disciple with the soundest principles in his art. With this accomplished and amiable preceptor, Rubens remained till his twenty third year, and such was the similarity of their dispositions and pursuits, that no separation appeared either probable or desirable, when his master and true friend assured him, his instructions could now be of no further advantage to him, and recommended a journey to Italy, as the surest mode of perfecting those great talents he had already displayed. This advice was too congenial with the inclination of Rubens to be refused, and he instantly prepared himself for the journey.

At this period he had among his patrons the archduke Albert Governor of the Netherlands, who had engaged him to paint several fine pictures for his own palace, but on hearing his intentions, most liberally forwarded his views, and recommended him in the most honourable manner to his noble friend Vincenzo Gonzago, Duke of Mantua, and in the year 1600 he left his native city for the classic soil of Italy.

Sandraab and De Piles, differ in the accounts of which city in Italy Rubens first visited; but the slight and superficial manner in which Sandraab abridged and

translated, what he calls *his* lives of the most famous painters, renders that of De Piles the most to be depended upon.

On the arrival of Rubens at Venice, he studied the principles of colouring and chiaroscuro, which guided the great luminaries of the Venetian school, and particularly examined the works of Titian and Paul Veronese, which doubtless influenced his future style, and led him to think less of the antique. On his arrival at Mantua he was received by the Duke (Gonzaga) with marks of distinction worthy of his splendid talents, and received an honourable appointment about the person of this illustrious patron of the arts. This honour was peculiarly agreeable to Rubens, as it gave him an opportunity of studying the classic works of Giulio Romano, in the ducal residence, called the palace of the T, from its plan resembling that letter. These grand examples became the objects of his greatest admiration, and their loftiness of conception which appeared to have risen as from enchantment, with the antique treasures, and other wonders of this palace, gave birth to many splendid passages in his subsequent works.

“The palace del T, says our great critic Fuseli, furnished specimens in every class of picturesque imagery. Whatever be the dimensions, the subject or the scenery, minute or colossal, simple or complex, terrible or pleasing, we trace a mind bent to surprise or to dazzle by poetic splendour.”

The contemplation of these wonders, where the poetry of Homer and Virgil were personified by the pencil of Giulio and his able pupils, excited in Rubens the greatest desire of emulation, and it is said, that while he was

occupied on a picture of Turnus and Æneas, inspiring his imagination by the bold flights of poetry, he was painting and repeating aloud with energy from Virgil, "Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet, &c." he was overheard by the Duke, who entered the room and was equally delighted and surprised, when he found his painter's mind enriched with all the finer graces of literature.

During his residence in Italy, he visited Rome and other cities, studying the works of the greatest painters, and his pictures painted during this period are known among connoisseurs, by the name of his Italian manner.

After being absent from his native country eight years, and while he was pursuing his art at Genoa, he was informed that his mother to whom he was most tenderly attached, was dangerously ill; and though he returned to Antwerp, with all possible speed, he did not arrive till after her death. This circumstance was a severe affliction to his mind, and he formed an intention of returning to Italy; solacing his afflicted mind by an ardent pursuit of his art in retirement in the abbey of St. Michael. The arch-duke Albert his first patron, and the Infanta Isabella his consort, induced him to remain in their service, and assigned him a considerable pension. He consequently abandoned his intention, established himself at Antwerp, married, and built himself a magnificent house, with a grand saloon filled with antique statues, busts, vases, and pictures by the most celebrated painters.

The celebrity of Rubens as a painter, and his taste in classical literature, had long been acknowledged at the court of France, when he was invited by Mary of Medicis, in 1620, to paint the gallery of the Luxemburg

Palace, with a series of allegorical and emblematical pictures, descriptive of the events of the life of that Princess. They represent in twenty-four subjects, the history of his patroness, in a style that commands our greatest admiration: "in whatever light we consider that astonishing work" says Fuseli, "whether as a series of sublime conceptions, regulated by an uniform comprehensive plan, or as a system of colours and tones, exalting the subject, and seconded by magic execution."

During this period, Rubens became acquainted with the Duke of Buckingham, who accompanied Prince Charles (afterwards Charles I.) through France, on his way to Madrid, and who afterwards became the purchaser of his rich museum.

On his return to his native country, the Infanta Isabella honoured him by several consultations relative to the critical state of the low countries, and so satisfied was this enlightened Princess with the talents of Rubens, that she choose him from all others to visit Spain, to apprise Phillip IV. of the state of affairs preparatory to a negociation for peace, between Spain and England. In 1628, he reached Madrid, and was most cordially received by the King and his Minister, the Duke of Olivarez. During his residence here, Rubens did not neglect his ruling passion, and the royal collections of the Escorial, the Prado and Madrid, proved a mine of art to his indefatigable industry, and here it was, that he painted for Olivarez, that splendid picture which has been just added to the magnificent collection of the Earl of Grosvenor. In 1629, he returned to Flanders, and had no sooner rendered an account of his embassy to the Infanta, than she sent him on one of no less delicacy and secresy than the former, and he arrived in

London to forward the peace between Spain and England. He was received by Charles with munificence and honours, and was employed by that splendid and tasteful monarch, to paint the ceiling of the Banqueting-house, now the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, with the apotheosis of his father King James. Rubens accomplished his object, received the honour of Knighthood and a magnificent reward for his labours, and returned to Flanders, where he was received with all those marks of honour and distinction that he had so richly earned.

Rubens having observed that painters, who attach themselves servilely to the antique, give their figures the appearance of marble or stone, which they carry into their designs, their costumes, and into the body of their compositions, fixed upon nature as his model. If the dread of falling into this defect restrained him from studying those precious remnants of antiquity—those perfect types of ideal excellence, he felt, at least, that nature, always rich and varied in her productions, was not a field too extensive for his genius, and starting beyond the limits of cool imitation, proved that it is to act in strict obedience to rules, to know, at times, how to liberate one's-self from their shackles.

Rubens, obliging in his deportment towards those of his profession, pleased himself frequently in correcting their works, and reproved their foibles without asperity. An artist named Brendel, possessed with the folly of alchymy, having proposed to Rubens to join him in the discovery of its mysteries, he replied: "You are too late in your application. For these twenty years past, my pencils and my pallet have revealed to me the secret, about which you are so solicitous."

It is impossible to enumerate all his paintings. There is scarcely a cabinet of consequence in Europe that is not in possession of some of his works. He painted, it is stated upwards of 400 pictures; the most eminent of which will be characteristically described in the course of this publication.

Rubens had a number of scholars, the majority of whom assisted him in his works; but instead of appreciating this honour, they were, at times, guilty of the grossest arrogance, and he found himself assailed by the calumnies of those who were most indebted to him for assistance. Van Uden and Snyders dining one day together, they had the effrontery to declare that Rubens, whose merits were so highly extolled, was compelled to have recourse to their talents to paint his scenery and his animals, which so much contributed to the embellishment of his pictures. Rubens, apprized of this conversation, painted immediately some large hunting pieces, in which he represented horses, lions, &c. with singular propriety; and enriched them with the most beautiful landscapes. These he exhibited to his pupils, and reproving their arrogance and presumption, exclaimed—"You are now, I hope, convinced that I can dispense with your assistance, and am your master in every branch of my art." His other disciples were, Vandyke, Diepenbeke, Wildens, Van Mol, Van Tulden, Jacob Jordaens, Erasmus Quellinus, and Gerard Segers.

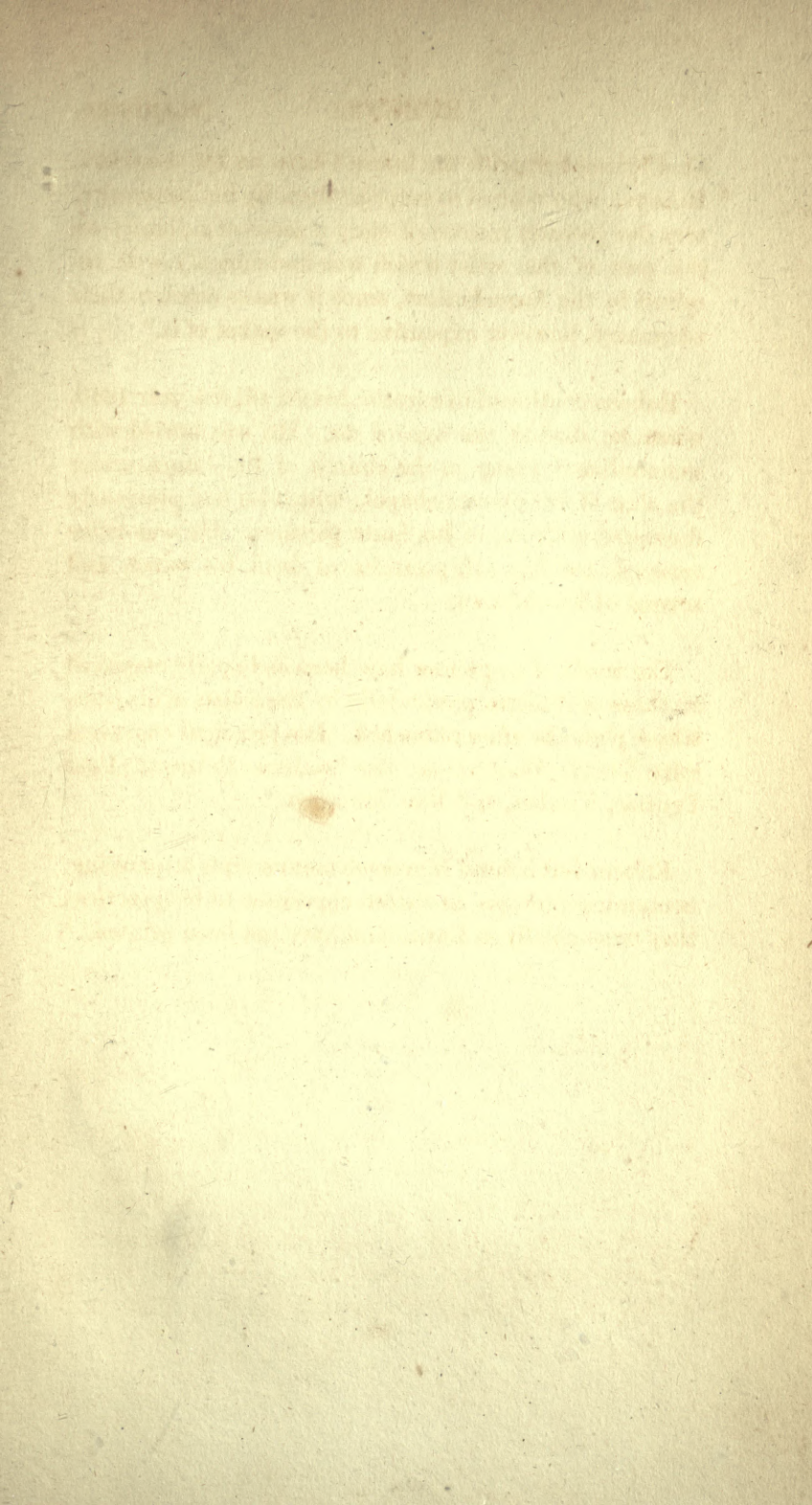
The famous "Descent from the Cross," which has conferred immortality on the name of this illustrious painter, "was given, (says Sir Joshua Reynolds) to the company of Arquebusiers, at Antwerp, for a piece of ground, on which he built his house; and though the agreement was only for a picture representing their patron,

St. Christopher, with the infant Christ on his shoulders, Rubens, who wished to surprise them by his generosity, sent five pictures instead of one ; a piece of gallantry on the part of the artist which was undoubtedly well received by the Arquebusiers, since it was so much to their advantage, however expensive to the maker of it."

Rubens continued to exercise his art till the year 1640, when he died at the age of 63. He was buried with extraordinary pomp in the church of St. James, under the altar of his private chapel, which he had previously decorated with one of his finest pictures. He was twice married, and has left portraits of both his wives, and several of his children.

The works of no painter have been so happily engraved as those of Rubens, particularly by the artists of his time, whose plates he often retouched. His principal engravers were Lucas, Wosterman, the brothers Bolswert, Paul Pontius, Vischer, and Van Schuppen.

Rubens left behind him some manuscripts on painting, containing precepts in direct opposition to his practice ; they were chiefly in Latin, and have not been printed.





Drawn by Tan Semere.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published by Verner, Hood & Sharpe, Trowley, 1807.

DE RUYTER.

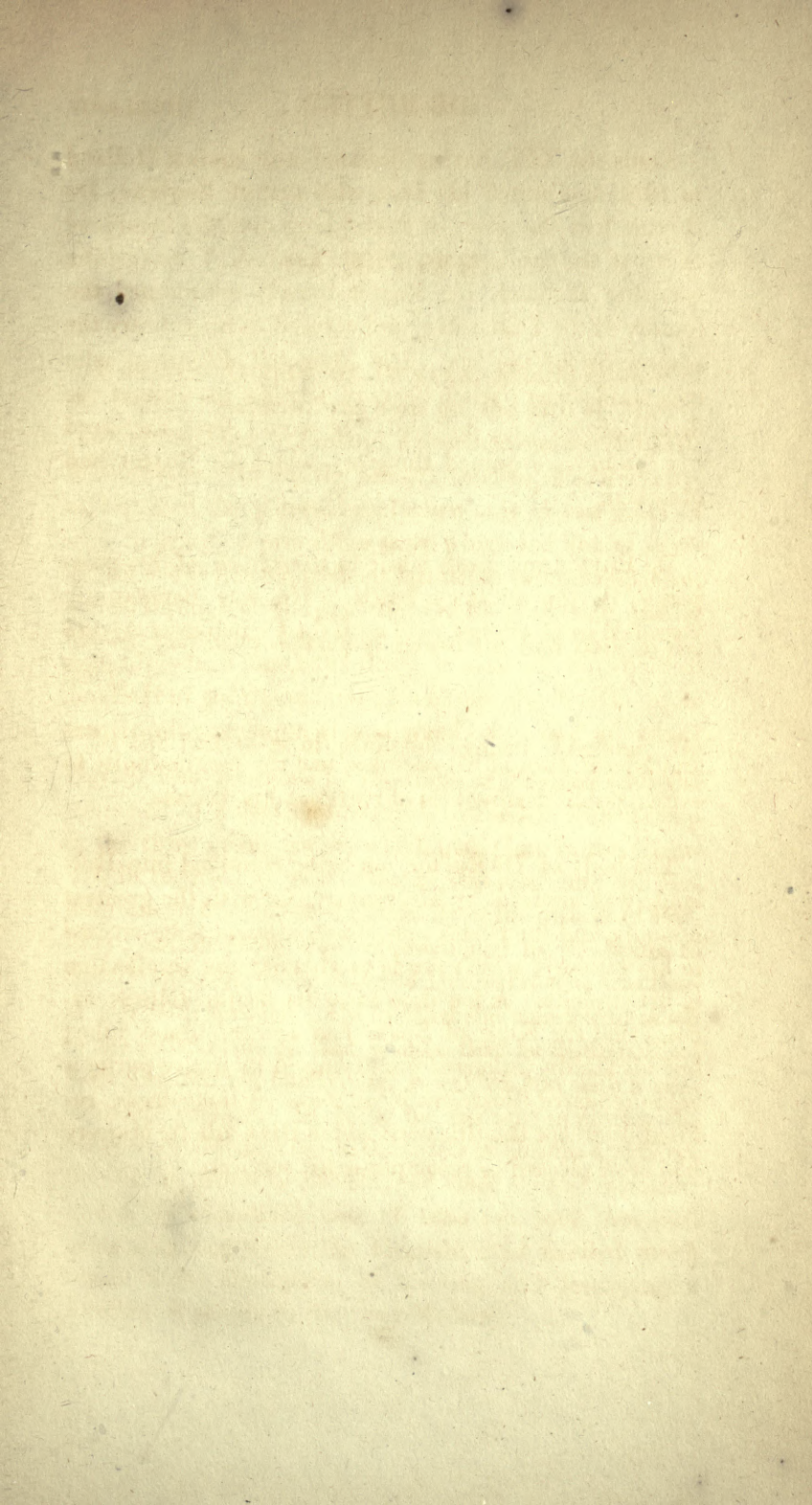
MICHAEL ADRIAN DE RUYTER, admiral in chief of the United Provinces, was born on the 24th of March, 1607, at Flushing, in Zealand, a province eminent for skilful mariners. He was the son of a tradesman of that city, and quitted the paternal roof when only eleven years of age, to gratify a prevailing taste which led him to navigation.—De Ruyter, without fortune or recommendation, passed through all the gradations of his profession, and by his extraordinary talents obtained the first rank in the navy.

In the first wars of Holland against England, De Ruyter was intrusted by the states of Zealand with the command of a fleet; and bravely seconded Van Tromp in the three engagements which took place in the Channel, in 1652.—Two years after he was sent into the Mediterranean to chastise the audacity of the princes of Barbary; and in 1659, was commissioned by the States to convey succours to the King of Denmark, who was then at war with Sweden. He fulfilled this mission so much to the satisfaction of that prince, that he distinguished both him and his family, and rewarded him with a considerable pension. In 1665, he was sent to destroy the English establishments on the coasts of Guinea and Newfoundland, which he effected, and made several captures; and in the memorable war of 1666 and 1667, obtained some advantages over the English; and excited much alarm in the metropolis, by burning and destroying a number of vessels in the river Medway.

Louis the XIV. having declared war against Holland in 1672, and united his fleet with that of England, De Ruyter had the glory of triumphing over the combined efforts of the two nations. While Louis XIV. carried the war into Holland, De Ruyter bravely maintained the honour of the Dutch flag, and assured to his country the sovereignty of the sea. The Marechal d'Estrees, who commanded the French fleet, in writing to Colbert the details of that day, declared "he would have sacrificed his life to have gained the glory which De Ruyter had obtained.

De Ruyter met death while in the zenith of his prosperity, in the midst of battle. He was dangerously wounded in an engagement with the French near Agosta in Sicily, on the 21st of April, 1676, and died eight days after. His death caused a general mourning in Holland. Louis the XIV. who knew how to appreciate the virtues and talents even of his enemies, had the magnanimity to evince public testimonies of regret at his decease.

The body of De Ruyter, on being conveyed into Holland, was received by his countrymen with the greatest honours, and the States caused a monument to be erected to his memory, which recalls to this day the recollection of his exploits. A few days after his death, tidings arrived that the King of Spain had created him a duke; but his family, jealous of preserving in its native purity a name rendered illustrious by so many glorious deeds, refused to accept the title with which His Catholic Majesty had been pleased to recompense his services.





Painted by Ferdinand.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London: Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Pooletry: 1807.

MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

MARY DE RABUTIN, Marchioness of Sévigné, was born in the province of Burgundy, in 1626. She was the daughter and sole heiress of Celsus Benignus de Rabutin, Baron of Chantal and of Bourbilli, who in the year following was killed, while bravely defending the Isle of Rhé against the incursions of the English. It has been asserted, with what truth cannot be ascertained, that he fell by the hand of Oliver Cromwell, who was engaged in that expedition, and who was then fighting under the banners of a monarch whom he afterwards dethroned. ---Thus early deprived of a parent whom she had not the happiness of knowing, she remained under the care of her mother and her maternal uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges, and to them she was indebted for an excellent education, which comprised much of the learning, and all the accomplishments of that age. She was taught the Latin, Spanish, and Italian languages, and was sufficiently acquainted with them to be able to peruse the best authors in each. The frequent use she made of her pen, the manner in which she has spoken of authors and of books, prove that she possessed a cultivated mind, and that she was accustomed to think for herself on subjects of literature and the arts.

At the age of eighteen she was married to the Marquess de Sévigné, a nobleman of Brittany. A son and daughter were the issue of this marriage. It is well known, that in this union she did not experience that happiness

of which she was every way so deserving. The Marquis, by nature fickle and inconstant, destroyed her peace by frequent infidelities. "His affections," says Bussy, "wandered from one person to another---but he never met an object so truly amiable as his own wife—while she herself never ceased to love him in his life-time, and to cherish his memory when dead." Though she felt all the grief, and probably all the resentment so natural to an injured and slighted woman, she never attempted to check his career by unavailing remonstrances—and sincerely lamented his death when it happened, in 1651, in a duel with the Chevalier d'Albert. The circumstances which led to this encounter have not transpired.—Left a widow in her twenty-fifth year, she was not tempted by any of the offers made to her, to dispose of her hand again in marriage—though the united advantages of rank, fortune, beauty, wit and accomplishments, excited numerous candidates for her favour. She desired to remain single, that she might superintend the education of her children, and recover their property, which had been injured by the dissipation of her husband. In this design she was materially assisted by the Abbé de Coulanges, between whom and his neice the most perfect harmony and good understanding subsisted. Thus occupied in the pleasing duties of friendship and maternal cares, she never entertained the most distant thought of a second union. A conduct so laudable, had all the success she could desire. Charles, Marquess of Sévigne, her son, was distinguished by every thing which in that age characterized a man of genius and of pleasure. Her daughter appeared with all the advantages of education, embellished by personal beauty and a polished understanding. Of a disposition more reserved than that of her brother, she had applied herself to more serious studies. While Homer, Virgil, Horace and Boileau,

were the favourite authors of the Marquess, she had studied and became deeply versed in the philosophy of Descartes. In her early youth she was particularly remarked for her modesty and the unaffected graces of her person. The court of Louis XIV. was at that in all its splendour and magnificence—the most brilliant entertainments were almost daily given. Pleasure, always decent and elegant, presided at its festivals—and a spirit of gallantry, at once noble and ingenuous, animated alike the monarch and his courtiers. Mad^{le}. de Sévigné was received with the most flattering distinction. In the ballets which were represented at Versailles, and in which the king himself sometimes took part, she appeared in various characters, and was celebrated by Benserade. In 1669 she was married to the Count de Grignan, Lieut. Governor of Provence.—In marrying her daughter to a nobleman who resided principally at court, Madame de Sévigné had flattered herself that they would not be separated. But soon after the marriage the Count de Grignan received the King's orders to repair to his government, where he afterwards continued to command, in the absence of the Duke de Vendôme. This circumstance compelled Madame de Grignan to make frequent journies into Provence, and was for her mother a source of infinite uneasiness. She was so much affected by this separation, that her affection for her daughter seemed to acquire new strength. From that moment her thoughts were solely directed to the means of seeing her—either in going herself to Provence, or in meeting her at Paris. Between these visits, however, there often occurred intervals of great length, and to them we are indebted for an intercourse of Letters, the most active and regular, perhaps, that ever took place. Those of Madame de Sévigné, which have been so carefully preserved, cannot but make us regret the loss of Madame de Grignan's—by which the correspon-

dence is necessarily imperfect, and which, from some specimens still remaining, appear to have been equally worthy of preservation. Nothing, indeed, could have been more interesting, than to have perused the answers of Madame de Grignan, after having been so highly entertained by the letters of Madame de Sévigné. It is true that the latter, residing chiefly at Paris, and in the centre of the great world, the expressions of attachment from the daughter would probably not have been so happily diversified by the lively, just, and pleasing remarks on the public affairs of the day, by which those of the mother are so highly distinguished. When Madame de Sévigné was not with her daughter, she spent her time either at Livry, an abbey belonging to her uncle,—at Paris, where her society was composed of the Duke de la Rochefoucault, author of the *Maxims*, of Madame de la Fayette, and others, most distinguished by their rank or their talents—or at her country seat near Vitré in Brittany, called *les Rochers*. Her last excursion to Grignan occurred in the month of May 1694. She gives in one of her letters a pleasing description of the marriage of her grandson, the Marquis de Grignan. But a few months after, her daughter was seized with an alarming illness, which seemed to threaten her existence. During six months of painful suspense between life and death, the situation and feelings of Madame de Sévigné may be better conceived than described. This anxious mother, regardless of her own safety, watched with the most earnest solicitude the progress and crisis of her daughter's malady. Frequently would she leave her bed, to inquire whether she slept or not. To such an excess of personal exertion and mental uneasiness nature was unequal. Exhausted by the conflict, she was herself seized with a fever, and this illustrious victim of maternal tenderness expired on the 20th of April, 1696,

at the age of seventy years and two months. The affliction of Madame de Grignan, who recovered only to attend her mother to the grave, was great in proportion to the loss she had experienced. Nothing, therefore, appears more improbable, than the opinion which seems to have prevailed—that a coolness had taken place between them, and that the mother died at variance with her daughter. It has even been pretended that Madame de Sévigné affected a display of sentiment and tenderness which she in reality never felt. This accusation is not only destitute of proof, but of all probability. Affectation cannot be carried to such an extreme. If her heart did not suggest what she so feelingly expressed, what necessity was there for that effusion of fondness which her letters breathe? Of what use could have been an hypocrisy so constant and so systematic? The correspondence passed in the utmost privacy, and when Madame de Sévigné wrote, she never imagined that there would be any other witness of her love, than God and her child. The style of friendship, the impassioned tone of a lover, may be imitated—but who shall copy the exquisite feelings of a mother's heart? Fortunately, such an elaborate deception is not in nature—and is in this instance more particularly void of truth. This amiable and illustrious woman drew from a heart teeming with sensibility and affection, those expressions of fondness which please us so much—and which nothing but a conviction that they are the language of nature and truth, could otherwise have prevented from becoming tiresome and monotonous.

The remains of Madame de Sévigné, deposited in the vault of the noble family of Grignan, reposed in peace till the year 1793, when they were sacrilegiously dispersed by a band of impious wretches, who broke in pieces and divided amongst them the leaden coffin which contained them.

Madame de Sévigné, without any intention of being distinguished as a writer, has been long cited with the highest applause as a model of the epistolary style. If, to bestow the greatest praise on a book, it be sufficient to assert that it is frequently read, there is surely no one more entitled to it than this admirable collection of Letters. They are evidently the genuine and unstudied productions of a lively and accomplished woman, moving in the first circles of society, whose gay imagination and penetrating mind enabled her to describe every thing she saw and heard with the most delicate touches and the happiest turns of expression. She seems wonderfully affected by every thing she relates, and communicates her sensations to the reader. Her style is a happy assemblage of nature, sensibility, and taste. It is impossible to detail more trifling occurrences with more grace and ease. They are so exquisitely told, with so much truth and point, that we forget that we are only perusing the hasty and minute correspondence between a mother and her daughter, which turns chiefly on the news of the day, and the exhibition of characters, that would otherwise have been unknown to posterity. It perhaps owes much of its celebrity to the number of anecdotes, interspersed throughout, of an age and reign which always excite particular interest. It has been said, that they abound too much in expressions of fondness---as if there were any justice in urging this as a defect in Madame de Sévigné, by giving way to the feelings of her heart, when she had not the slightest suspicion that they were to meet the public eye. But these endearing passages, frequently as they occur, are so varied, so ingeniously expressed, that he must be cold indeed, who turns away with indifference from these simple effusions of nature and maternal tenderness.

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Painted by himself.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

London, Published by Verner, Hood & Sharpe, Paultry, 1807.

TITIAN.

IF the esteem and patronage of persons, distinguished by their opulence or birth, confer additional honour upon those whose talents have rendered them illustrious, Titian obtained all that could reflect lustre on his merit and reputation. There was scarcely a pope or sovereign of his time from whom he did not receive particular testimonies of regard. He possessed, besides, the enviable advantage of reckoning among his friends, the most celebrated poets and men of learning of the age.

Titian is regarded as the first of colourists; the major part of his pictures retaining, after three centuries, their vivacity of tints and transparency of shadows. This painter, among great designers, does not maintain an elevated rank; but it must be acknowledged, if he has not raised himself to ideal excellence, he has, at least, embraced in his costumes, that faithful imitation of nature which constitutes the fundamental principles of the art. When his models presented to him only common forms, he scarcely knew how to ennoble them, but he seized without effort a style of greater dignity, when nature disclosed herself to his view under a more noble aspect. His celebrated picture of St. Peter the Martyr, which decorates the church at Ferrara, is alone sufficient to demonstrate, that Titian sometimes combined with bold and correct design the utmost force and grandeur of expression. He has too much neglected propriety of costume, and appears not to have paid due regard to

historical consistency; but, in point of colouring he stands unrivalled. In his carnations, particularly of women and children, he is inimitable; and may perhaps be cited as a model in that part of chiaroscuro, which augments the power of the relief, not only by the combination of light, shadows, and reflections, but in the local tone of his draperies.

As a landscape painter, Titian is allowed to be unequalled: whether we consider the forms of his trees, the grand ideas of nature in his scenery or his distances, he ever delights the eye of the observer. His portraits are no less admirable for their fidelity in features and physiognomy; and recal to the mind, on contemplating them, the character, disposition, and, in some sort, the views of the persons they represent. In this particular, the portraits of Titian will only bear comparison with those of Vandyck; but if the latter possess more variety in his tints, more firmness of pencil, Titian has greater vigour in his colouring, and more *naïveté* of expression.

Titian Vecelli, born 1480, at the Castle of Cadore, in Friuli, a province subject to the Venetians, was descended from a distinguished family. He had first studied the Belles Lettres, but displaying afterwards a strong inclination for Painting, he was sent to Venice, and placed, by his uncle, as a pupil with Giovanni Bellini. Under this master whose manner he copied with extraordinary success, the proficiency of Titian was surprizing. In this school he remained for some years, where he became acquainted with Giorgione, whose works so delighted him that he immediately reformed his taste, and adopted the style of this artist, which appeared to him more elegant and less constrained than that of their common master. Having so happily acquired his me-

thod of colouring, that many of his paintings were taken for the compositions of his prototype, his talents and success excited the jealousy of Giorgione, and their intercourse very quickly ceased.

The reputation of Titian now rose continually; every new performance extended his fame. He visited, successively, the principle cities in Italy. He painted, at Ferrara, the principal personages of the court; and among others, the poet Ariosto, who celebrated him in his verses. He then went to Parma, where he happily prevented the destruction of the cupola, painted by Correggio. He travelled afterwards to Bologna, in which city he painted the portrait of the Emperor Charles V. and from thence proceeded to Mantua and Rome.—During his stay in the latter city, he resided in the palace of the Belvedere, at the express desire of the Pope Paul III. where he received a visit from Michael Angelo. Titian having then his picture of Danae on his easel, M. Angelo said to Vasari, who accompanied him, on their return;—"I am charmed with Titian's colouring and manner of work; but it is to be regretted, that in the Venetian school they do not teach to draw correctly, and have not a better taste in study. If the talents of Titian had been supported by a knowledge of art and design, it would have been impossible for any to have exceeded him. He possesses a great share of genius, and a grand and lively manner; but nothing is more certain than this, that the painter who is not profound in drawing, and has not very diligently studied the works of the ancients and the moderns, can never do any thing well of himself, nor make a proper use of what he does after nature; because he cannot apply to it that grace, that perfection of art, which is not found in the common order of nature, where we gene-

rally see some parts which are not beautiful." Paul III. made Titian several advantageous offers to induce him to continue at Rome, but he resisted all solicitation, and returned to Venice, which is still in possession of most of his largest pictures.

His extraordinary talent for portrait painting, rendered him of the greatest celebrity among men of the highest rank, who were ambitious of being represented by the hand of so eminent a master. Charles V. invited him into Spain, and, having previously twice sat to him, he exclaimed ;—" This is the third time, Titian, you have given me immortality !" This prince loaded him with wealth and honours ; conferred on him the dignity of knighthood, and gave him a considerable pension. One day, as the emperor was observing him paint, the artist, animated by the presence of the sovereign, let his pencil fall out of his hand. Charles, with much condescension, picked it up, and said, very courteously to Titian, who was making his apologies ;—" The pencil of Apelles well deserves to be picked up by Cæsar." This mark of distinction excited, at court, considerable jealousy among the nobles ; who, complaining to the emperor of the favours he bestowed upon an artist, Charles replied—" that he could create Dukes and Counts at pleasure, but only God could make a man like Titian !" This prince sent him afterwards to Inspruck, where at his desire he painted the King of the Romans and his consort. Besides these illustrious personages, he drew the portraits of the Pope ; Francis I. ; Soliman II. Emperor of the Turks ; the Dukes of Urbino and of Mantua ; of several Doges, Princes, and Cardinals ; but it would prove an endless task to enumerate all his works. The pictures of Titian are distributed over Europe, and in every cabinet are appreciated and admired.

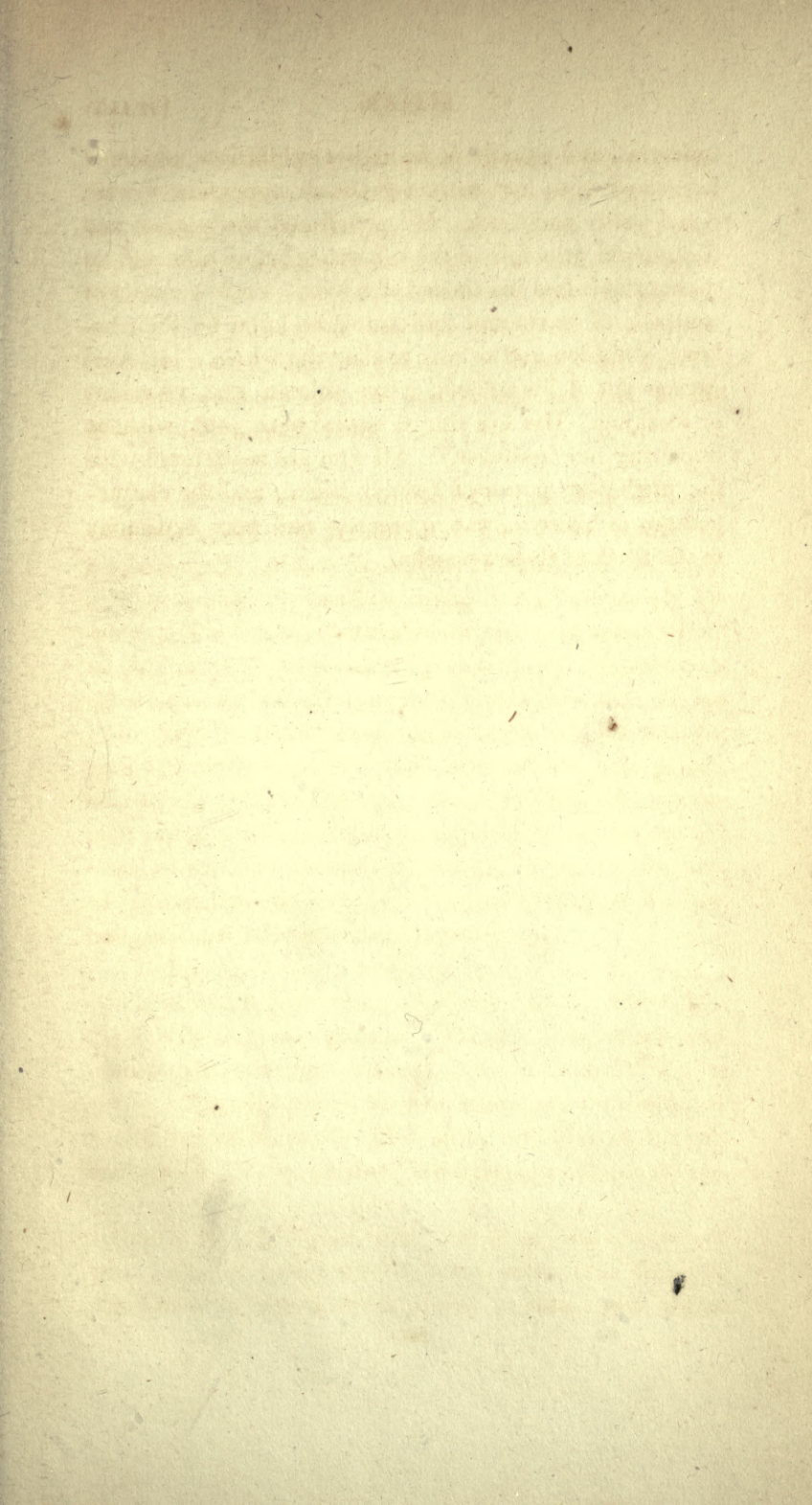
His intercourse with the great was not a little advanced by his opulence,—by his intimacy with Aretino,—and the magnificent style in which he lived. He entertained, with considerable splendour, men of the highest distinction, who were no less charmed with the playfulness of his imagination, and the gaiety of his character, than attracted by his professional celebrity. He lived to the extraordinary age of ninety-six, and died of the plague at Venice, in 1576.

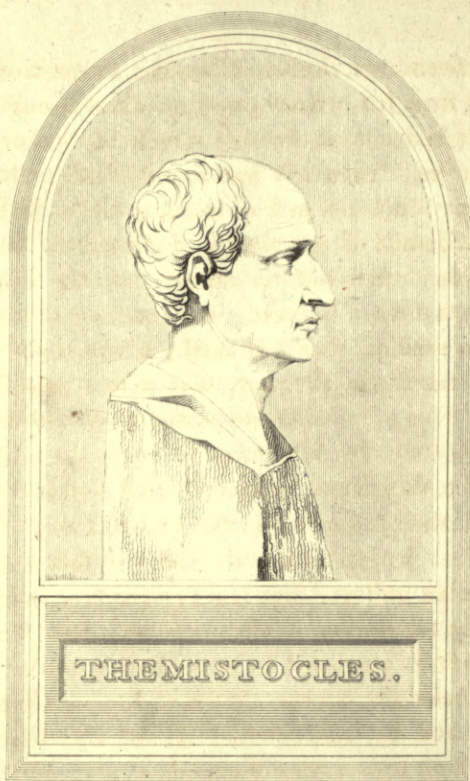
It is observed by writers, that he had four different manners, in different periods of his life. One resembling his instructor, Bellini; another in imitation of Giorgione; a third, beautifully natural, and peculiarly his own; and a fourth, observable in those pictures which he painted at a very advanced period of life. Hence arises the inequality remarkable in his productions. In his latter days his sight being much impaired, he was desirous of retouching, it is said, some of his first pieces, conceiving that the colouring was not sufficiently vigorous; but this being perceived by his disciples, they mixed olive oil with his colours, and effaced, during his absence, his destructive labour: by this means many of his best compositions were preserved from injury.

Titian had a great many scholars; among others Horario Vecelli, who possessed considerable talent, but abandoned painting to embark in some commercial concerns. Francis Vecelli, his son, whose portraits and historical pieces are worthy of Titian; and Marcus Vecelli, his nephew, whose pictures, likewise, are held in esteem.

Fuseli says of Titian, that “to no colourist, before or after him, did nature unveil herself with that dignified familiarity in which she appeared to him. His organ,

universal, and equally fit for all her exhibitions, rendered her simplest, to her most compound appearances with equal purity and truth. He penetrated the essence and the general principle of the substance before him, and on these established his theory of colour. Perfect master of contrast, of warm and cold tints, he knew by their balance, diffusion and re-call, to tone the whole. His tone springs out of his subject, grave, solemn, gay, vivacious or soothing. His eye tinged nature with gold, without impairing her freshness." All who are acquainted with the prodigious power of Titian's pencil, and the characteristics of his style, can appreciate and bear testimony to the truth of these remarks.





George Cooke del.

London, Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Roultry, 1807.

THEMISTOCLES.

THEMISTOCLES, the son of Neocles, a citizen of Athens, disclosed from his infancy passions of the strongest kind, and an ambition that forcibly struck his master: "My son," said he, "thou wilt spurn at mediocrity, and must of necessity do much evil or much good." In his early youth the details of the victory of Marathon heated his imagination: often did he repeat that the trophies of Miltiades disturbed his rest. But the force of his genius, made him predict, that this battle, which some conceived would terminate the war, was only a prelude to the contest. This opinion he supported in all public assemblies, exhorted the Athenians to repel the misfortunes with which they were threatened, and conjured them to direct all their attention to their naval force. This advice was at length followed; and the first success of the Athenian galleys, over the Persian fleet, augmented greatly the reputation of Themistocles. His rising fame was, however, tarnished by contributing to the banishment of Aristides, whose virtues and talents excited his jealousy, and by this conduct he lost a portion of that esteem which his services deserved.

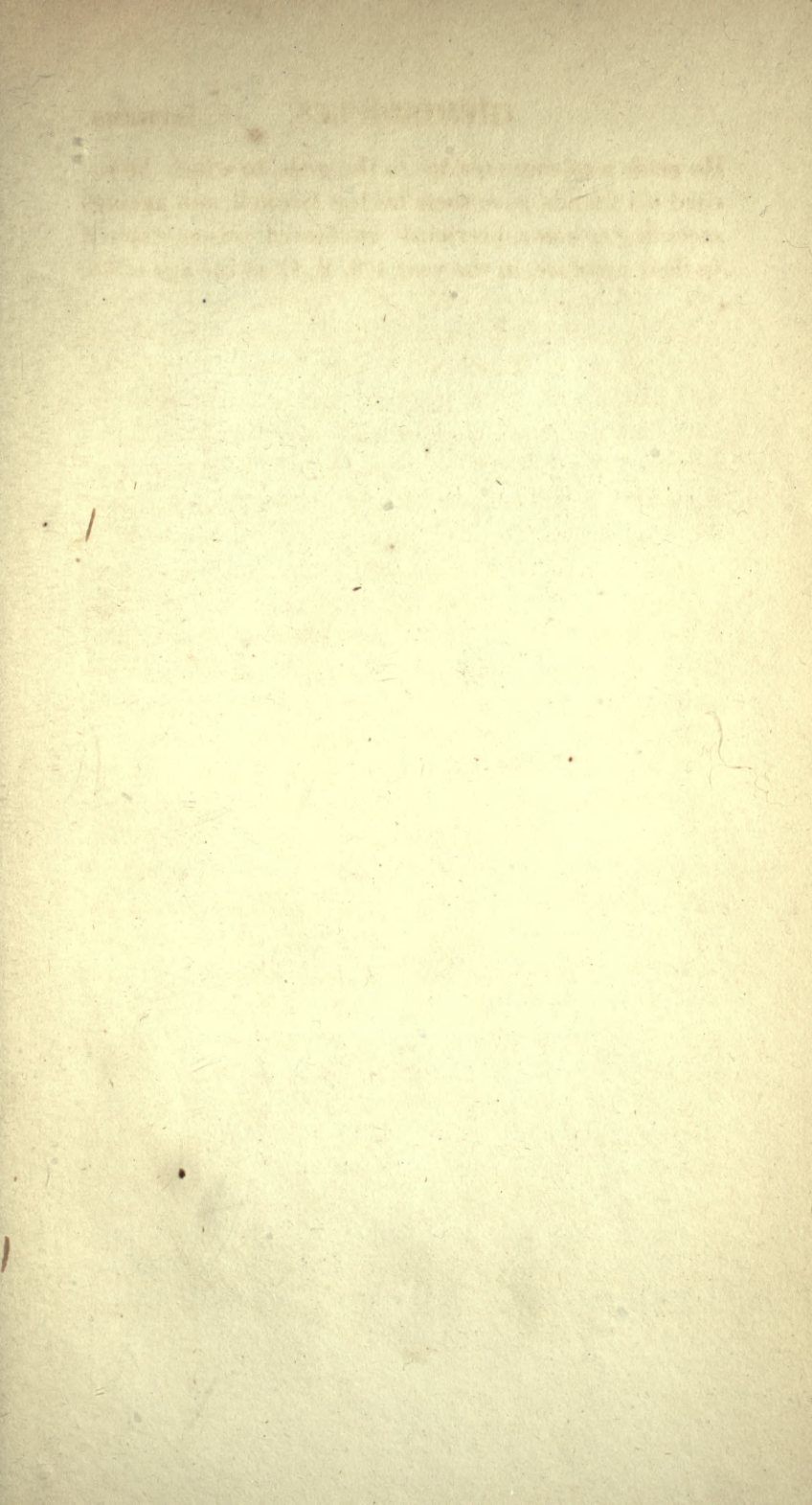
In the dissensions that arose between the Athenians and the Lacedæmonians, respecting the command of the fleet which had united at Artemisium, Themistocles betrayed a moderation not thought congenial to his character. He voluntarily relinquished the command in favour of Eurybiades, the Lacedæmonian chief; and by this

prudent conduct prevented a commotion, of which he dreaded the effects. Being apprized sometime after, that Leonidas had been killed at Thermopylæ, and that the troops of Xerxes, in every direction, had entered Greece, Themistocles, prevailed upon the Athenians to fly to their vessels ; thus accomplishing in part the will of the oracle, which ordered them to shut themselves up in their wooden walls. The city being thus entirely deserted, the Athenians, having previously put their wives and children in a place of security, went on board the fleet, and retired to the island of Salamis, where they resolved to sell dearly their lives and liberties. It was at this crisis that Themistocles was desirous of giving the enemy battle, which was warmly opposed by Eurybiades, who, in a moment of passion, raised his staff over him : "Strike—but hear ;" replied the Athenian, with coolness, being willing, with much magnanimity, to sacrifice his private resentment to the public good.

This unexampled moderation in Themistocles, influenced the opinion of the other chieftains, and the attack was resolved upon. But the sight of the Persian fleet, whose numerous vessels struck terror into the Greeks, made them abandon the project, and to depart on the night following. Themistocles, convinced of the advantages the Athenians would possess in fighting in the straits of Salamis, where the enemy's vessels would lose all their superiority, betrayed his trust to serve his country, and privately informed Xerxes of their meditated retreat. At the moment, therefore, they set sail, the fleet was surrounded, and the battle became unavoidable. The victory was not long doubtful ; for the ships of the enemy not being able to manœuvre in a space so limited, caused the genius of Themistocles to secure to his country the most brilliant triumph.

After this signal defeat of the Persians, who returned to Asia, Themistocles was occupied in fortifying Athens, which he rendered superior to the other cities of Greece. But excess of glory had so overpowered him, that he continually adverted to his services and exploits. The Athenians, incensed at his pride, and dreading, perhaps, his power, had recourse to the Ostracism, and effected his banishment. He retired to Argos, from whence he was shortly after compelled to fly, being included in the conspiracy of Pausanias against the liberties of Greece. In this project, however, he did not participate, although he was apprized of it. Themistocles then sought the protection of Admetus, King of the Molossi, whose resentment he had reason to fear, having, at his instigation, been refused the assistance which he had demanded of the Athenians. But, according to the custom of those times, Themistocles placed himself by his fire-side, in the midst of his domestic gods, and taking the son of Admetus in his arms, implored the clemency of the father, who secured him an asylum in his court. But he had not yet arrived at the height of his misfortunes. Xerxes, indignant at his ill success, offered a reward of 200 Talents to any one who would deliver him into his hands. The hero was not dismayed; he sought the Persian monarch, avowed himself, and trusted to his generosity. Artaxerxes, who was then on the throne, (his father Xerxes having just expired) testified the utmost joy on finding at his court his most determined enemy, loaded him with presents, and raised him to the highest degree of favour. His counsel he continually followed; and to distinguish him still more, offered him the command of an army, which he intended to send against Greece. Reduced thus to the sad alternative of acting with ingratitude towards his benefactor, or taking up arms against his countrymen, Themistocles determined to suffer death.

He made a solemn sacrifice to the gods, to which he invited his friends, gave them his last farewell, and having, according to some, previously swallowed poison, expired in their presence, in the year 408, B. C. at the age of 65.





Drawn by A. de S^t. Aubin

Engraved by G. Cooke

London, Published by Verner Hood & Sharpe, Poultry 1807

VAN SWIETEN.

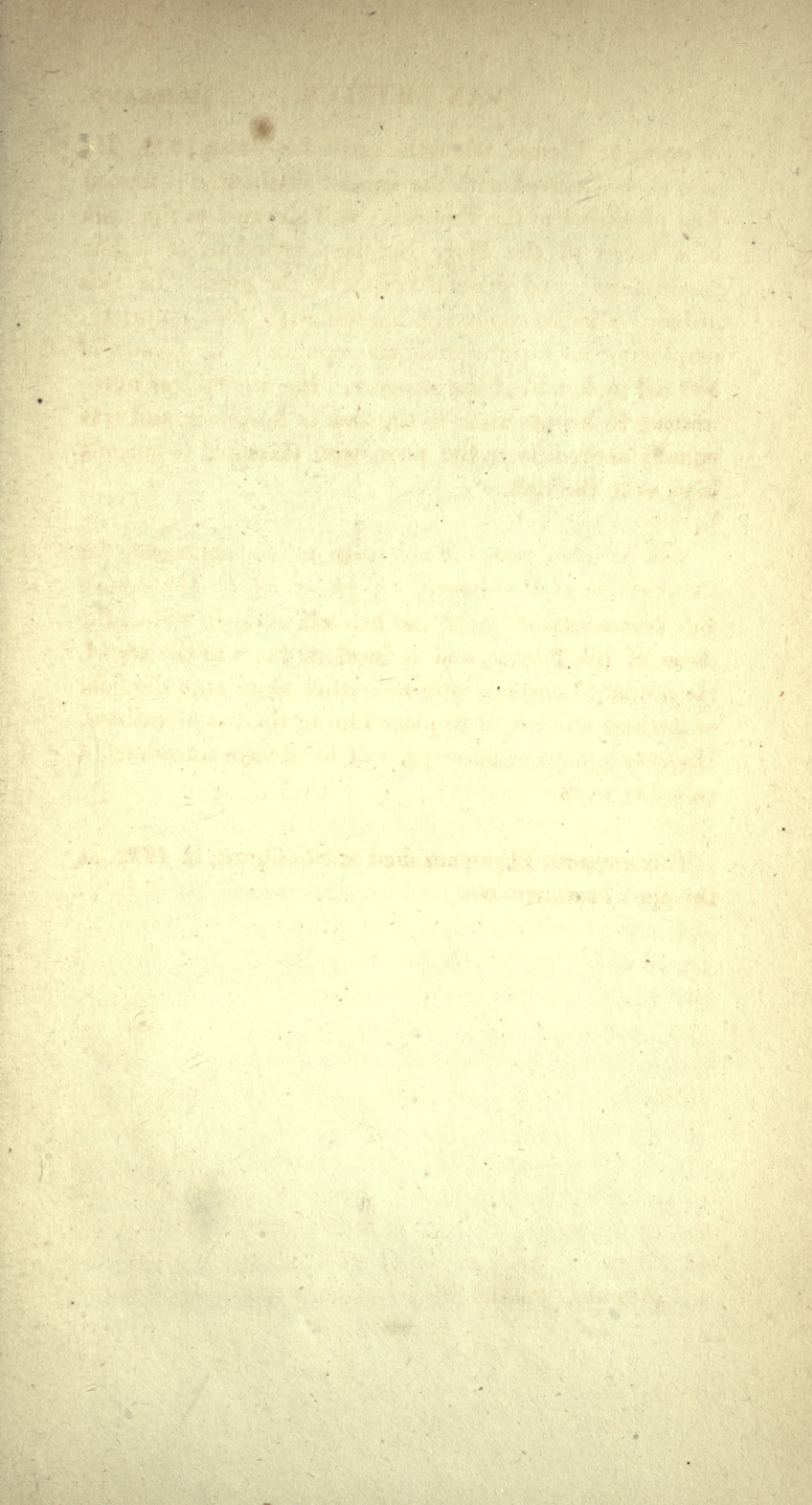
GERARD VAN SWIETEN was born at Leyden, the 7th May, 1700. He devoted himself very early to the study of physic. After having finished his course of philosophy at Louvain, he retired to Leyden, where he very soon distinguished himself among the numerous disciples of the illustrious Boerhaave.

In 1725 he took his degree, but this distinction did not terminate his studies as a pupil. He continued, during eleven years, to attend the lectures of Boerhaave, and did not cease being his disciple till the moment when he became professor. His success excited the jealousy of his cotemporaries, who, under the pretext of religion, armed against him the constitution of the state. Born of catholic parents, and unwilling to renounce his religious tenets, he was not permitted to lecture at Leyden. He was invited into England, and solicited by the British minister to settle in London, who offered to invest in the public funds, a sufficient sum to secure to him and his representatives an income of 100l. per annum; this Van Swieten refused. His love of quiet and independence made him also, for a time, decline the offers of the Queen of Hungary, which were tendered him shortly after. This princess manifested the utmost solicitude to draw him near her person. She wrote several letters to him with her own hand, but in vain. At length, upon her promising to permit him to follow that line of life to which he had been accustomed, he formed the resolution

of going to Vienna, where he arrived in June, 1745. He was there received with the utmost distinction; named first physician to the Empress; and elevated to the rank of a baron of the Holy Empire; president of public institutions; and general censor of the press. In this arduous office he conducted himself with strict propriety, employing his fortune and his reputation in favour of learned men, and of the sciences. He was no less unremitting in his attention to the sick in hospitals, and was equally accessible to the poor, who thronged to consult him, as to the rich.

Van Swieten owes his celebrity to his enthusiasm for the doctrine of Boerhaave, on whose works he was an able commentator; applying himself solely to collect the ideas of his master, and to develop them to the world. He produced nothing original either to enlarge the field of medical science, or to place him in the list of authors. His commentaries, however, will be always considered a valuable work.

This eminent Physician died at Shonbrun, in 1772, at the age of seventy-two.





Drawn by E. Dickinson.

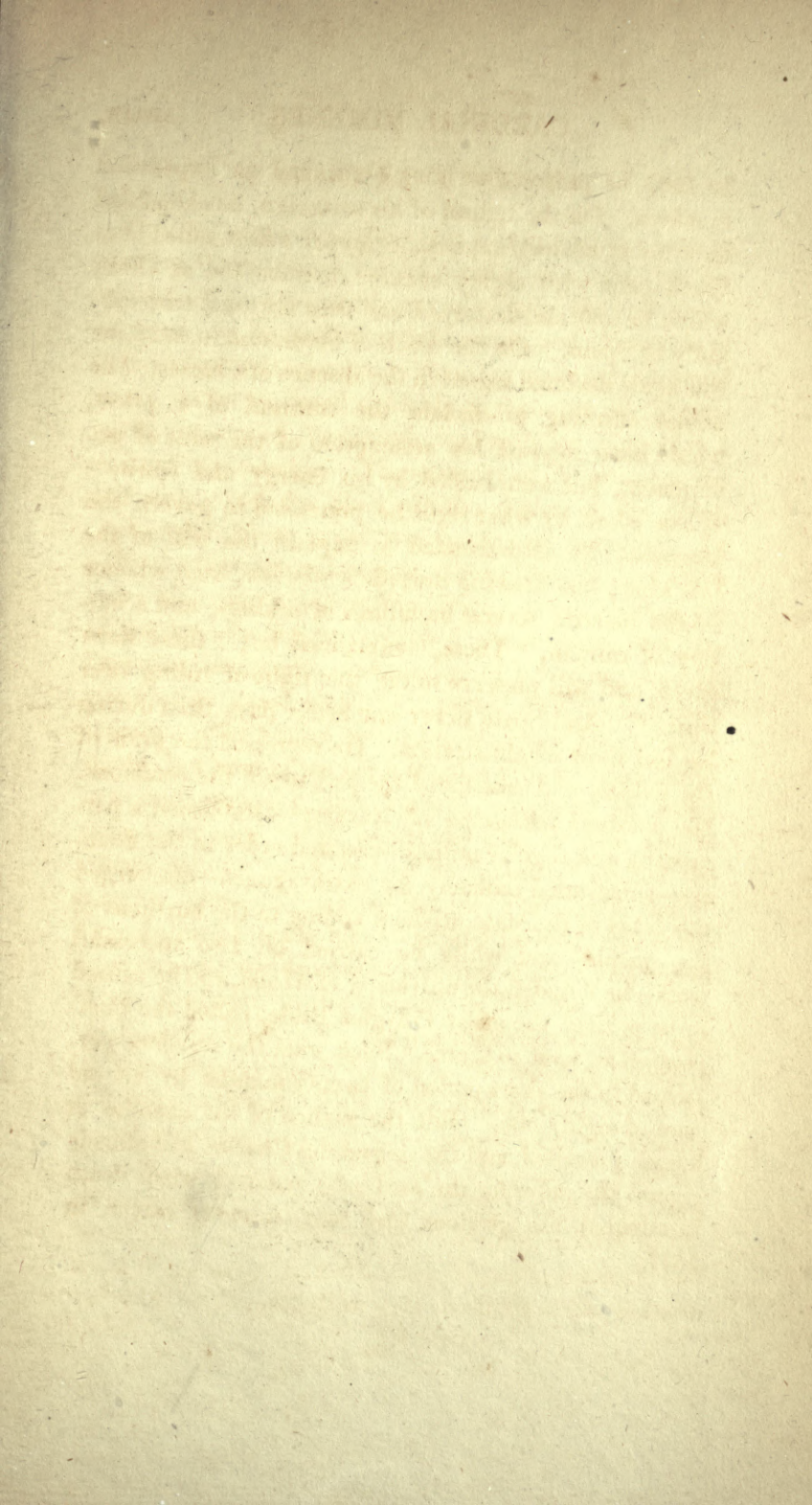
Engraved by G. Cooke.

London: Published by Vernon, Hood, & Sharpe, Booksellers, 1807.

CARDINAL XIMENES.

DON FRANCIS XIMENES DE CISNEROS was born in 1437, at Torrelaguna, in Old Castile, of a noble but decayed family. Destined from early life for the ecclesiastical functions, he studied at Salamanca, and afterwards at Rome. Cardinal Gonsalez de Mendoza made him his grand vicar; but he appeared suddenly to renounce all the promised honours of the church, and secluded himself in a convent of Cordeliers. The austerity of his manners, the zeal with which he filled all the duties of his order, soon acquired him great reputation and authority. In 1492, he became confessor to Queen Isabella, and three years after was appointed to the rich archiepiscopal see of Toledo. To him was assigned the delicate, and perhaps then dangerous, commission of reforming the religious orders, a task which he executed with characteristic severity. The Queen wished to moderate his excessive rigour, but he rejected her intreaties with so much sternness and obstinacy, that Isabella, assuming an angry tone, asked him "if he recollected who he was, and to whom he was speaking?"—"To Isabella," replied the haughty Ximenes, "formed like me of perishable dust!" Pope Julius II. made him a cardinal in 1507, and at the same time he was appointed minister of state, and regent of the kingdom, in the minority of Charles, afterwards the Emperor Charles V. He was then seventy-three, and his constitution entirely broken by the religious severities which he practised. This extraordinary man, while he conquered the Moors, and added kingdoms to the already extensive power of his sovereign—the primate of all the Spains—the defender of the people's rights, and the stern foe of infidelity, lived with the utmost simplicity in the midst of grandeur and affluence, slept in sackcloth, and under his pontifical habits wore the frock of St. Francis.

In 1509, he proposed to King Ferdinand an expedition to Africa. On the refusal of his sovereign, he assembled an army at his own expense, equipped a fleet, sailed from Carthagená with eighty vessels, disembarked at Oran, which he took and destroyed, and then returned triumphantly to Spain. On the death of Ferdinand in 1516, he was again declared regent in the absence of Charles. The nobles affecting to disdain the controul of a priest, would have opposed his assumption of the reins of government, but were baffled by his energy and spirit.—When asked, by what right he pretended to govern the monarchy, he condescended to explain the will of the late king; but drawing towards a window, from whence might be seen several battalions of soldiers, and a battery of cannon, “These,” exclaimed he; “these have given, and will preserve to me the right of ruling over Spain!” And Spain never saw better days than during his last short administration. He repressed the pride of the nobles, and conciliated the jealousy of the commons. He obtained possession of Navarre—established a permanent and regular militia—restored order to the finances—substituted economy for extravagance—discharged the debts of the state, without adding to the burthens of the people—and while he carried on two successful wars—he founded the university of Alcalá, and he caused to be printed the great Polyglot Bible, called the *Complutensian*, now so scarce. Such were the wonders performed in the short period of twenty months by an old man of eighty-one. But the malice of his enemies at length prevailed, and the ungrateful Charles had already signed the order for the cardinal’s removal, when death terminated his glorious and magnanimous career in 1517.





M. A. De Caravaggio pinxit.

William Foster sculpit.

THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

AFTER A PICTURE BY

MICHAEL-ANGELO DE CARRAVAGGIO.

THIS scriptural piece is in the highest degree interesting, not only on account of its merit, but for the sublimity of the subject. The Virgin-Mary, who had witnessed the crucifixion of her son, continued with the apostles at Jerusalem: she was afterwards present when they received the Holy Ghost.

After that epoch there is no mention of the mother of Jesus Christ: the most believed tradition is, that St. John, to whose care our Saviour had committed her, took wholly upon himself the charge of her support. The place of her death even is not distinctly known. Some imagine that she died in the city of Ephesus, and others, in Jerusalem: where it is asserted, that her grave, which was made in the middle of a rock, at Gethsemane, was formerly seen. It is generally surmised, that she attained a very advanced age.

The death of the Holy Virgin is a picture that reflects the greatest honour on Carravaggio: in no composition has he carried so far the vigour of his pencil, and the strength of colouring. But however eminent for beauties, it must be confessed that it is no less conspicuous for the principal defects of this great master,—such as, a ground too dark; forms indiscriminately taken from the lowest classes; a total disregard of the gradations of light and

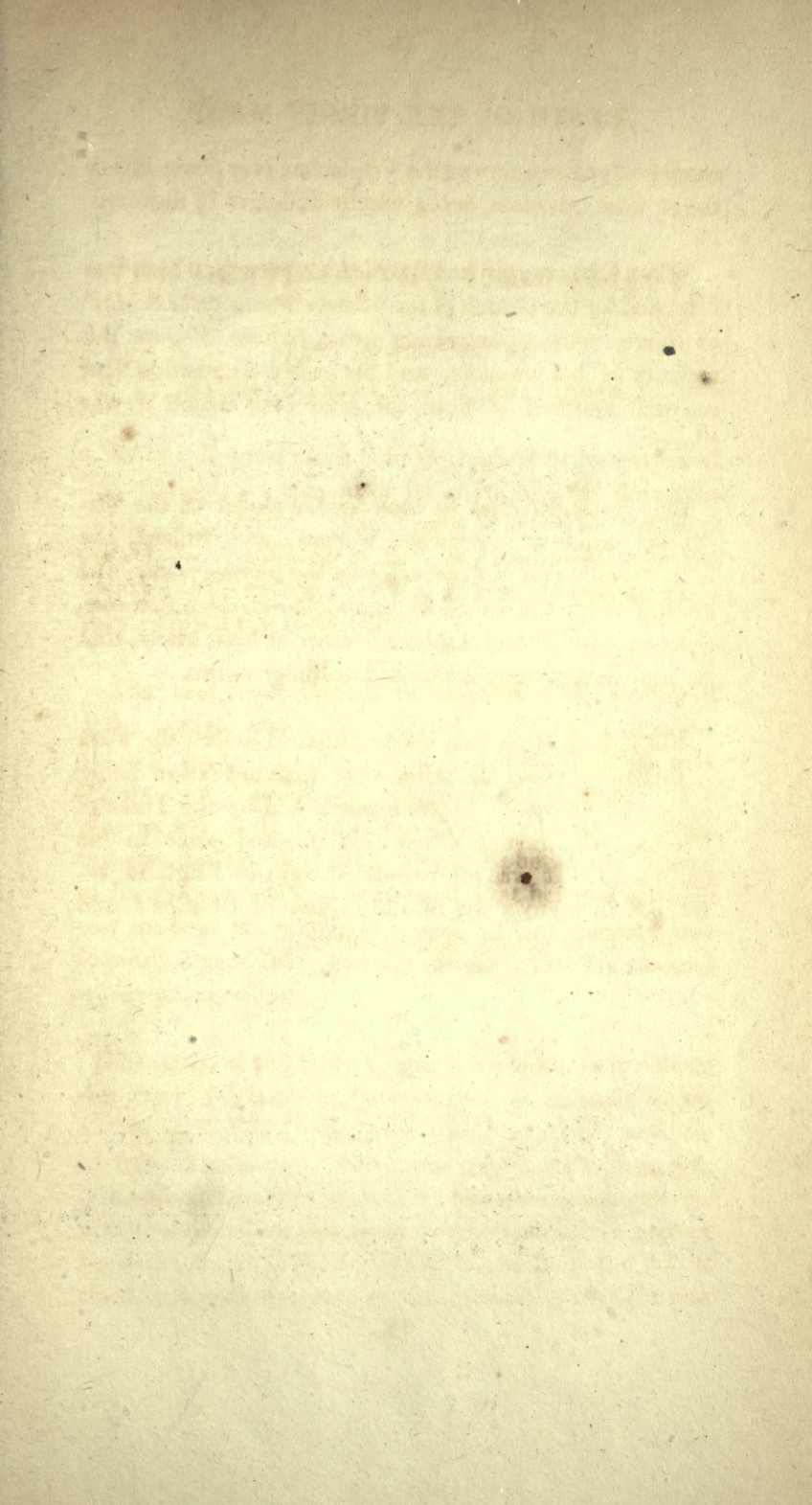
DEATH OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

shade:—but the figure of the Virgin has ever given rise to the severest criticism, being wholly defective in dignity.

When Carravaggio had finished his picture, which was intended for the church of the "*Santa Maria della Scala*," at Rome, some cotemporary artist (whose disgust the asperity of his manners, and his sullen disposition had excited) removed it from the altar over which it was placed.

It is pretended that he took for his model of the Virgin the corpse of a drowned woman: and, indeed, the little beauty that is observable in the physiognomy, the swollen body, the naked legs, and the modern costume, seem to justify such an idea. They at least attest, that he copied some ungraceful and ordinary figure.

Notwithstanding this characteristical defect, the work possesses so many beauties, that it cannot fail of being highly appreciated. It was purchased by the Duke of Mantua, who gave it a very distinguished place in his collection. It was afterwards brought to England, remained for many years in the cabinet of Charles I. and is now in the gallery of the Louvre.





Painted by M.A. de Caravaggio.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London, Published 1st March 1807, by Vernon, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry.

CHRIST CARRIED TO THE TOMB.

AFTER A PICTURE BY

MICHAEL-ANGELO DE CARRAVAGGIO.

WHEN the jews had crucified Jesus, Joseph of Arimathea, one of his secret disciples, a man of opulence, and held in great esteem among the people, paid the last mournful duties to his memory, having previously obtained the permission of Pontius Pilate. Nicodemus, the Virgin, Mary Magdalen, and others, who had followed Jesus to the place of crucifixion, assembled round Joseph. A sepulchre, hewn out of a rock, "wherein was never man yet laid," received the body of our Saviour, and the entrance was closed by a massy stone.

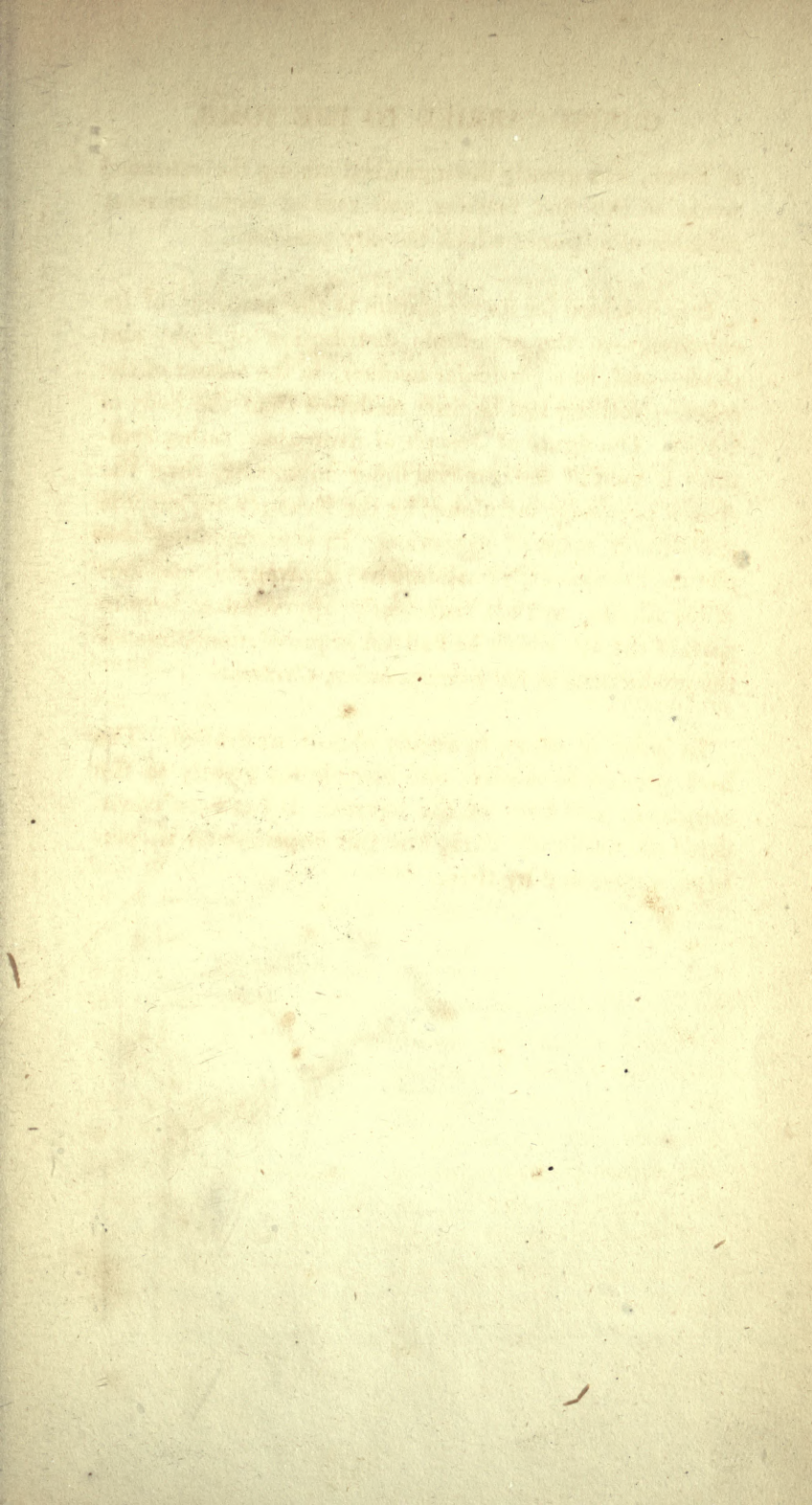
Such is the subject represented by Carravaggio. The field of painting is so extensive, and the art requires, in those who cultivate it, the combination of so many qualities, that the possession of any one talent, in an eminent degree, is sufficient to confer celebrity on an artist; but the present picture exhibits the most ample scope for criticism. How liable to censure is the want of dignity in the figures!—how reprehensible the vicious style adopted by Carravaggio, of copying without choice, such models as were accidentally thrown in his way, by which he exposed himself incessantly to a thousand improprieties! Notwithstanding these glaring defects, this very picture, the first, perhaps, of his productions, is a *chef d'œuvre* of the art. This composition, which formerly decorated the altar of the chapel of the *Chiesa Nova*

CHRIST CARRIED TO THE TOMB.

at Rome, was greatly distinguished among the esteemed works of the first masters, and ranked with the most valuable altar-pieces which the city possessed.

It is indebted for its reputation to the accuracy of its colouring—to the admirable distribution of light and shade—and, in a particular manner, to the vigour of the relief.—Nothing can be finer modelled than the body of Christ. The figure of Joseph of Arimathea, rather indicates a man of the common order in society, than the chosen personage mentioned by the Evangelists, but it is excellent in point of execution. In contemplating this picture, we may easily imagine why Carravaggio, conscious of his talents, and not sufficiently appreciating certain parts of the art, which he had not acquired, denominated the productions of his cotemporaries, *Cartoons*.

In point of effect, it stands almost unrivalled. The back ground is sombre, and contributes greatly to the roundness and force of the figures. It has been considered too uniformly dark, but this imperfection is, perhaps, augmented by time.



THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

AFTER A PICTURE BY DAVID.

HISTORY presents us with few names of equal celebrity with that of Socrates, the Athenian, the son of Sophroniscus. Neither the mediocrity of his fortune, the perverseness of his wife, nor the odious accusations of Aristophanes, who, with much effrontery, exposed him to the laughter of the populace, by exhibiting him on the stage, could ruffle his temper, or disturb the serenity of his mind. Beloved for his virtues, and admired for his talents, by a few illustrious disciples, such as Alcibiades, Plato, Xenophon, &c. whom he greatly esteemed, he enjoyed a degree of happiness which nothing appeared able to destroy. But having confounded the vanity of the Sophists, and the fallacy of their doctrines, he was accused of corrupting the Athenian youth, and of ridiculing the many gods whom the Grecians worshipped; and such was the envy, or the ignorance of his judges, that they condemned him to drink hemlock.

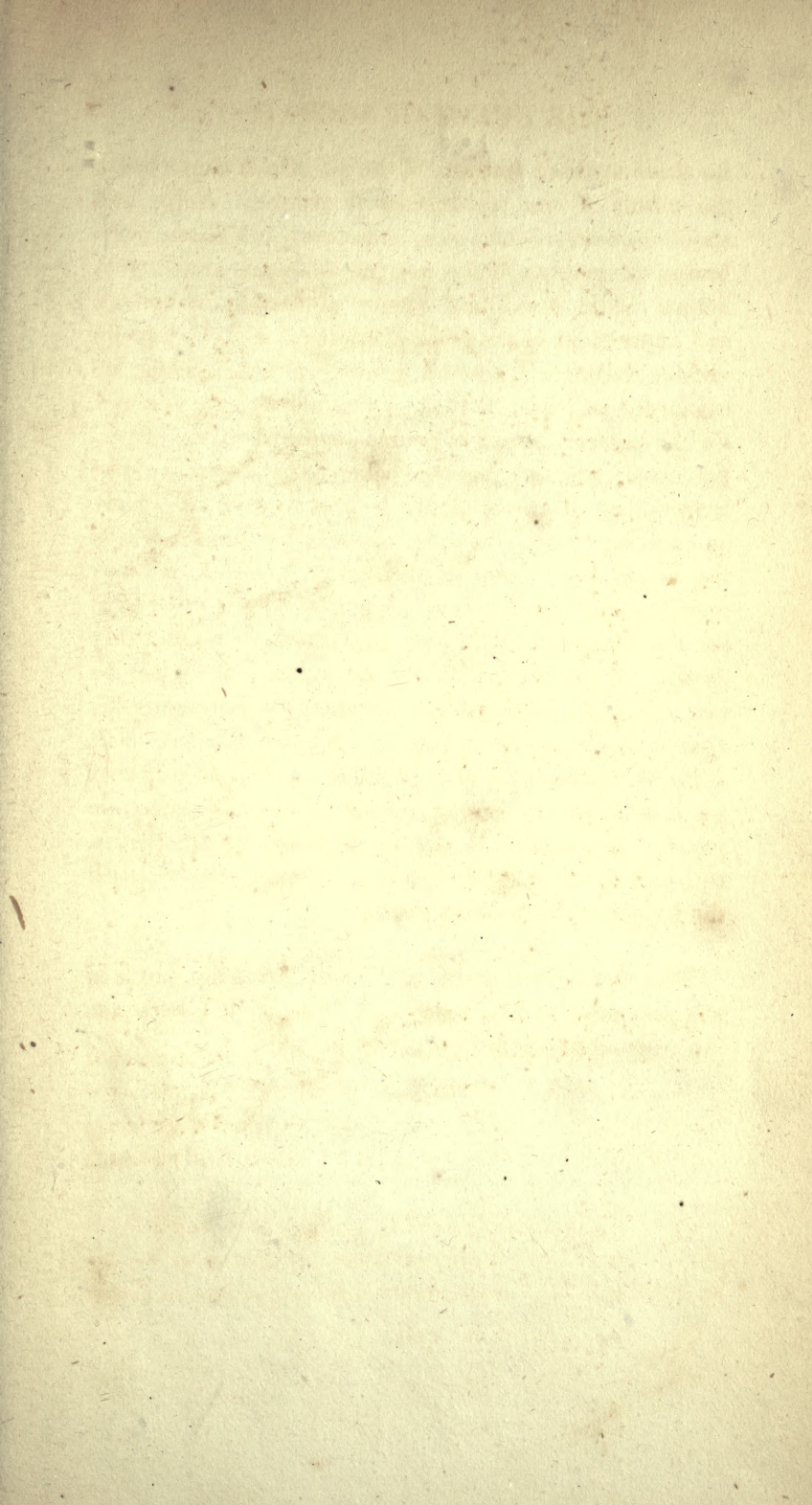
He was scarcely buried, when the Athenians repented of the punishment they had inflicted, and put his accusers to death; but this tradition, which would, in some sort, cover their disgrace, is combated by many plausible arguments, which would be foreign to our purpose to discuss.

Of the several pictures of M. David, this is to be considered as having the most contributed to the reputation which he enjoys among French critics. It is conspicuous

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

for those striking features of the art which characterize the talent of that distinguished painter. Noble and simple in composition, pure and correct in design, combining the majesty of the antique with the accuracy of nature, while it exhibits figures profoundly imagined, and expressions of the greatest interest. But, though its various beauties attracted general notice, during its exhibition in Paris, in 1787, it was particularly admired for the masterly stroke of genius displayed in the principal figure. Socrates, having spoken to his disciples of the immortality of the soul, while absorbed in reflections so consolatory and sublime, extends his hand towards the bowl, as in complete distraction of mind, without touching it. The figure of the person who is ordered to see this iniquitous judgment performed, is no less ably drawn. Penetrated with the ascendancy of virtue, he can only fulfil the dreadful mandate, by withdrawing his eyes from the glorious victim. And so correspondent is the execution with the grandeur of the subject, that we cannot convey to our readers a more incontestible proof of the merit of M. David, than by saying, that in this branch of the art the death of Socrates may vie with the happiest efforts of his pencil.

This picture was painted for Mons. Trudaine, but is in the possession of his kinsman M. Minault de Courbeton. An engraving has been made by Massard.





Painted by David.

Engraved by George Cooke.

London: Published by Vernon, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry; 2807.

Bonaparte's entry into the Alps

BUONAPARTE CROSSING THE ALPS.

AFTER A PICTURE BY DAVID.

BUONAPARTE, mounted on a beautiful charger, is observed rapidly ascending the summit of St. Bernard, surrounded by precipices and ice. He indicates by his hand the intricate route which his troops are to take. At various distances soldiers are seen excavating the snow that continually cover the mountains.

In portraying this intrepid march across the Alps, which opened the campaign of 1800 in Italy, and terminated fatally for the interests of Europe, by the battle of Marengo, Mons. David has had the talent to exhibit a composition entirely historical, by the delineation of the portrait of the personage, through whose perseverance the passage was achieved.

In investigating the beauties or defects of the picture, the great names of Hannibal and Charlemagne involuntarily present themselves to the imagination, and so associate with the exploits of Buonaparte, as to render the recapitulation of historical facts unnecessary. The idea of the artist is highly ingenious.

The figure, viewed with a painter's eye and divested of prejudice, carries with it a degree of heroism; and is attired with such propriety, as to prove, when unfolded by a master, the effect which may be produced by the French costume. In short, without being the eulogist

BUONAPARTE CROSSING THE ALPS.

of M. David, or influenced by the extraordinary military talents of the hero of his picture, the essential parts of the art, such as correctness of design, delicacy of touch, and richness of colouring, are so united in this composition, as to render it worthy the notice of posterity.

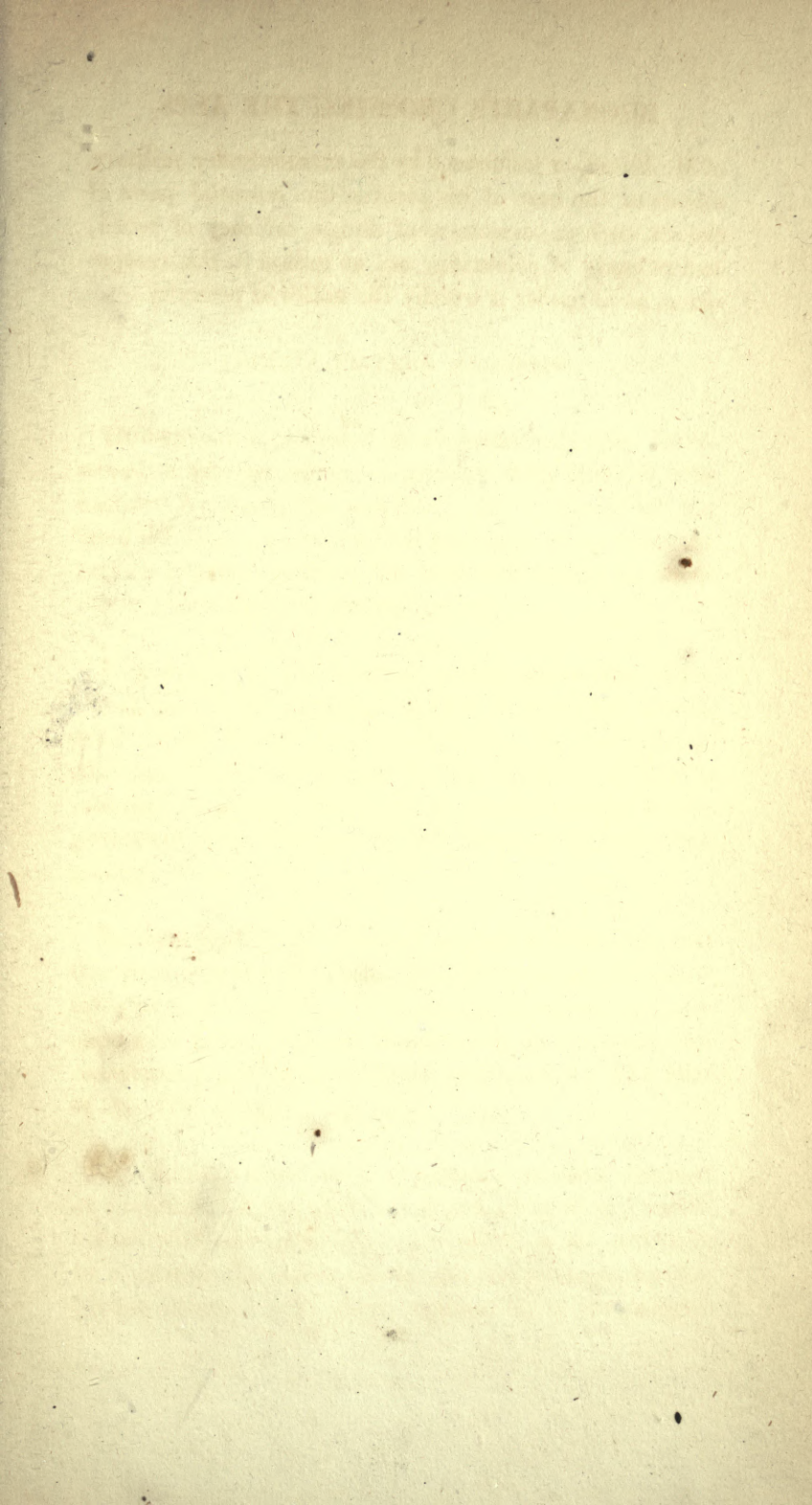
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PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLYTUS.

AFTER A PICTURE BY GUERIN.

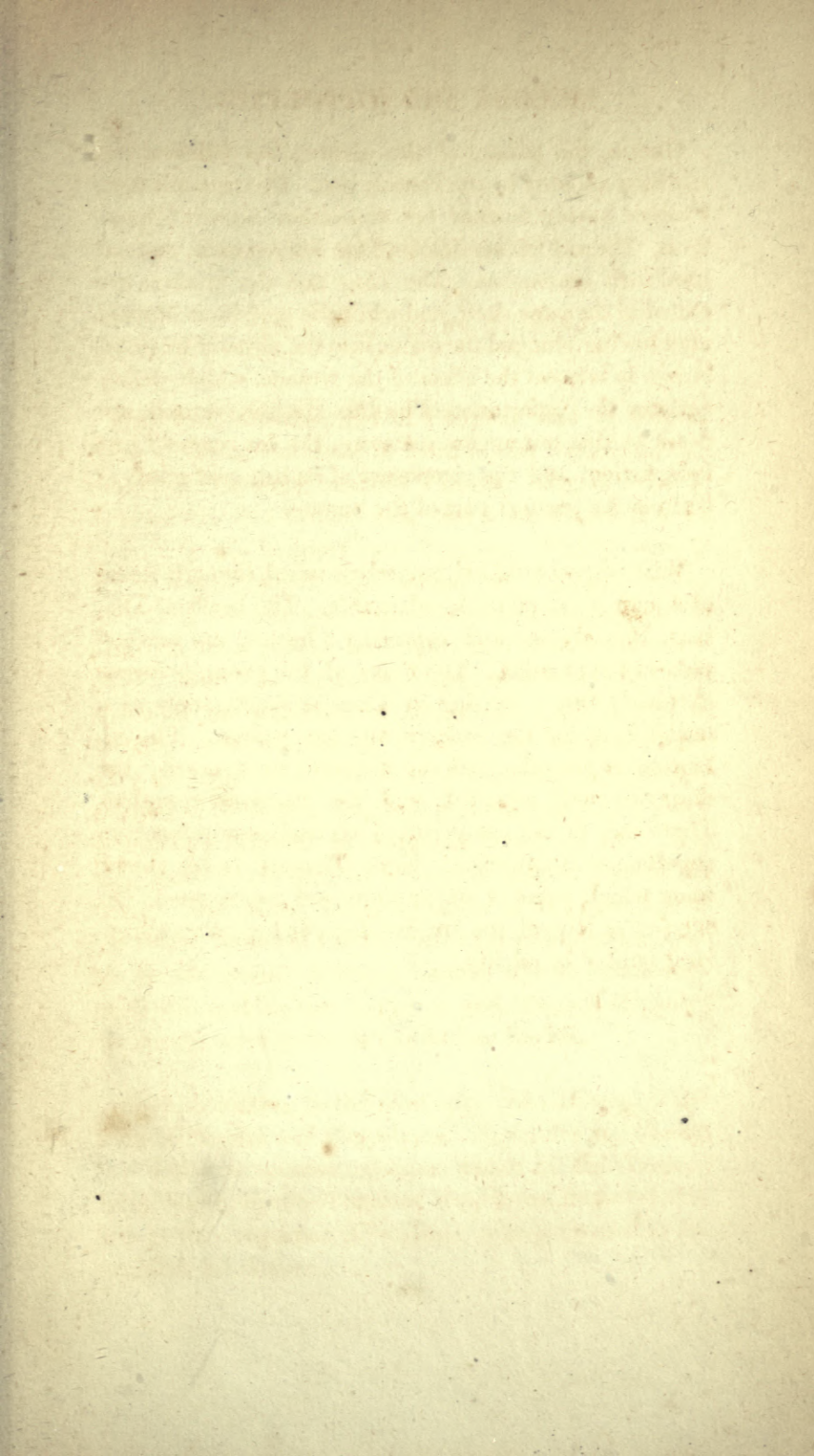
PHÆDRA, the daughter of Pasiphaë and of Minos, King of Crete, the sister of Ariadne and Deucalion, the second of that name, married Theseus, King of Athens. This prince, by a former wife, had a son named Hippolytus, who was brought up at Tregone. Phædra having occasion to accompany her husband into that city, beheld the young prince, and conceived a criminal passion for him; she even avowed her affection, but met with a repulse. Her love, however, augmented every day, and increased the contempt of Hippolytus; till, driven to despair, in the absence of Theseus, she destroyed herself; declaring, in a letter, that Hippolytus had betrayed a desire to dishonour her, and that she could only avert so serious a disgrace by depriving herself of life. The king immediately sent for his son in order to punish his crime. The prince, being ignorant of the intention of his father, hastened to him with such precipitation, that his horses, greatly irritated, became wholly unmanageable, shivered his car in pieces, and dragged Hippolytus among some rocks, where he lost his life.

Such, according to the most approved tradition, is the fable of Phædra and Hippolytus. Euripides and Racine have followed another relation, which is, that Theseus being highly incensed against Hippolytus, delivered him over to the vengeance of Neptune, who consented to accomplish his desires.

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLYTUS.

Guerin, the painter of this picture, has followed the tradition adopted by the French poet. He supposes that, Phædra having finished her accusation against Hippolytus, Theseus orders his son into his presence, to load him with reproaches. The king and the princess are seated in the same chair, and while the perfidious Ænone, after having plunged the queen into the abyss of iniquity, strives to conceal the effect of the remorse which visibly agitates the unfortunate Phædra, Hippolytus only opposes to this outrageous calumny, the language of just indignation, and the composure of an innocent mind.--- Such is the poetical part of the picture.

With respect to the art, properly so called, the correctness of design is, in general, admirable. The heads of Theseus, Hippolytus, and especially Phædra, are masterpieces of expression. The figure of the young prince is extremely fine ; the leg of Theseus might serve as a model both for the sculptor and the painter. The colouring is smooth, and the shadows transparent ; the draperies well adjusted, and the harmony complete. There are, in this composition, no useless ornaments or superfluous accessories. Near Theseus is his shield, upon which some of his exploits are represented. At the feet of Hippolytus are two dogs, an ingenious allegorical symbol of fidelity.





ULYSSES, ICARUS, AND PENELOPE.

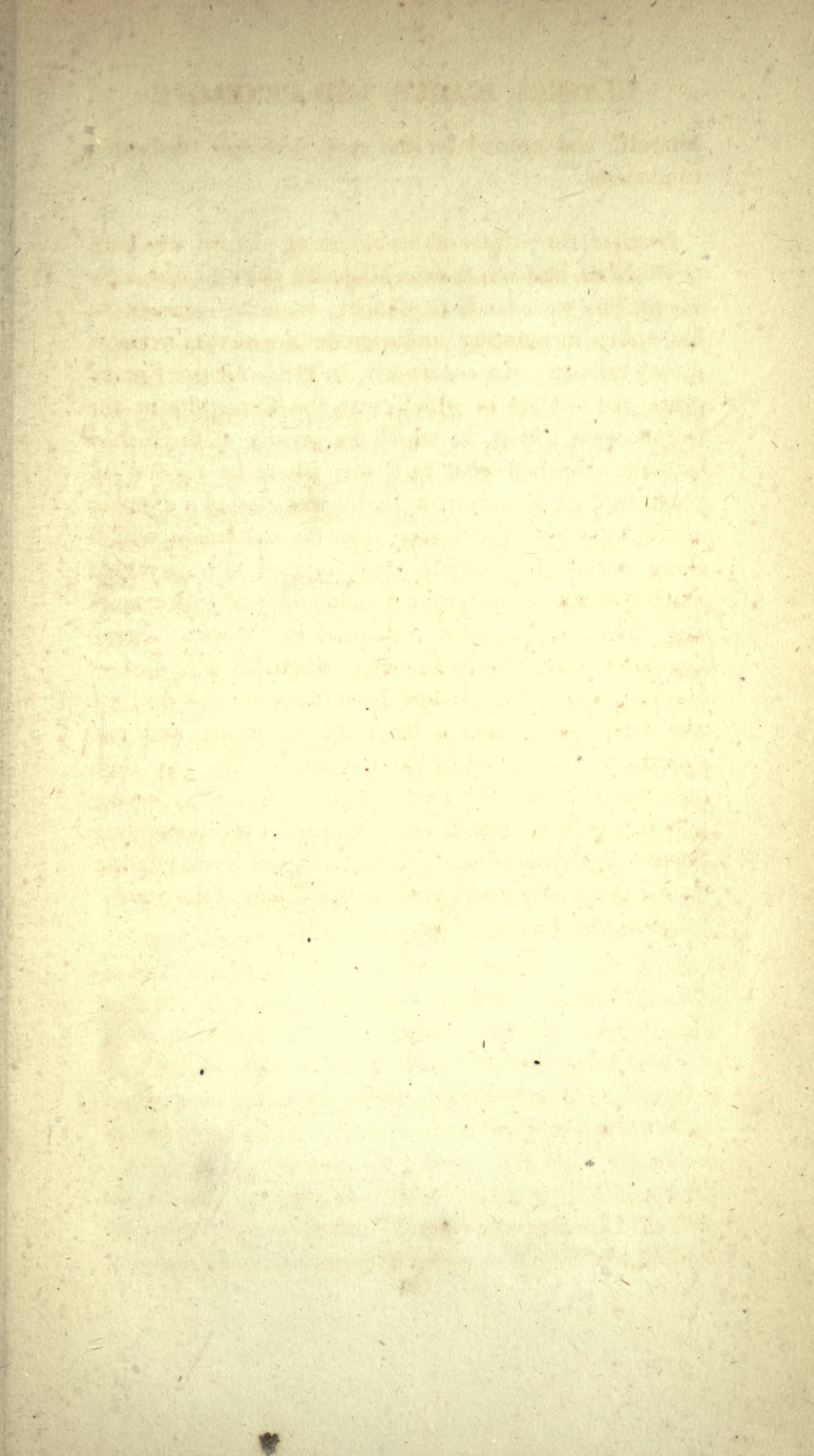
AFTER A PICTURE BY GAUFFIER.

THE beauty of Penelope, and her fidelity to her husband Ulysses, have been celebrated by the poets of Greece. This princess was the daughter of Icarus, brother of Tyndarus, king of Sparta. Several of the Grecian princes aspired to her hand. Her father, apprehensive that the preference she might manifest towards some would excite the enmity of others, proposed they should contend for his daughter in their military games, and promised that she should be the prize of the conqueror. Ulysses prevailed over his rivals, and Penelope was assigned him. In this manner is the tale related by the Greek writers, with the exception of Appollodorus, who pretends that Penelope really became the wife of Ulysses through the friendship of Tyndarus, to whom his councils had been of essential service in his marriage with Helen. When Ulysses was desirous of returning with his wife to Ithaca, Icarus had recourse to the most pressing solicitations to induce him to fix his residence at Sparta. This Ulysses refused, and departed with Penelope. Icarus immediately ascended his car, and proceeded with such expedition that he overtook them;—his renewed his entreaties—but in vain. Ulysses persisted in his resolution, but gave his wife the choice of continuing her journey, or of returning to Sparta with her father. Penelope was silent, but casting her eyes downward, covered her face with her veil. By this action Icarus was sensible of the futility of opposing her inclination. He then withdrew

ULYSSES, ICARUS, AND PENELOPE.

himself, and erected on the spot, a temple dedicated to modesty.

Gauffier, the painter of this charming picture, was born at Rochfort, and was sent in his youth to Paris, although his parents were far from affluent; there he commenced his studies in painting, and soon developed very extraordinary talents. He contended, in 1783, for the Roman prize, the subject of which was the Canaanite at the feet of Jesus Christ, in which he greatly distinguished himself. He then went to Rome, where he resided six years, and, on his return to Paris, was elected a member of the academy of Painters; but the attraction which Rome possesses to artists, soon induced him to revisit that city, where he married a woman endowed with talents and virtue, and a mind congenial to his own. Some time after, he settled in Florence, where his wife died.—Gauffier, whose health had been long on the decline, was unable to sustain a shock so disastrous, and two months after, followed her to the tomb. He was then only thirty-eight. His best works are at Paris, among which may be reckoned, his “Alexander recommending Secresy to Hephæstion;” “The Ladies of Rome offering their Jewels and Ornaments for the Benefit of the State;” “Laban and Rachel;” &c.





THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.

AFTER A PICTURE BY JOUVENET.

THIS miracle is very circumstantially related by St. John the Evangelist, Lazarus, the brother of Martha and Mary, resided in the town of Bethany, distant from Jerusalem about fifteen furlongs; he was attacked by an inveterate disease, of which he died. His sisters threw themselves at the feet of Jesus Christ, and Mary said,—“Lord, hadst thou been here, my brother had not died.” Jesus consoled them, and desired that they would accompany him to the sepulchre. When he arrived at the spot with his apostles, and a great multitude who had followed him, Jesus ordered them to remove the stone which covered the entrance of the tomb, and cried, with a loud voice,—“Lazarus, come forth.” Lazarus immediately arose, his head covered with a napkin, and his body enveloped in his shroud. On witnessing this occurrence, a great number of Jews were converted to christianity.

A subject so interesting, and so appropriate to painting, could not escape the notice of artists, who have depicted this memorable event with various success; but the pre-eminence of Jouvenet is conspicuous in this composition—one of the finest of the French school. The dignified tranquility of our Saviour,—the faith manifested in the countenance of his apostles,—the melting grief of the sisters,—and the astonishment and fear exhibited in the persons who are close to Lazarus, are admirably described. This part of the picture is dark, mysterious, and worthy of the subject. The episodes, which may be considered as accessaries, are perfectly correspondent.—Two Jews are observable in deep conference on the prodigy they have just beheld: beside them is a person afflicted with the palsy,

THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.

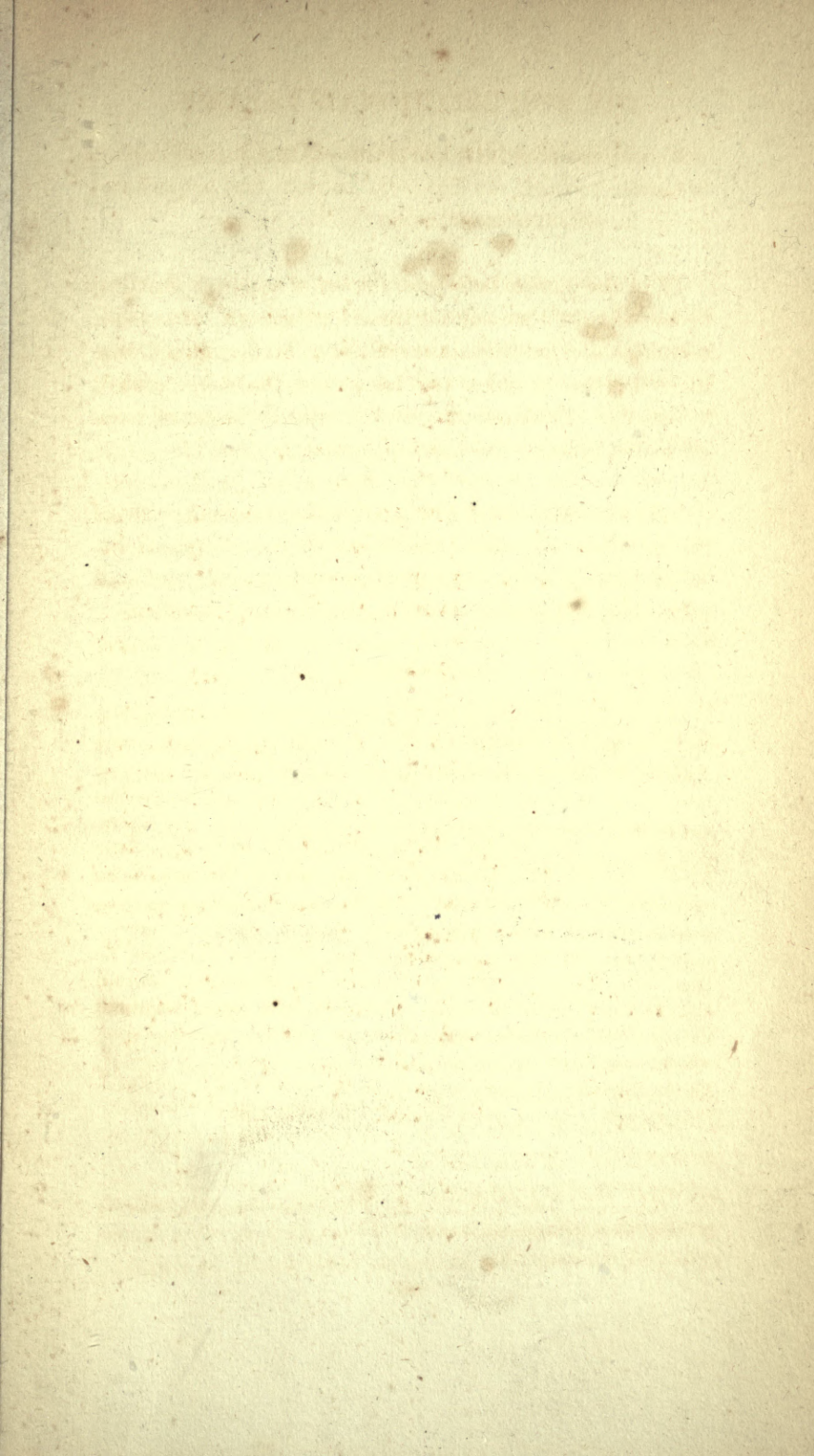
who contemplates the resurrection of Lazarus, and raising his arms towards our Saviour, entreats him to perform, in his favour, another miracle.

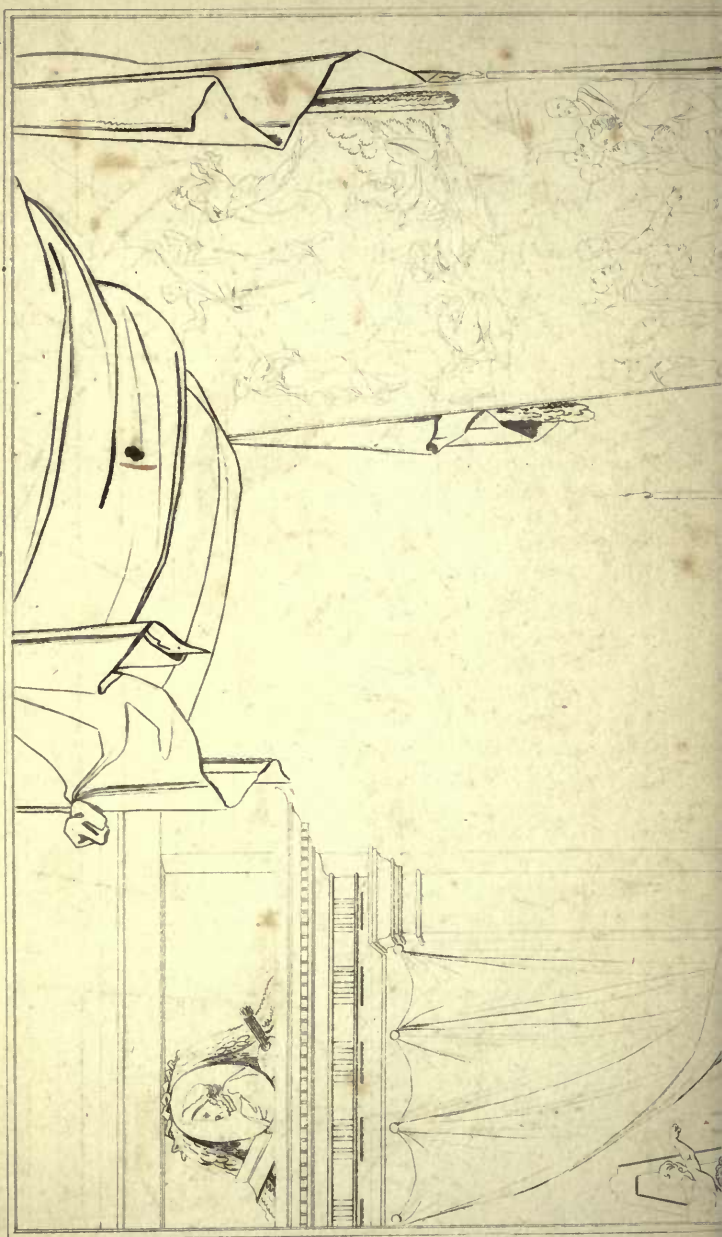
If, in the picture before us, the artist's taste in drawing be not always correct, and his colouring, at times, monotonous and factitious, these defects are amply compensated by the beauties we have described—his perfect knowledge of chiaroscuro, and by that firmness of pencil which indicate the hand of a master.

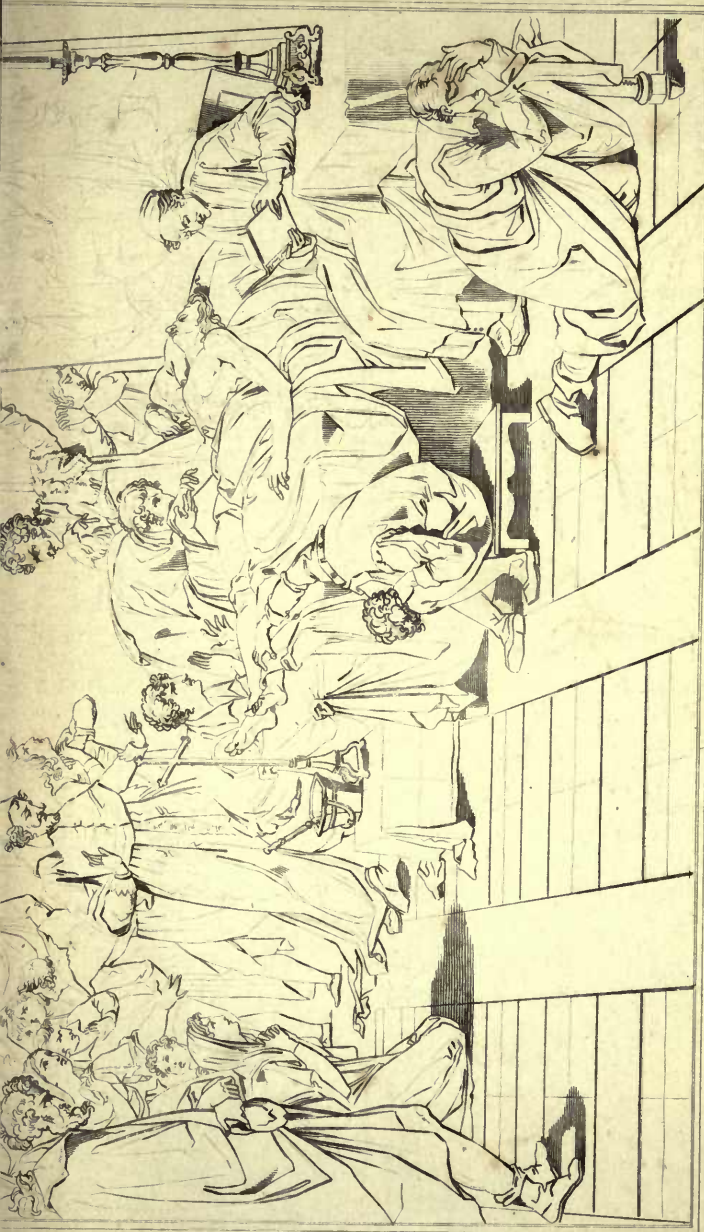
This extensive composition, of which the figures are of the natural size, formerly decorated the church of St. Martin des Champs. It now forms a part of the national collection, and is placed in the Museum at Versailles.

John Jouvenet, whose work is here cursorily reviewed, was born at Rouen in 1644. His father was a painter, and his grandfather, Noel Jouvenet, it is said, taught Poussin the first principles of his art. Jouvenet came to Paris at the age of seventeen, and without being under the direction of any master, soon made himself particularly known. He was only twenty-nine when he painted, for the church of Notre Dame, one of those votive pictures, distinguished by the name of *Pictures of May*.^{*} He chose for his subject the "cure of the palsied." The imposing aspect of this fine composition, and bold manner in which it is executed, procured the artist a distinguished rank among his cotemporaries. Presented, by Charles Le Burn, to the Academy, in 1675, Jouvenet was successively professor, director, and perpetual keeper of the society. At that period he painted for several churches, and, among other works, produced his "Descent from the Cross" which is considered his *chef d'œuvre*, and has been particularly admired: this was followed by the four pictures for St. Martin des Champs, which have been wrought in tapestry at the Gobelins. He died in 1717.

^{*} Many of the pictures which decorated this Cathedral, were presents made to the Holy Virgin during several years, on the first of May, by the company of Goldsmiths at Paris. These offerings ceased in 1708.

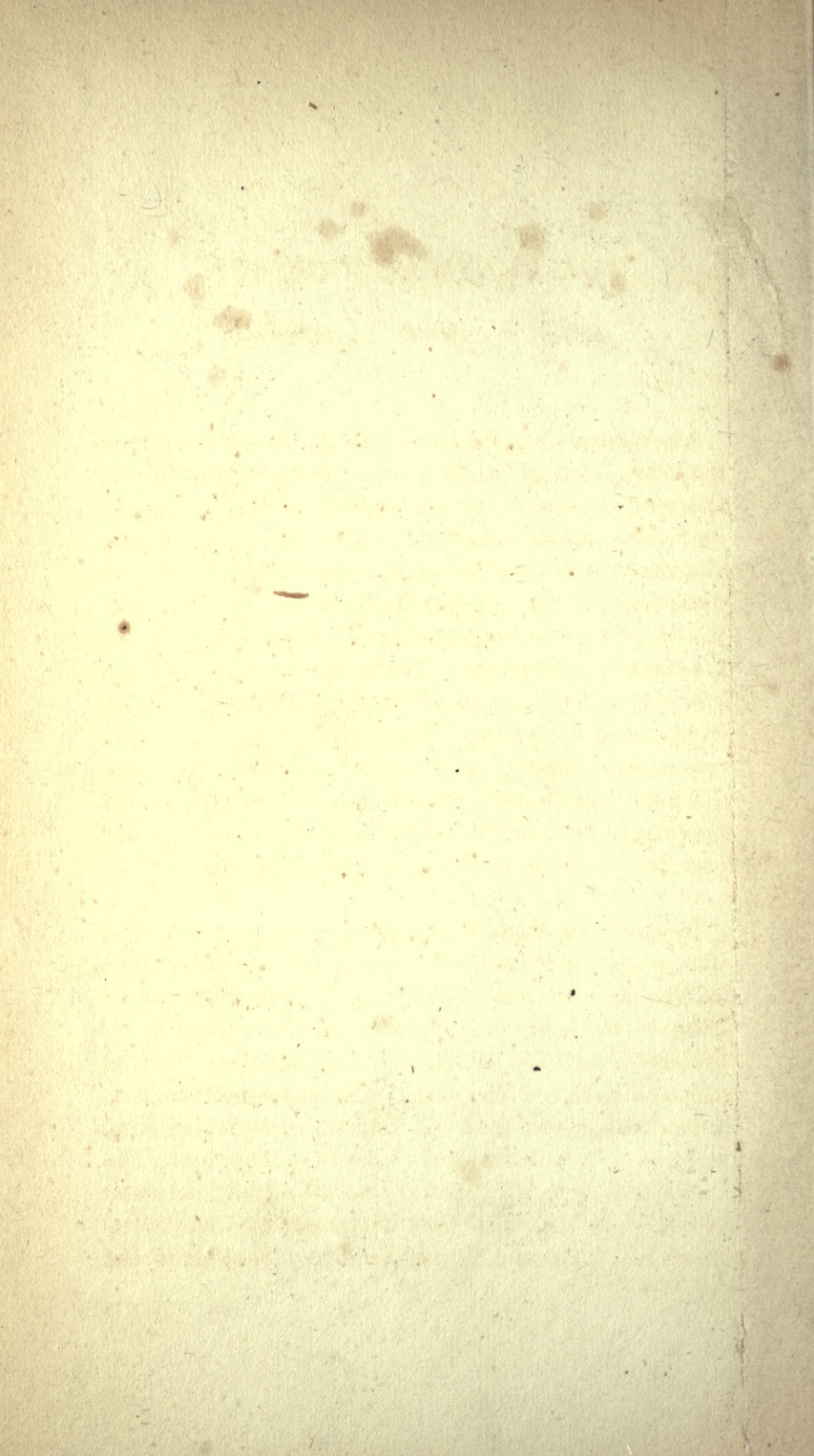






Mosaic plan

W. Godeaux sculpt



THE DEATH OF RAPHAEL.

AFTER A PICTURE BY MONSIAU.

IN the year 1520, on Good-Friday, the anniversary of his birth, Raphaël, the glory of Painting, terminated his illustrious career, at an age when it might be supposed he had not attained perfection in his art, if it were possible to conceive any thing more finished than his productions ; he was then only thirty-seven. No artist possessed, in such an eminent degree, all the qualities that constitute a great painter. His genius was truly sublime, and what was equally astonishing, envy was never busied in troubling his repose. The ascendancy of his talents was acknowledged by his cotemporaries ; and even Michael Angelo, who was jealous of his success, did him ample justice when called upon as an arbiter, and ever after held his works in the highest estimation.

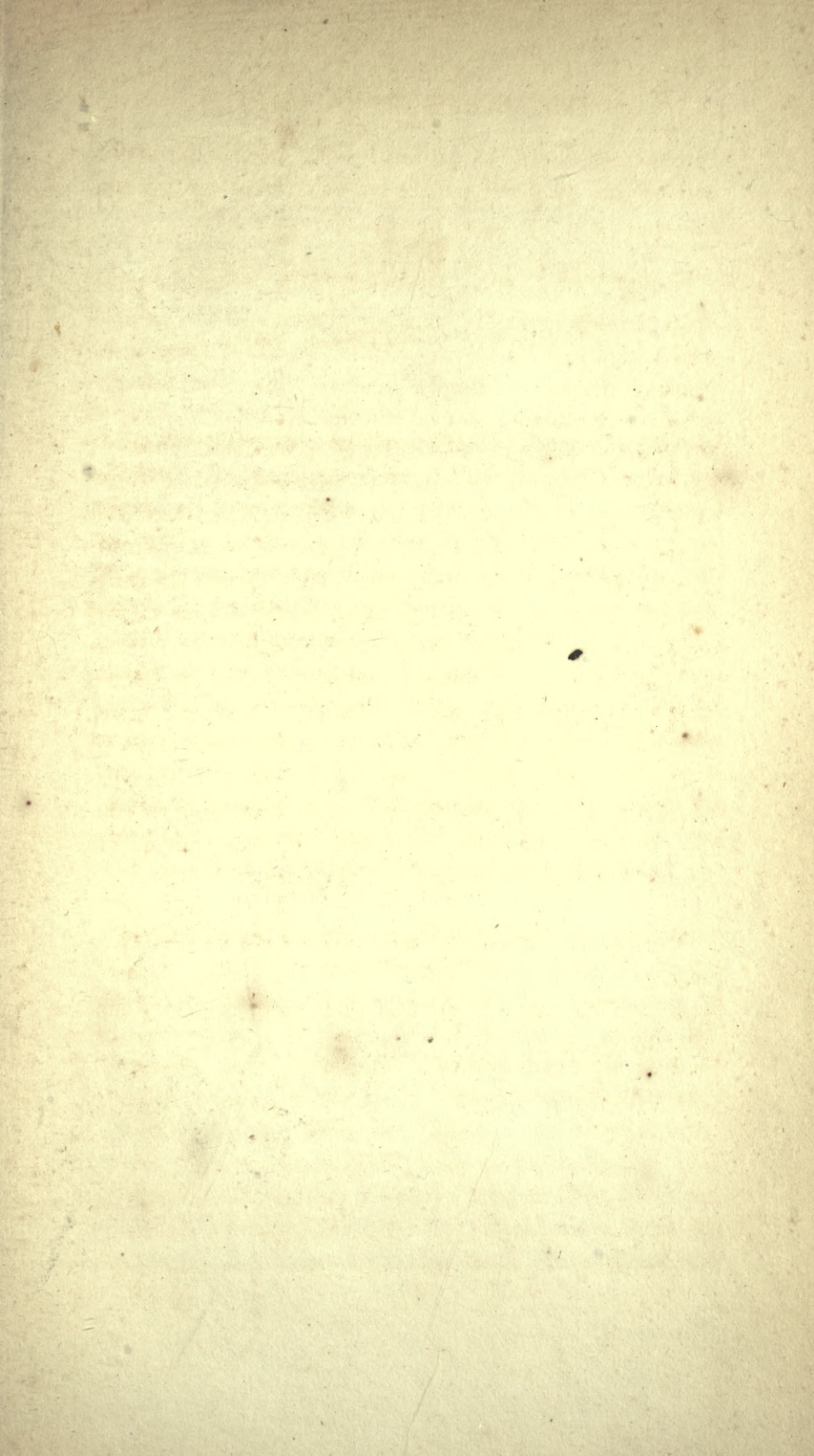
Raphaël passed his life in princely splendour;—around him every thing breathed magnificence and liberality : he was in correspondence with the first potentates of Europe—the most distinguished cardinals sought his friendship and his alliance ; but his insatiable love of pleasure tarnished his fame. His passion for the sex, seduced him often from his labours, and plunged him, at times, into excesses wholly beneath his character. His dissipation, at length, produced a fatal malady, the cause of which he concealed from his physicians, and it reduced him to a most deplorable state. Sensible of the

THE DEATH OF RAPHAEL.

approach of death, he made his will, leaving the major part of his property to his pupils, whom he greatly esteemed, and who were inconsolable at his loss.

In this celebrated production of M. Monsiau the body of Raphaël is extended on a bed of state—at the head of which is placed his picture of the Transfiguration, some parts of which are merely sketched; his premature decease not permitting him to complete this *chef d'œuvre* of his pencil. His friends, his disciples, and his numerous admirers, came to honour his remains; among whom may be distinguished, the poet Ariosto; the Cardinal Bibiena, whose portrait he painted, and who was solicitous that he should marry his niece; Giulio Romano, his most celebrated disciple, who assisted him in his works, and was thought worthy of finishing the Transfiguration; Giovanni Francesco Penni, called *Il Fattore*, from having been entrusted with his domestic concerns; Polidora da Carravaggio, Pacrino del Vaga, Giovanni di Udine, &c. A priest is seen reading the usual prayers for the dead, and a crowd of people hastening to contemplate the mournful ceremony. The portrait of his master Perugino, is placed over the door.

The figures of this picture, which are smaller than nature, are disposed with considerable taste: the expressions are natural, and the colouring harmonious, and of good effect.





FINDING OF MOSES.

AFTER A PICTURE BY N. POUSSIN.

THERE are two pictures by this celebrated artist, in which Moses, while an infant, is represented as being taken from the borders of the river Nile, by order of the princess Thermutis, daughter of Pharoah, king of Egypt.

This incident, however, has been very differently treated in each; which is an incontestible proof that Poussin possessed the art of representing the same subject in various ways, without repetition of imagery, or the smallest deviation from that simplicity, correctness, and purity of style, to which he owes his celebrity.

In the picture now before us, three women only form the suite of the princess: Thermutis is observed in the midst of them, leaning upon the youngest, with her hand extended towards the infant, who is presented to her by the slave. Moses smiles at the woman while she is taking him in her arms. On an elevation, at some distance, several men are seen preparing to pass the river in a boat. Aqueducts, a temple, and some buildings, enrich the back ground of the picture; and to indicate the place of the scene, a pyramid is placed adjoining the city of Memphis.

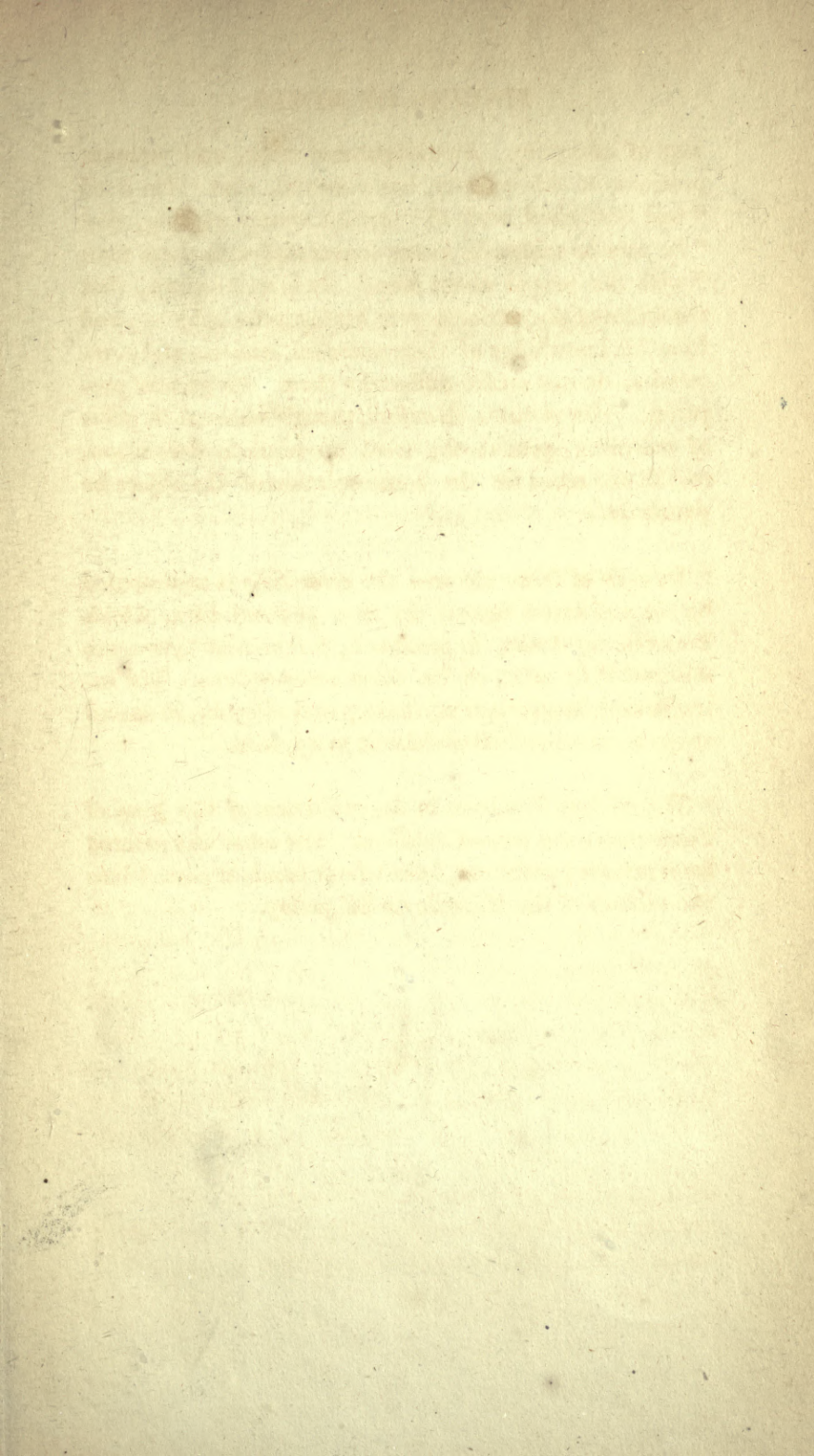
It is by the introduction of these classical ornaments that Poussin is distinguished among the artists of modern times, and by which his works possess the air of paint-

FINDING OF MOSES.

ings of antiquity. An enlightened critic, and eminent professor of this country, has observed, that "He lived "and conversed with the ancient statues so long, that "he may be said to be better acquainted with them than "with the people about him." It is well known, that the fables of the ancients were his favourite subjects; and from his knowledge of their manners, customs and ceremonies, no one could undertake them with greater propriety. His pictures, therefore, though unequal in point of colouring, possess the most appropriate decoration, and fit the mind for the contemplation of the object he portrays.

In each of these pictures the river Nile is represented by an animated figure. It is a poetical idea, which Poussin, no doubt, appreciated; for similar figures are observable in many of his other compositions. The introduction, however, of mythology and allegory, in sacred subjects, is nevertheless difficult to approve.

This picture has been in the collection of the king of France from the time of Felibien. The other was painted for a private gentleman, from whose hands it passed into the cabinet of the Marquis de Seignelay.





MOSES TRAMPLING ON THE CROWN OF PHARAOH.

AFTER A PICTURE BY N. POUSSIN.

To Josephus, the celebrated Jewish historian, is Poussin indebted for the subject of this picture. This author, zealous for the glory of his nation, has introduced in the life of the law-giver of the Jews, circumstances which had been transmitted to him by tradition, but which are not manifest in the Holy Scriptures. He relates that Thermutis, the daughter of Pharaoh, king of Egypt, after the preservation of Moses on the banks of the river, caused him to be suckled by her mother Jocabed, and became strongly attached to the child. She one day presented him to the king, observing that she had adopted him, and beheld in him already the successor of his house. The monarch, flattered with this idea, placed on the head of Moses his royal bandeau, when the infant indignantly tore it from his brow, and trampled it under foot.

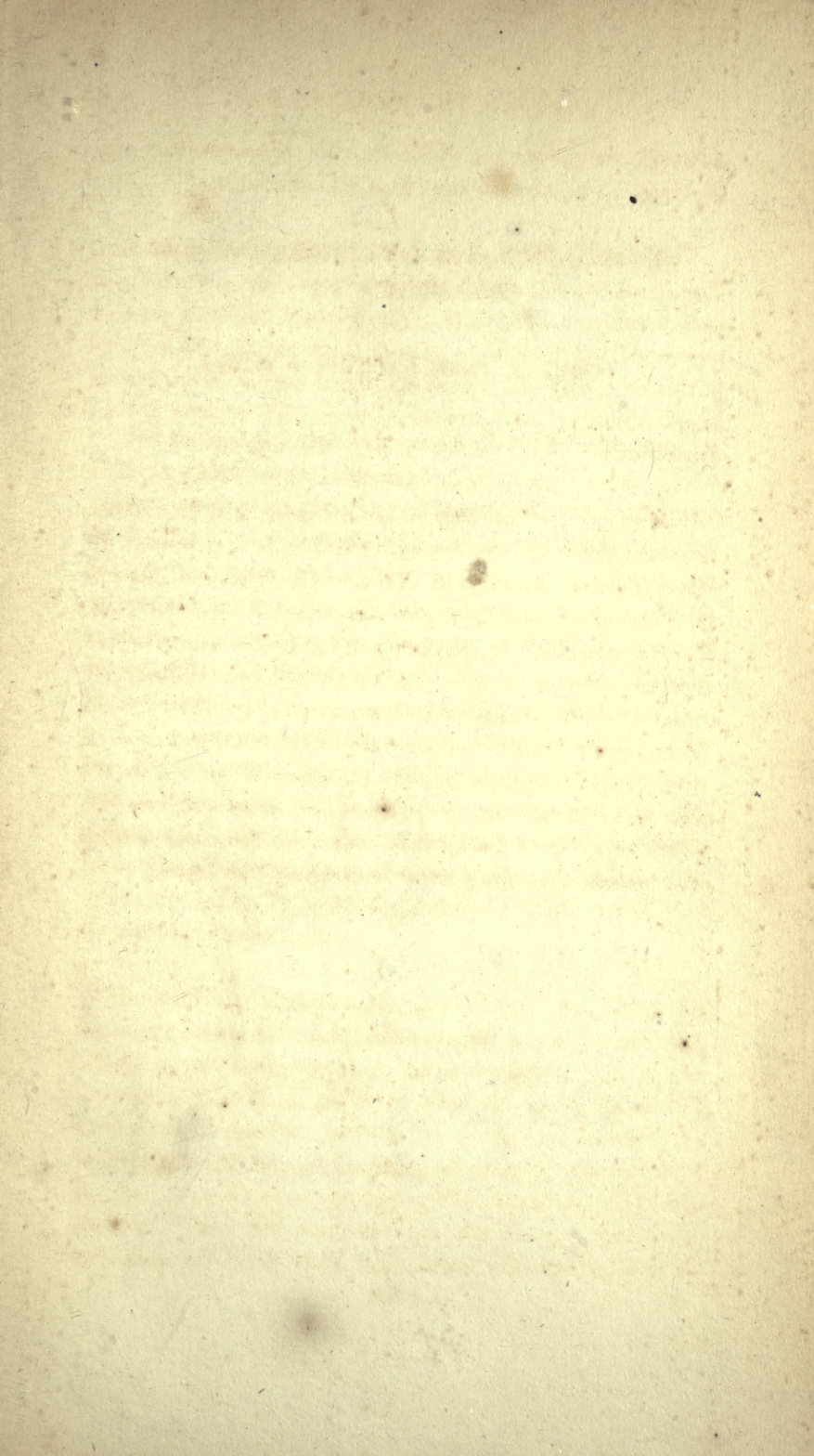
The king is seated on a couch of the antique form, and betrays considerable astonishment at what he beholds. The princess, and several of her attendants, join in the surprize of the king, yet seem solicitous about the child. One of them snatches him in her arms, and is seen protecting the child from the enraged eunuch, who, with a dagger, is desirous of revenging the insult offered to his master. Three old men are near the king, absorbed in reflection on what they have observed, and appear to

MOSES TRAMPLING, &c.

augur, from the action of Moses, the most sinister predictions. The scene passes in a rich apartment.

The aspect of this picture has nothing in it attractive. The carnations, through the ravage of time, present now only sombre or livid tints. The general effect is wholly destroyed, since certain colours, such as the red drapery of the king, and the yellow mantle of the old man, retain much vivacity, while others have more or less a dark appearance.

But when this first impression subsides, and the picture is examined with the attention befitting its merits, all those essential features of the art which placed Poussin in the rank of our first painters, may be easily traced. The composition is masterly; each figure has a determined motive. The expressions are admirably just, and equally removed from insipidity and exaggeration. The design is uniformly correct, the heads are from the finest models, and the draperies admirably adjusted. In a word, in the general effect, as in the details and accessories, that severe, pure, and refined taste, which pervades the compositions of Poussin, is in this picture eminently displayed.





Raphael pinxt

Greig. sc.

London Published April 1. 1807 by Vernon, Hood & Sharp, Painters.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

AFTER A PICTURE BY RAPHAEL.

JESUS CHRIST having taken with him the apostles Peter, James, and John, transported them to a high mountain; there he transfigured himself before them. "His face shone as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light." Then appeared unto him Moses and Elias, who were talking with him. A voice issued from a bright cloud, saying—"This is my beloved Son." The disciples, deeply terrified, fell on their faces. Jesus afterwards descended from the mountain, and drove the devil out of the body of an infant whom his disciples were unable to cure.

This is the subject with which Raphael was furnished from Holy Writ. In the sketch before us, it is observable, that this great master, availing himself of the privilege granted to painters and to poets, has united in this composition, two different actions. In artists of less merit, this combination might admit of censure, but, in Raphael, the principles of art disappear before the conceptions of genius. What critic could desire that either part of this performance should be suppressed; or would presume to call this double action a defect, while it presents a connexion so sublime? On the Tabor, the divinity in all his glory—at the foot of the mountain, all the weakness and the sufferings of humanity.

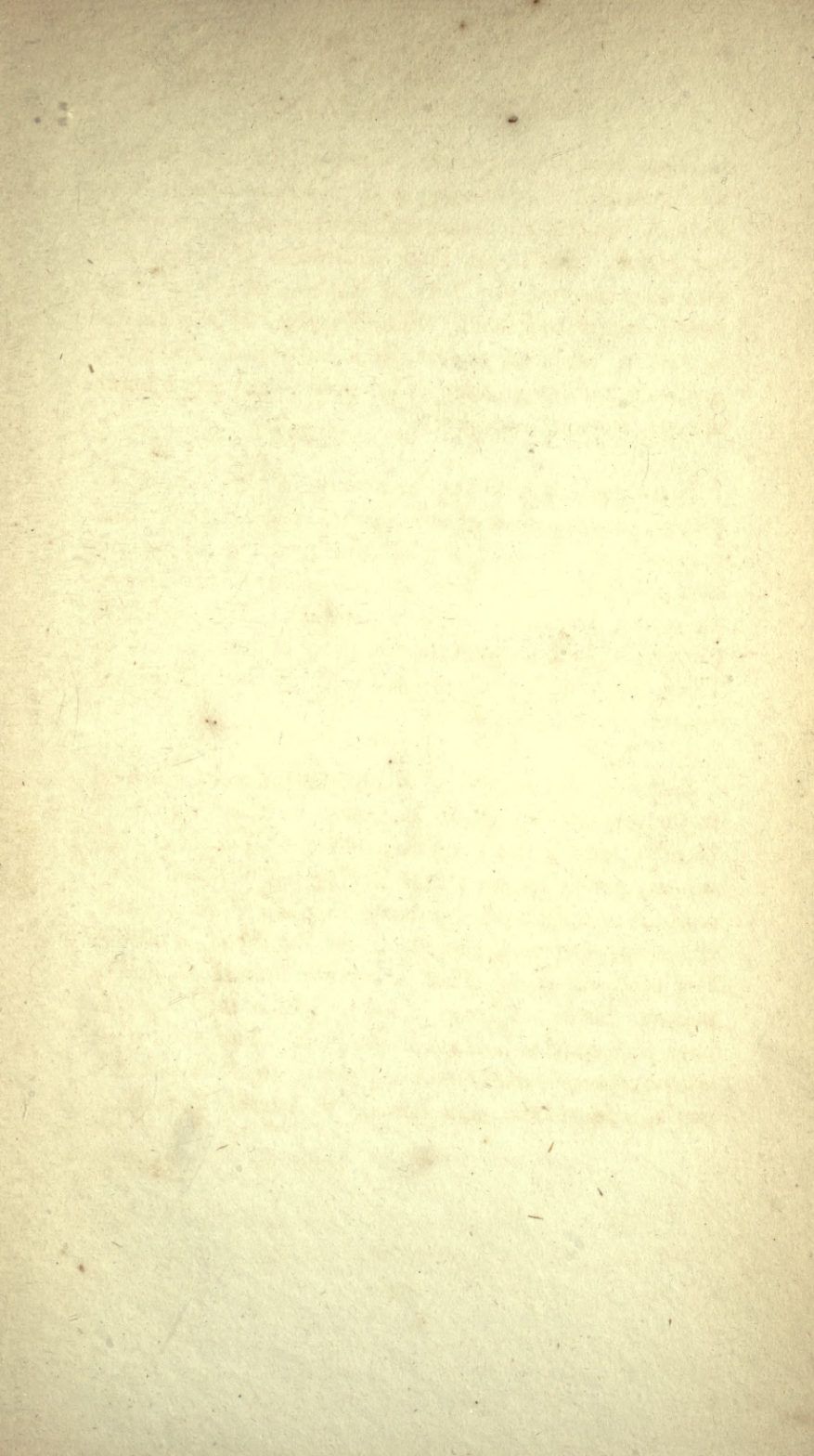
Raphael finished this picture, which is considered his chef d'œuvre, and the finest specimen of the art, a short

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

time previous to his decease. Cardinal Julius de Medici was desirous of possessing it in order to convey it to France, but this his numerous admirers at Rome would not permit. Such was their veneration of his genius, that they exposed the body of Raphael in his painting room; and placed beside him his picture of the Transfiguration; an idea replete with taste and sentiment, speaking more eloquently in his praise than any funeral oration, however impressive.

It is utterly impossible, in a work of this nature, to give an exact analysis of the beauties concentrated in this composition. It combines all that grandeur of design, that propriety of arrangement, and felicity of expression, for which Raphael stands unrivalled. This valuable picture, so long the delight and glory of Italy, is now at Paris, where it is contemplated with all the enthusiasm befitting its excellence.

Although the memory of this celebrated artist was held in the greatest veneration in Rome, as in other parts of Europe, nearly 150 years elapsed from his decease without any pontiff or any prince having felt disposed to honour his remains with a mausoleum, when Carlo Maratti, at his own expense, placed, in the Pantheon, a bust of this eminent man. Thus a private individual, and a painter, instructed kings in a duty which they ought to have performed to his immortal talents. The same artist whose elevated mind could appreciate merit even in his rivals, rendered the same homage to Annibal Caracci.





Regnault pinx.

W. Cooke sculp.

Hercules & Alcete

London, Published by Verner, Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, 1807.

HERCULES AND ALCESTIS.

AFTER A PICTURE BY REGNAULT.

THE subject of this picture we shall briefly detail.—Alcectis was the daughter of Pelias, and the wife of Admetus, King of Thessaly. This prince was attacked by a dangerous malady. Alcectis interrogated the oracle upon the destiny of her husband, which answered that the King would die, unless a voluntary victim consented to perish in his stead. As no one offered, Alcectis devoted herself, obeyed the oracle, and accomplished the sacrifice.

Hercules arrived in Thessaly on the day when Alcectis expired. United for a considerable time to Admetus, by the ties of hospitality, and affected at his excessive grief, he resolved to restore to the object of her affection this virtuous wife, and descended into hell, from whence he dragged Alcectis, in despite of the efforts of Pluto.

The artist has chosen the moment when Alcectis is no longer in the habitation of the dead, but is not entirely returned to life. The soul being separated from the body, resumes, however, its place, and quickly vivifies all the organs. Hercules, who had overcome every obstacle opposed to him by Pluto, succeeds in carrying her from the infernal regions; he departs, and conveys her to the residence of the living.

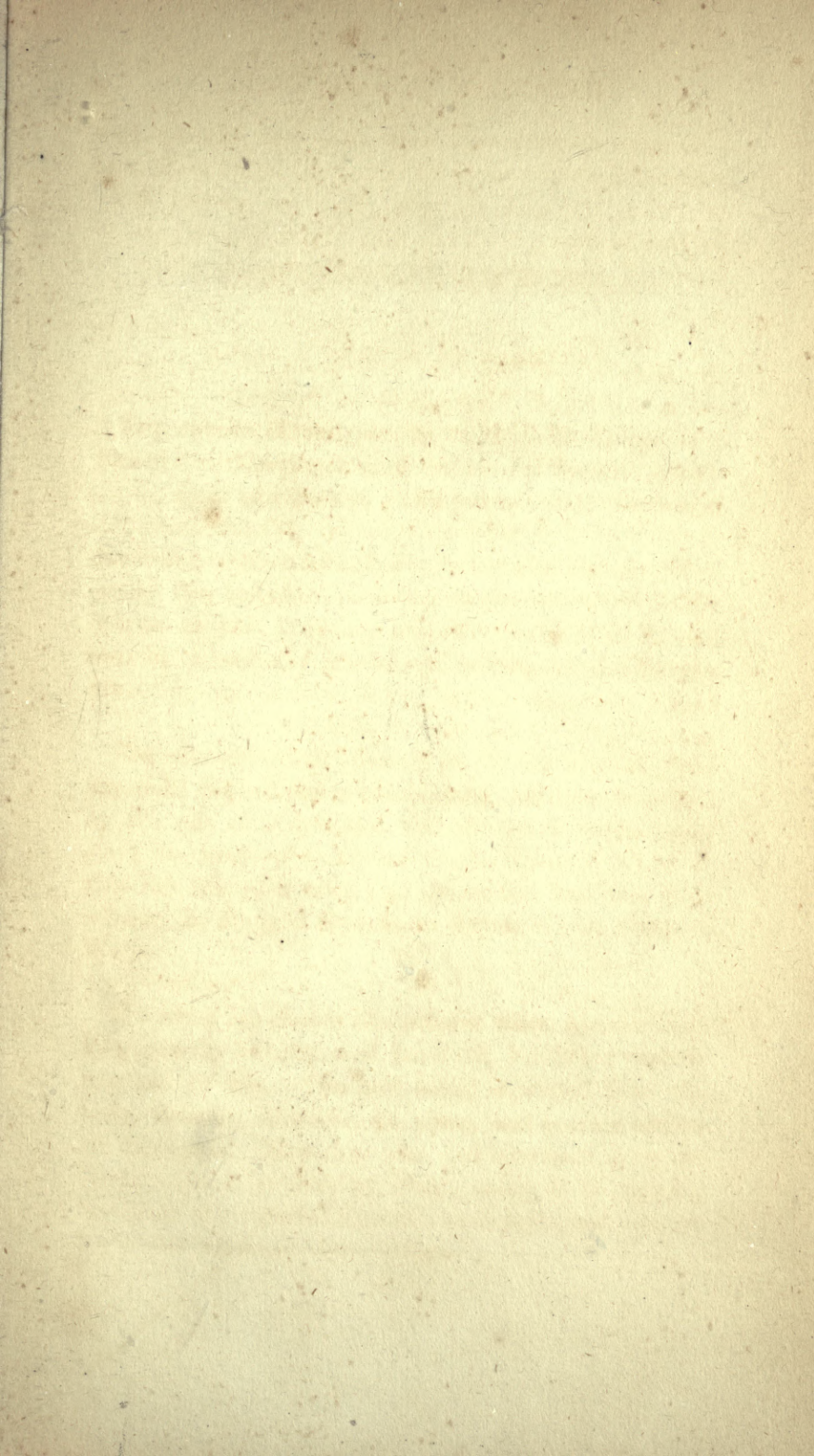
HERCULES AND ALCESTIS.

Certain commentators have said, that Admetus was attacked by some powerful opponent, by whom he was overcome, and lost his wife, who was carried away by his adversary ; that Hercules, his neighbour, fled to his relief, avenged his defeat, and liberated Alcestis.

If this commentary be true, it is much inferior to the fable which has been substituted, and on that account the fiction is preferable to the reality. Alcestis, who sacrificed herself, is infinitely more interesting than Alcestis enslaved; and Hercules, conqueror of hell, greatly superior to Hercules the victor of a warlike band.

The picture of Alcestis, which attracted general admiration during its exhibition, has confirmed the reputation of M. Regnault. In it are observed all the correctness of design—dignity of character—brilliancy of tints—and easy and mellow pencil, which distinguish the author of the “ Education of Achilles.”

The size of this picture is about nine feet high and seven wide.



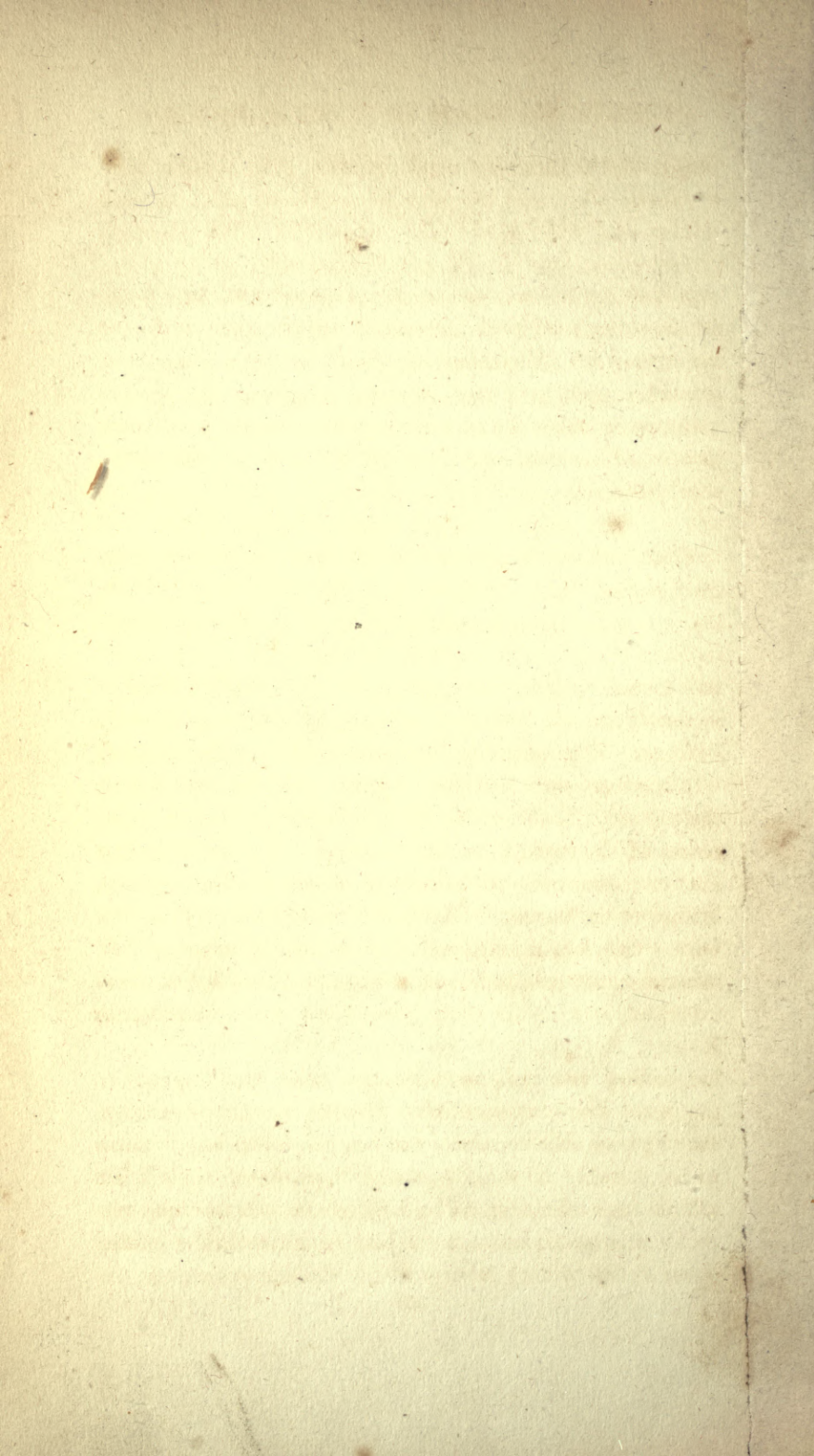


Robins pinx.

Published May 1807 by



Street &c.



THE CORONATION OF MARY DE MEDICIS.

AFTER A PICTURE BY RUBENS.

WHEN Henry IV. was on the point of quitting France to carry the war into Germany, he resolved upon the coronation of the queen, to whom he was desirous of committing the government of the kingdom. This ceremony took place on the 10th of May, 1610, of which the picture of Rubens, now before us, presents a faithful representation.

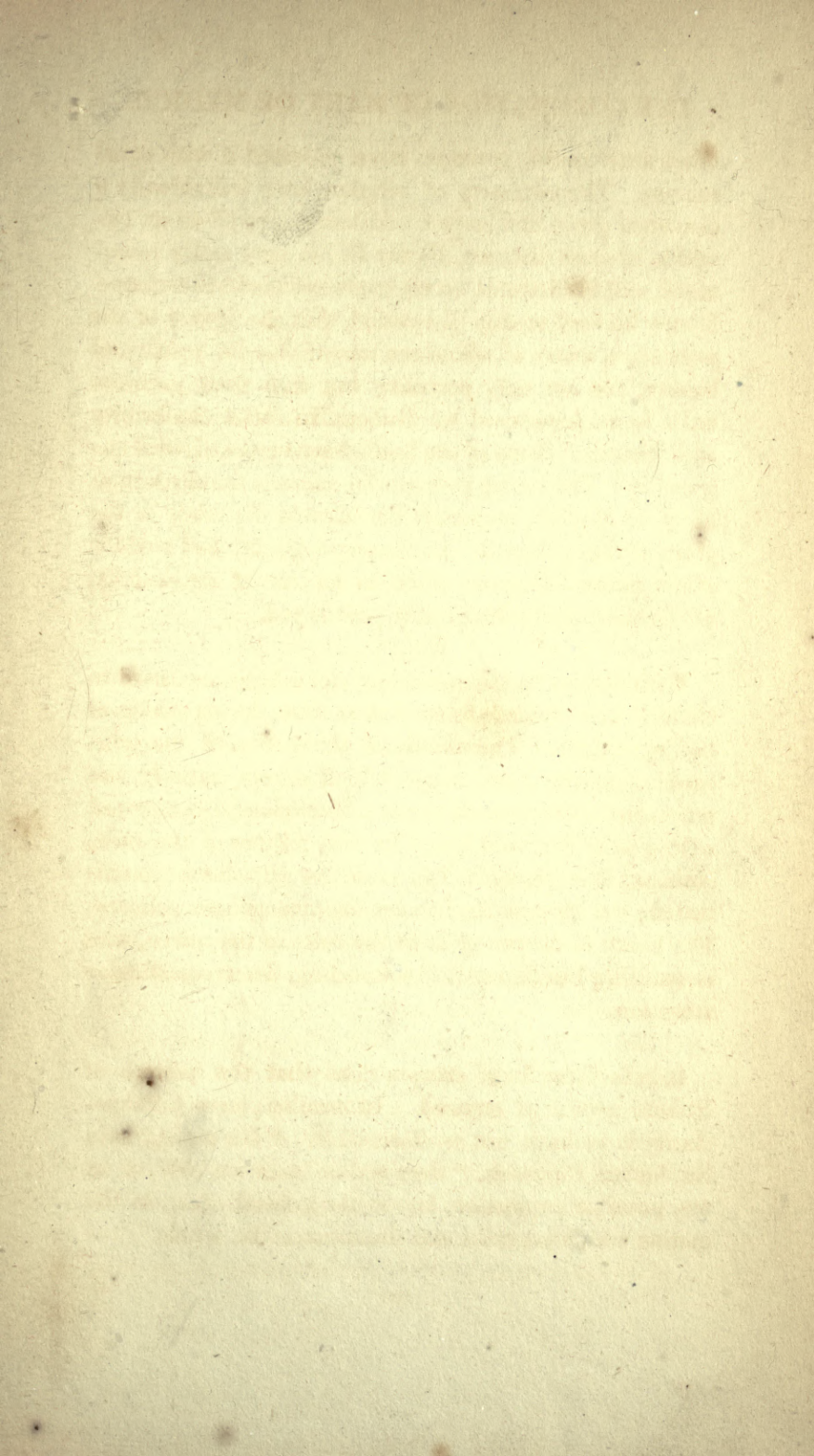
The Cardinal de Joyeuse is placing the crown upon the head of Mary de Medicis, while her two children, the young Dauphin (Louis XIII.) and the Princess Henrietta of France, are standing by her side. The Cardinals Gondi and Sourdis, with several bishops, and another cardinal, are on foot, and accompany the Cardinal de Joyeuse. The Duke de Ventadour and the Chevalier de Vendome are seen behind the queen: the former holding the sceptre, the other the mace of Justice. The princesses of the court form the train of Mary de Medicis: among whom may be distinguished the divorced queen, Margaret de Valois. Henry the Fourth is upon a tribune—the foreign ambassadors occupy a balcony. At some distance numerous musicians and a crowd of spectators are seen.—To these personages, so conformable to history, Rubens, with his usual fondness for allegory, has added two imaginary beings, who are floating in the air. They are scattering flowers, fruit, and money, the type of Abundance; and one of them has a palm in her hand. The back ground represents the Gothic architecture of the church of St. Denis, where this ceremony was performed.—A subject so important required those extraordinary talents which Rubens possessed: no

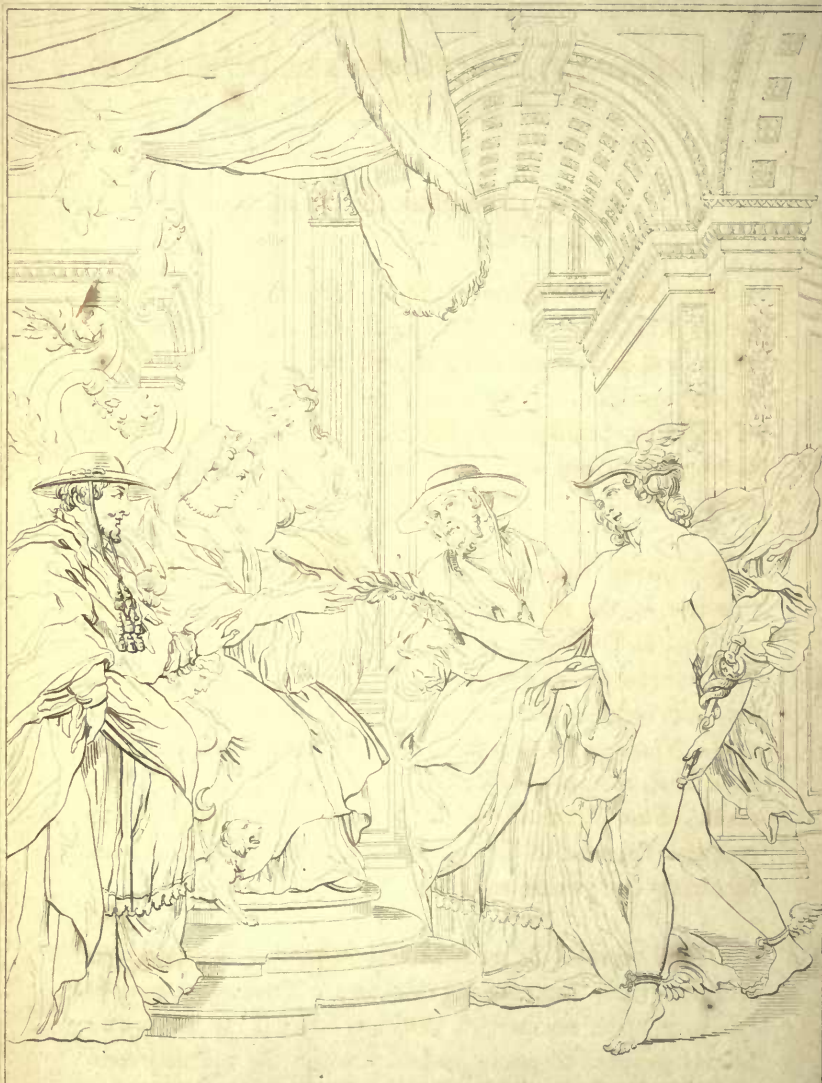
THE CORONATION OF MARY DE MEDICIS.

other artist could, perhaps, have executed it with equal success. The ministers of religion have individually a character grave and severe. Although placed on an elevation at some distance, Henry IV. is very easily recognized, and his features betray expressions of benevolence. It may be very readily discovered, that the figures of the princesses, many of whom are remarkable for youth and beauty, are not only portraits, but that their portraits have been depicted by Rubens in strict conformity with history. Some of the heads have even a decided expression. The young person who removes the cloak from Mary de Medicis, expresses the interest she takes in the glory of that princess. In the physiognomy and attitude of the queen Margaret there is an air of melancholy, which the painter designedly portrayed.

With respect to the colouring, the subject presented an obstacle very difficult to surmount, from the repetition of the same tints. The mantle of the queen, of the princesses, and the vast carpet which covers entirely the pavement of the church, are of a blue colour, interspersed with golden fleurs-de-lys. In the figures of the men, Rubens, it is thought, has made the carnations too animated; but those of the females have uncommon delicacy. The heads of the two girls in the suite of the queen, who is standing beside one that is kneeling, deserve particular attention.

It is in these large compositions that the powers of Rubens appear to expand. In smaller pieces his superiority is perhaps not so discernible. "His merit," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "does not lie in an attitude, or in any peculiar expression, but in the general effect, in the genius which pervades and illuminates the whole."





Aubens pinx.

Storer. Sc.

London: Published March 1287 by Temor Hood & Sharp, Poultry.

THE RECONCILIATION OF MARY DE MEDICIS WITH HER SON.

AFTER A PICTURE BY RUBENS.

THE Reconciliation of this princess with her son Louis XIII. through the intercession of the Cardinal de Richelieu, is an event too generally known to require particular mention. It forms a principal trait in the series of pictures, painted by Rubens, for the Luxembourg Gallery, so long and justly the object of the student's veneration.

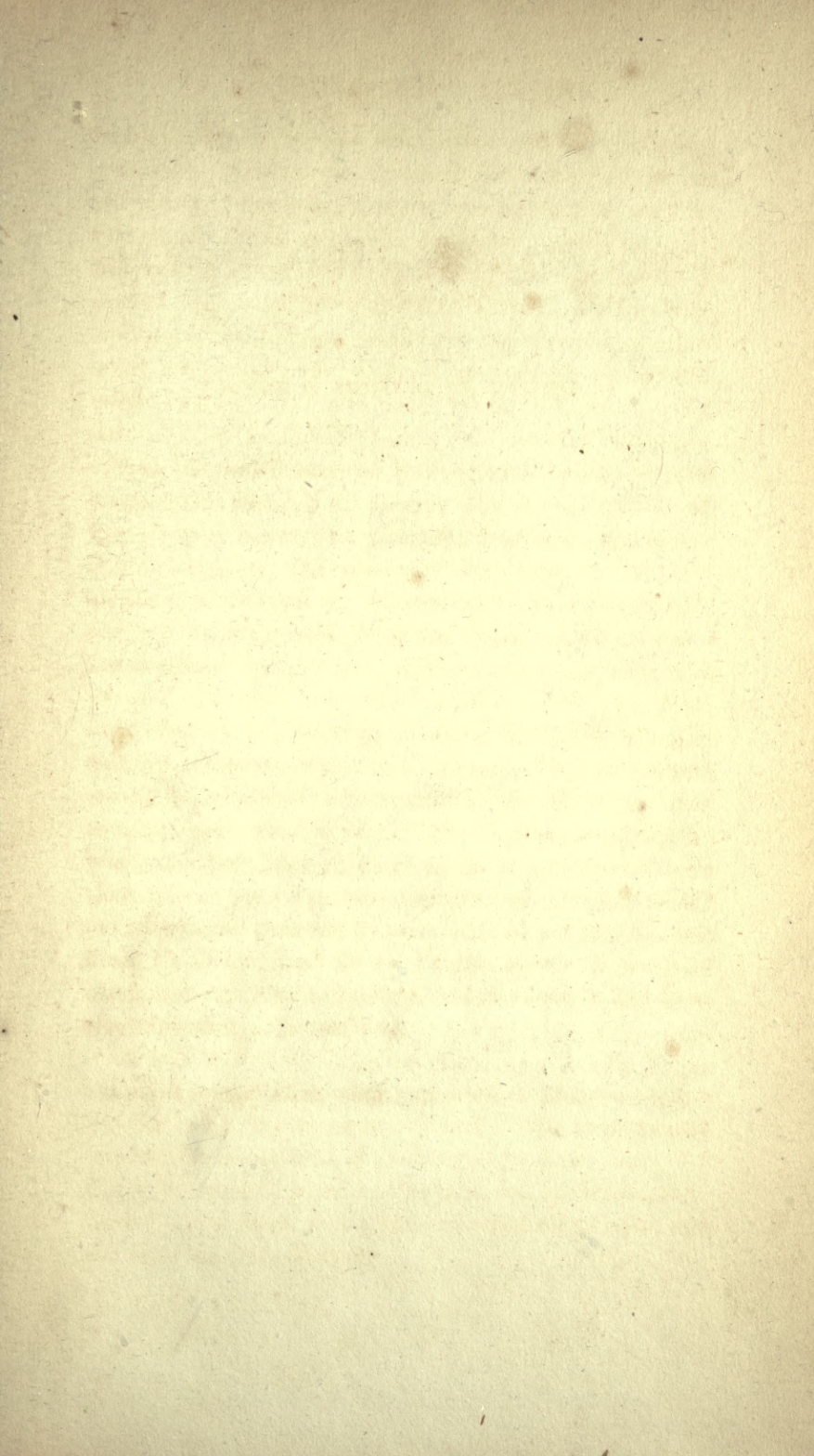
The queen, in mourning, is seated on her throne. Beside her, on the right, is the Cardinal de la Valette; and on the left Prudence, characterized by the serpent entwining itself round her arm. The Cardinal de la Rochefoucault induces the queen to listen to an accommodation. To express this idea, Rubens has placed Mercury near him, who presents an olive branch to Mary de Medicis. The Cardinal de la Valette seems disposed to restrain the arm of the queen, and to dissuade her from receiving the pacific emblem.

Of the several allegorical compositions of Rubens, this has met with the severest criticism. That great master has here been accused of pushing beyond its limits the liberty granted to poets and to painters, by making conducive to the same action two ecclesiastical princes, and the fabulous deity Mercury.

THE RECONCILIATION, &c.

Exclusive of this defect, this picture may be ranked among the best of the Luxembourg gallery. Mercury, perhaps, does not possess all the dignity and elegance befitting a divinity; but the figure is remarkable for beauty of execution. In regard to the colouring, the throne of gold, and the columns which decorate the palace, form a brilliant ground; upon which are detached, with considerable vigour, the mourning robe of the queen, the green and violet drapery of Prudence, and the red attire of the cardinals. Mercury has also a violet drapery. A large canopy, coloured green, surmounts the throne, and causes the solid tones which prevail in the inferior part, to harmonize with the height of the picture.

The paintings which formerly composed the Luxembourg gallery, have been so highly appreciated by the lovers of the art, that any eulogium on their merits is unnecessary. "In whatever light," says Fuseli, "we consider this astonishing work, whether as a series of sublime conceptions, regulated by an uniform comprehensive plan, or a system of colours and tones, exalting the subject, and seconded by magic execution: whatever may be its Venetian or Flemish flaws of mythology and Christianity, antique and modern costume, promiscuously displayed, it leaves all plans of Venetian allegory far behind, and in what came from his hand rivals all their execution. If it equals not in simplicity, nor emulates in characteristic dignity, the plans of Michael Angelo and Raphael, it excels them in the display of that magnificence which few modern eyes can separate from the idea of majesty."





Painted by Rubens.

Engraved by George Cooke.

THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.

AFTER A PICTURE BY RUBENS.

HOWEVER transcendent the genius of the painter, or the poet, a fit opportunity does not always present itself for either to display the treasures of his art. Without a felicity in the choice of subject, a consideration highly important, no success can be complete. How many pleasing subjects have been undertaken by artists without any previous reflection on their talents; and how often has the dignity of the arts been debased by such presumption!

But when a painter, of superlative endowments, conceives a grand or pathetic design, he produces one of those extraordinary efforts of genius, which is not only the object of the student's veneration, but beyond the power of his cotemporaries, or of posterity to imitate.

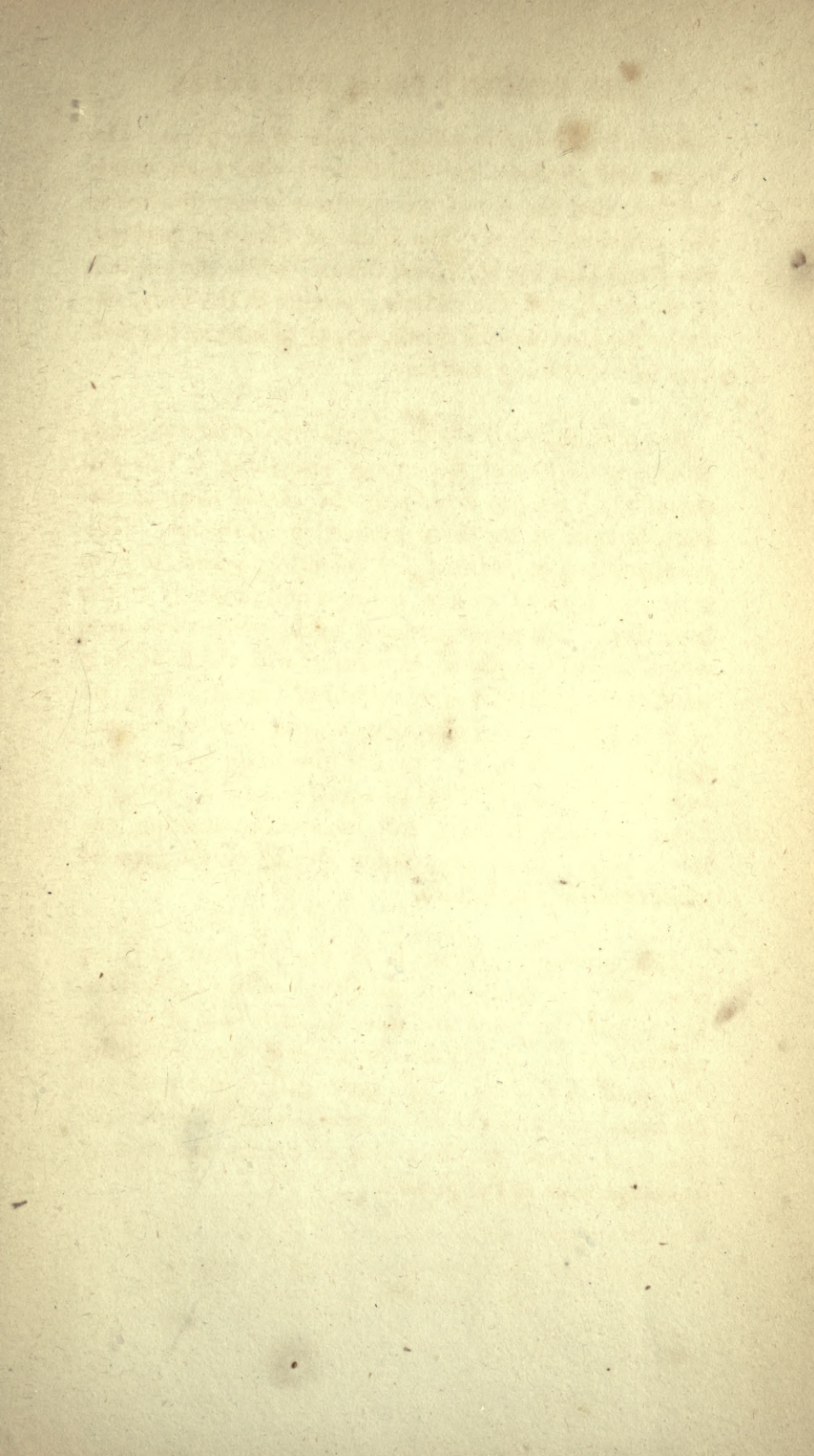
Such is the famous Descent from the Cross, by Rubens, which raised his reputation in a very eminent degree. The admirable manner in which this subject has been treated, is manifest in this simple sketch. What solicitude is visible in our Saviour's followers, as they take from the Cross his sacred and inanimate Body! What grief portrayed in the countenance of the Virgin! What tender attachment in the action of Mary Magdalene! The most beloved disciple of Christ is characteristically depicted as bearing the greatest part of his halloved remains. These are the poetical beauties of the

THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.

picture : it is no less excellent in point of execution. The lights and shadows are distributed with such magic touches, that the eye of the spectator is ever directed to the principal object. The figure of Christ is, perhaps, the finest that has been ever drawn ; while the position of the head, and the reclining posture of the body, describe the heaviness of death, so as to interest the feelings in a surprising manner.

But it is impossible for any engraving, or for any copy, to convey an idea of the energy observable in this picture ; which renders it not only the *chef-d'œuvre* of Rubens, but one of the finest productions of the art. This great painter, so eminent for colouring, seems to have surpassed himself in the richness and propriety of the local tints. The effect produced by the white sheet upon which the body is placed, in contrast with the flesh, is a proof of the judgment of this celebrated artist ; and is one of those bold attempts of which superior masters only are capable. In short, to complete the unity of essential beauties, Rubens, who has incurred censure for being at times deficient in taste, and incorrect in drawing, exhibits parts in this composition worthy of the greatest masters of Italy or France.

This wonderful picture is in the Museum at Paris, where may be seen a finished sketch of this production. In the latter the tints are more delicate, and of a more exquisite touch : it has the advantage of being wholly by the hand of Rubens. The same gallery also possesses the drawing which the author made to direct his composition, in which are observable all the fire and vivacity so conspicuous in the picture.





P. Veronese pinx.

W. Cooke sculp.

Rebecca at the Well

REBECCA AND ELIAZER.

AFTER A PICTURE BY PAOLO VERONESE.

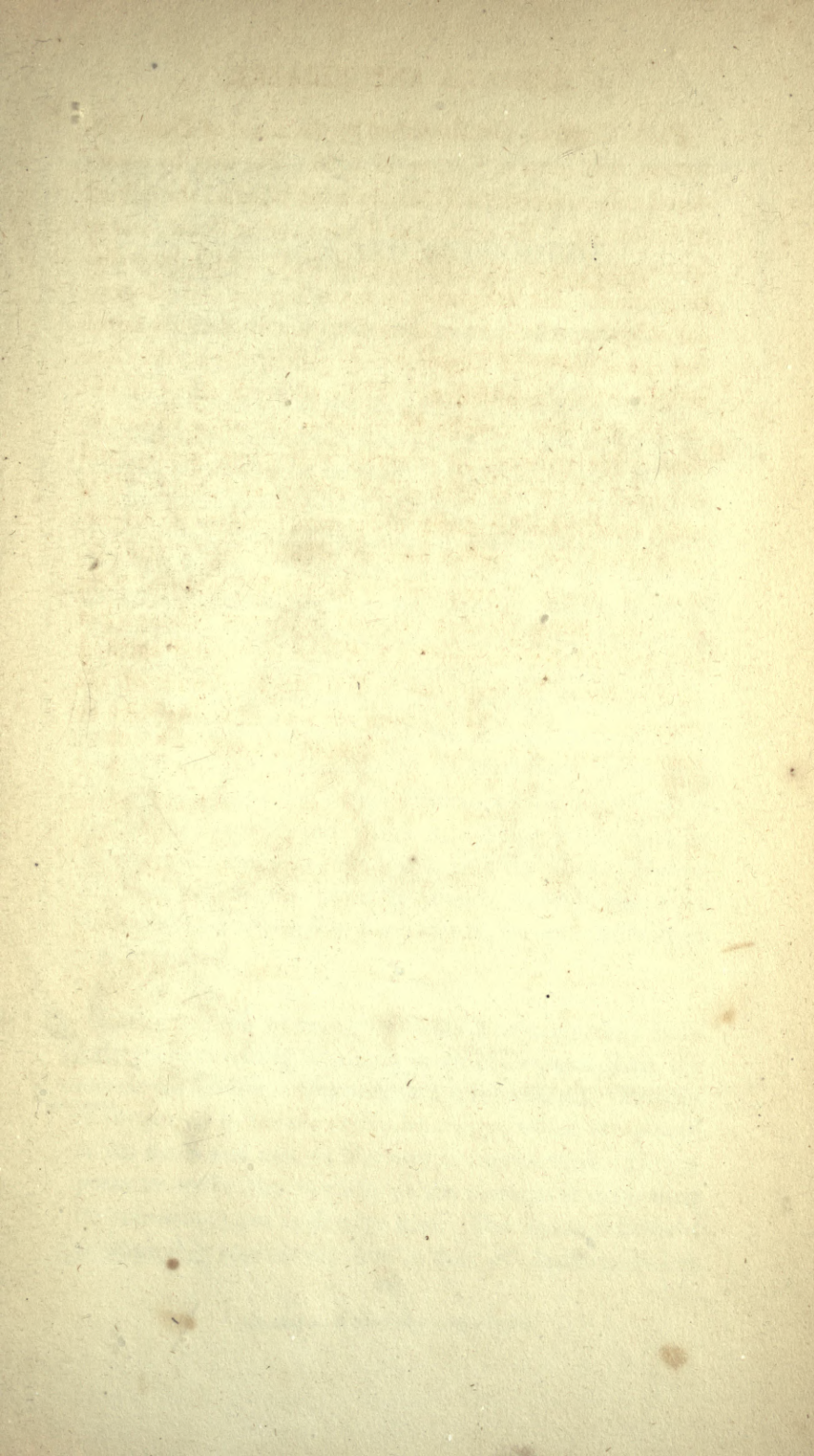
ELIAZER, a native of the city of Damascus, and the confidential servant of Abraham, having been sent by that patriarch into Mesopotamia to seek a consort for his son Isaac, met Rebecca, the daughter of Bethuël, at a well, surrounded by her companions, and attracted by her grace and modesty, offered her presents, and solicited her hand in marriage for the son of his master. Such is the subject of the present composition.

The picture of P. Veronese exhibits all the beauties and defects which characterize this great painter. In the expression of the figures it is highly deficient, and the costume is entirely fantastical: but in point of colouring, it has great force, and all the parts are executed with much freedom of pencil. The dromedaries, which the artist has judiciously introduced, have doubtless been modelled from nature, and are well drawn. The construction of the well, and of the houses contiguous to it, are of modern taste, which neither accords with the time, nor with the country where the action passed; but P. Veronese, often incorrect in his compositions, possessed the talent of covering these faults by beauties of the first order.

This picture formed a part of the collection of the unfortunate Louis XVI. and still adorns the "Salon d'Her-cule," in the palace of Versailles. It is painted on canvas, and the figures are of the natural size.

REBECCA AND ELIAZER.

Paolo Cagliari, distinguished by the name of Paolo Veronese, was born at Verona in 1530. He may be considered only as second to Titian, in what is called the School of Colouring. He studied at Venice and at Rome, where he acquired those principles of his art by which he is distinguished. He delighted in mythological and allegorical subjects, which he executed with considerable taste: but the celebrity of Veronese rests principally on his *Cene* or convivial compositions. These pictures are of an extraordinary size, and display much copiousness of invention. He painted, in general, with great facility, and executed his works with equal energy and effect. This artist excelled in the purity of his carnations, in the brightness of his tints, and in breadth of colouring. His pictures of "Darius," presented to Alexander, and the "St. Giorgio," retain all their original freshness. Though not so pure and delicate as Titian, nor so warm and spirited as Tintoretto, he surpasses both in the brightness of his demi-tints. His love of ornament was excessive, and at times it vitiated his taste. He died in 1588.





Paul Veronese pinx.

W. Cooke sculp.

Perseus & Andromeda

London, Published by Verner, Hood & Sharpe, Roultry, 1807.

PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA.

AFTER A PICTURE BY PAOLO VERONESE.

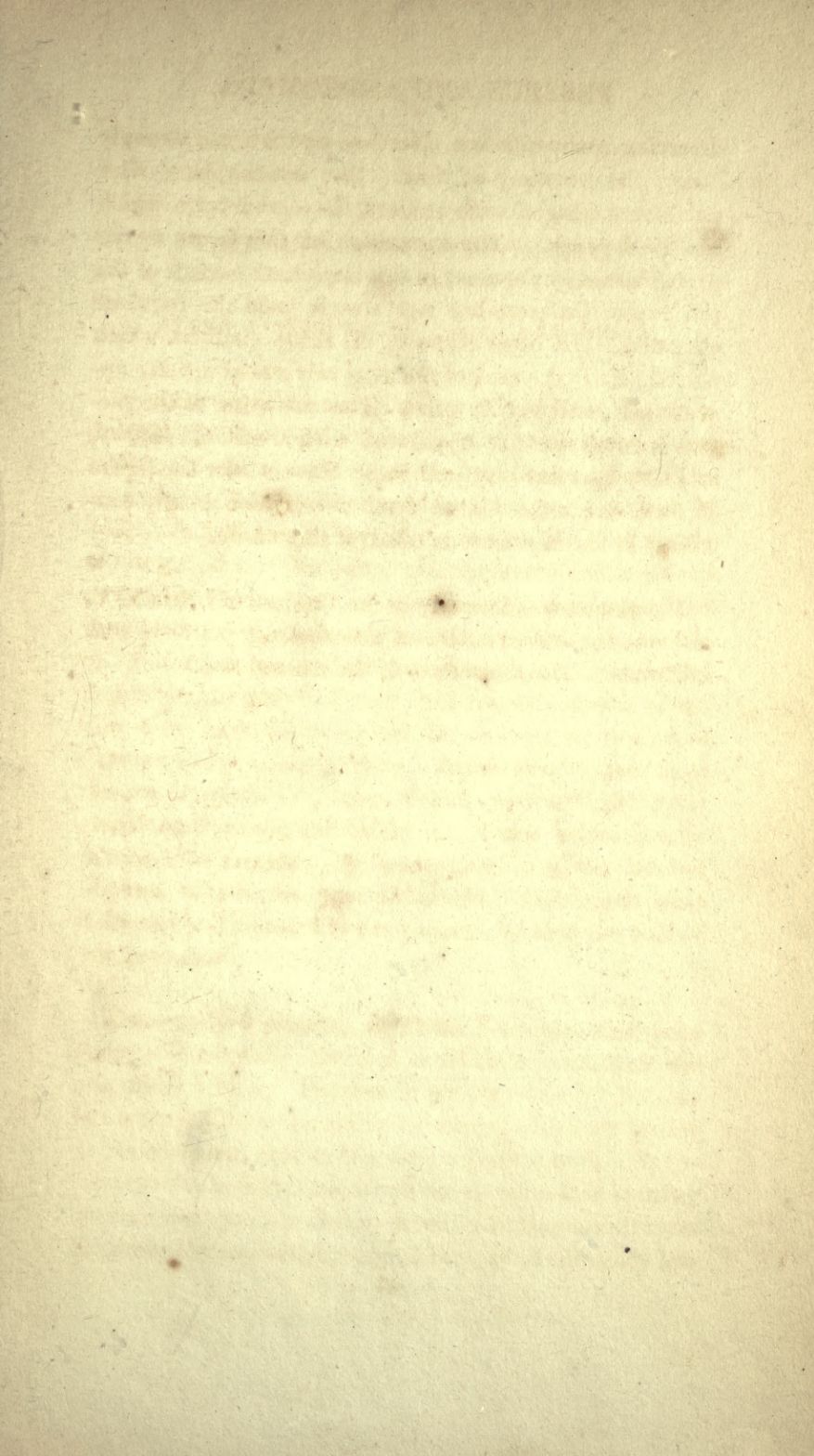
ANDROMEDA was the daughter of Cepheus, King of Ethiopia by Cassiope. According to some authors, her mother pretended to be more beautiful than either Juno or the Nerëides. Other writers attribute this trait of vanity to Andromeda herself, to which she had nearly fallen a victim. Neptune, to avenge the insult offered to these divinities, sent a sea monster, that committed the greatest ravages throughout the country. The Oracle of Jupiter Ammon, on being consulted as to the means of appeasing the anger of the gods, replied, it was necessary that Andromeda should be chained to rock, and exposed to the monster's fury. It immediately rose from the sea to devour her, when Perseus appeared in the air, seated on Pegasus, and killed it. Some affirm that he petrified the creature, by presenting to it the head of Medusa, which was upon his shield. Andromeda, thus delivered and restored to her parents, became the wife of her protector.

There are few pictures, by Paolo Veronese, that have been more carefully executed in all their parts, than the one under review. Pegasus is not introduced. Perseus is supported in the air solely by wings, which are placed at his heels and cap, as Mercury is represented. He appears to strike the monster at the moment it is opening its enormous jaws to destroy him. The figure of Perseus is admirably conceived: nor is that of Andromeda less

PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA.

deserving commendation. Her face and attitude strongly betray the emotion of fear. She contemplates with steadiness, mingled with anxiety, the combat upon which her life depends. The expression of this figure merits particular notice; because in this important branch of the art, Paolo Veronese has not always paid the requisite attention. In other respects, all those qualities which placed him in the rank of the most celebrated artists, appear with considerable eclat. The colouring of the picture is excellent. It is painted with admirable facility, and the artist has very judiciously thrown over the figure of Andromeda those large demi-tints, which greatly contribute to the harmonious effect of the whole.

The picture was formerly in the Cabinet of Louis XIV. and was considered as one of the choicest pieces in that collection. The figures are of the natural size.





Van Dyck pinx^t

W. Cooke sculp^t

S^t. Martin dividing cloak with beggar

London. Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Bondry: 1807.

ST. MARTIN DIVIDING HIS CLOAK WITH THE MENDICANT.

AFTER A PICTURE BY VANDYCK.

ST. MARTIN was born at Sabarie, in Pannonia, in the beginning of the 14th century. His father, one of the military tribunes in the Roman legions, compelled him to carry arms. St. Martin, then only sixteen, meeting one day, at the Gates of Amiens, a beggar almost naked, gave him the moiety of his mantle; being incapable of bestowing his charity in any other manner. A few days after, the saint was baptised. He converted his mother, attacked the opinions of the Arians, and settled near Poitiers, of which St. Hilary was then bishop. St. Martin, who had entered into orders, was elevated to the episcopal see of Tours, adjoining which he founded the monastery of *Marmoutiers*. He then preached the christian religion in his diocese, and in other parts of Gaul. The Emperor Maximus being at that time at Treves, this prince ordered the holy bishop into his presence, and received him with great honours. St. Martin, on his return to Tours, fell sick in a village in the neighbourhood of that city, and died in the year 400. His life has been written by his disciple Sulpicius Severus, and by Fortunatus.

In the picture of Vandyck, St. Martin has just divided his cloak, of which the pauper, whose back only is seen, takes the half. Another mendicant apparently solicits charity of the saint, adjoining whom is a man ad-

ST. MARTIN DIVIDING HIS CLOAK.

vanced in years, who regards him with considerable interest, and seemingly applauds his beneficence.

Vandyck, who in all his works is esteemed a great colourist, has perhaps executed no composition superior to this, in regard to the richness and delicacy of his tints, and in the freedom and vivacity of his lights. The mantle of the saint is red, his horse white—the old man, who is cloathed in a green drapery, is mounted on a brown horse—the linen and tattered garments, which in part cover the beggar, are of a grey colour—between the two warriors the back of a third is perceived, wearing a violet habit—the shades, that serve as a background to the figures, are of a mellow and vigorous tint; and the picture is finished with the utmost freedom of pencil.

This celebrated work, which in many respects is worthy of the reputation of Vandyck, has nevertheless some defects: among which may be reckoned the want of expression in the costume. The armour of St. Martin, and his helmet shaded with a feather, are of a more modern date, by some centuries, than the age in which he lived. The figure is not sufficiently developed—the horse possesses all the heaviness of form, so conspicuous in the Flemish breed, which served as a model to the artist. He is likewise censured for concealing from the spectator the face of the beggar, who is the second figure in the picture, and which would necessarily have offered the principal expression.



THE DELUGE.

Adrien 1807.

Engraved by G. Cooke.

SCULPTURE.

THE DELUGE.

AFTER A GROUP IN PLASTER, BY CLODION.

VARIOUS authors have written of a Deluge. Xenophon enumerates five. The earliest occurred under Ogyges, King of Greece, about 2000 years before the Christian æra. The second happened in the time of Hercules, and only lasted a month. The third under another Ogyges, devastated the whole of Attica. But the most awful was the fourth, which occurred during the reign of Deucalion, and inundated Thessaly for the space of three months. It is related, in fabulous history, that Jupiter being irritated at the depravity of men, and resolved to destroy the impious race, caused the surface of the earth to be covered with water, except the mountain Parnassus in Phocis, against which a little boat was drifted, bearing Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha, the most virtuous of mortals. When the waters had retired, they consulted the oracle of Themis. The goddess ordered them to veil their faces, and to throw stones behind them. They obeyed: the stones thrown by Deucalion changed into men, and those by Pyrrha into women. The fifth and last deluge happened in the time of Troy, and was named Pharoniem; it covered a part of Egypt. Diodorus of Sicily mentions a sixth which occurred in the isle of Samothrace.

The inhabitants of the Brazils notice a Deluge. They relate, that a stranger, possessing great power, and who disliked their ancestors, destroyed them by a violent flood,

THE DELUGE.

except two persons, who were preserved to renew the human race. They declare themselves descended from these persons, and this tradition is incorporated in their songs.

The people of Madagascar have very different notions respecting the Deluge. According to their annals, Noah, one of the descendants of Adam, constructed an ark, in which he saved himself with his family, a servant, and two animals of every kind. Four mountains, of a considerable height, at the four quarters of the globe, were not covered, but they afforded no asylum to the distressed. The waters having subsided, Noah left the ark, went to Jerusalem, and afterwards to Mecca, where God put into his hands four books—the first for himself; the second for Moses; the third to be given to David; and the fourth to Jesus Christ.

The draperies which this artist has chosen for his group, announce that he took his episode for the Deluge from the mythology of the Greeks. A father, carrying his son in his arms, nearly exhausted with fatigue, is observed struggling with the waves to gain an elevated spot; beside him, a woman, who has just expired, is seen, partly covered with water.

This group is by C. Clodion, a French artist of great celebrity, and was much admired during its exhibition, some years ago in Paris.





MODESTY.

MODESTY.

AFTER A MODEL IN PLASTER, BY CARTELIER.

This model, during its exhibition in the saloon of the Museum, at Paris, met with such general applause, that the artist was complimented with a prize of the first class, and the decision of his judges has been ratified by the public opinion.

The attitude of this figure (descriptive of Modesty) as well as the expression of her features, appear to indicate a young nymph, surprized on leaving her bath, and clothing herself with precipitation, to shield herself from the eye of the intruder.

The form of this nude is tasteful and correct; the drapery well adjusted, and executed with considerable skill. The artist has placed a tortoise at the feet of the nymph, a symbol which accompanies the statue of the *Venus Pudique*; and destined, without doubt, to remind the sex that they ought to be as much secreted in their houses as the animal under the shell by which it is covered.

The Greeks were lost in conjecture respecting Modesty. According to Hesiod, she quitted the earth with Nemesis, not being able any longer to witness the vice and corruption of mankind; for this reason, it is believed, she is represented with wings on a bas-relief, published by Winckelman in his collection of *Monumenta inedita*.

MODESTY.

On some medals this goddess is observed concealing her face under a veil.

The story of "Ulysses, Icarus, and Penelope," so admirably pourtrayed by Gauffier, and related in a former part of this work, gave rise to this modification of the same subject.





DE SAIX.

SCULPTURE.

STATUE OF DESAIX.

AFTER A DESIGN OF GOIS, THE YOUNGER.

LOUIS CHARLES ANTHONY DESAIX, a general in the French army, was born near Rouen, in 1768. He entered early into the army, and taking an active part in the revolution, became Aid-du-camp to General Custine. He was severely wounded at the battle of Lenterbourg, but still kept the field, rallying the battalions which were in disorder. Named, successively, General of Brigade, and of Division, he contributed greatly, by his talents, to the famous retreat of Moreau. In the battle of Rastadt he commanded the left wing of the French, and forced the Archduke Charles to retire. Appointed General in Chief of the army of the Rhine, he stopped the progress of the enemy at Kehl, with great bravery, and was wounded. He afterwards went into Egypt with Buonaparte, where he greatly distinguished himself, and was appointed governor of the upper part of the country. He signed the treaty of El-Arish with the Turks and English, and then returned to Leghorn, where he was detained, by Admiral Lord Keith, as a prisoner of war; he afterwards obtained his parole, and went to France.

On the opening of the campaign of 1800, he accompanied Buonaparte into Italy, and was killed at the battle of Marengo, to which victory he principally contributed, on the 14th of June, 1800.

STATUE OF DESAIX.

In this memorable action Desaix commanded a division of the army. The fortune of the day inclined towards the Austrians, when Desaix, by a sudden and rapid attack, snatched the victory from the enemy, and fell at the head of his troops. On receiving the fatal shot he said to the younger Le Brun—"Go and inform the Chief Consul (Buonaparte) that I die with sentiments of deep regret, at not having achieved more for my country and posterity:" and immediately expired.

This General is represented, by M. Gois, at the moment, when after having crossed the Rhine in a boat, he springs on shore, commanding his soldiers to follow him.





THE BATHER.

Julien inv.

SCULPTURE.

Engraved by G. Goussier.

A NYMPH GOING TO BATHE.

AFTER A STATUE, BY JULIEN.

THIS Nymph is seated on a rock, holding by a string her goat, which she induces to feed, and is prepared to descend into a bath ; but imagining that she hears a foot-step, her native modesty urges her to conceal her charms.

This beautiful figure, executed in marble, of the natural size, is regarded as one of the finest productions of the French School. The design, which expresses much elegance and *naïveté*, is very happily conceived, and is finished with infinite taste. This statue was made to embellish the Dairy of Rambouillet. It is ever spoken of with enthusiasm, and has confirmed the reputation which M. Julien has long and deservedly enjoyed.



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